

Collier's

OCTOBER 25, 1947

TEN CENTS

WHAT'S WRONG WITH U. N.?

by FRANK GERVASI

F. D. R. said — "Every time we have taken the British into our confidence they have given us a trimming"

—from the MORGENTHAU DIARIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

begins a tense Hollywood thriller

Oct. 25, 1947

ROBERTA JONAY—See page 20

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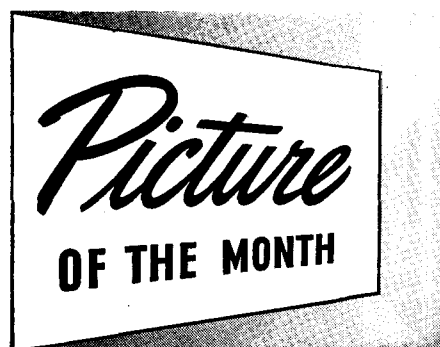


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New improved Squibb Dental Cream is a new experience in longer mouth refreshment. It helps the cleaning by staying with your brush. It helps after the cleaning by staying longer on the job in your mouth. It's alkaline. It's flavored with natural oils—not synthetic. Stays soft in the tube—won't harden. This trial offer guarantees your money back if you aren't completely satisfied. Just bring both tubes, even if empty, and the wrapper back to your dealer. He'll return the full 39¢. (Offer good only through Nov. 30, 1947.)

the alkaline dental cream



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"GREEN DOLPHIN STREET"

LANA TURNER

VAN DONNA RICHARD
HEFLIN • REED • HART

FRANK MORGAN • EDMUND GWENN
DAME MAY WHITTY • REGINALD OWEN
GLADYS COOPER

Screen Play by SAMSON RAPHAELSON
Based on the Novel by . . .ELIZABETH GOUDGE
Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE
Produced by CAREY WILSON



We are writing this review of "Green Dolphin Street" after witnessing a preview designed to test audience reaction. This is a special technique that M-G-M employs to find out how great a public appeal a picture has. "Green Dolphin Street" scored the highest audience reaction in the history of previews, according to statistics of the Motion Picture Research Bureau. Yes, ninety-two per cent of the audience thought the picture was either very good or excellent. And we were one of the ninety-two per cent!

"Green Dolphin Street" is a picture with bigness. Elizabeth Goudge's magnificent novel (which won for her the coveted \$125,000 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Annual Novel Award) showed early promise of being a hit of staggering proportions. And M-G-M has fulfilled the book's spectacular promise. You live through an earthquake and a tidal wave that make Jove's thunderbolts seem like junior's toy drum. Stately frigates plunge through storm-lashed seas; the globe spins and you are in the Orient, then among the warring tribesmen of New Zealand.

"Green Dolphin Street" is epic stuff, possessing a power and a grandeur rarely achieved in motion pictures. It tells of a curious and wild romance that carries its lovers to distant and exotic ends of the world. It presents Lana Turner in a daring and new kind of dramatic role and a cast that includes lovely Donna Reed, rugged Van Heflin, a talented and handsome newcomer, Richard Hart. And there's Frank Morgan, Edmund Gwenn, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper.

We stand in awe of the men behind "Green Dolphin Street"—director Victor Saville, producer Carey Wilson, and the whole legion of film-makers who have translated adventurous words into breath-taking entertainment. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has once again done itself proud.

COLLIER'S

October 25, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

INCONGRUI ERAMUS

GENTLEMEN: Seems to be a conflict between editorials in the Sept. 13th issue. In Uniting Western Europe you use the phrase "quid pro quo" without translation. Translations, Please, is a ridicule of writers who use foreign phrases without footnotes or explanations as to the English meanings. Nothing like self-criticism, is there? *Absit invidia!* JANE LEE REESE ANDERS, DON J. ANDERS, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Grati sumus!

. . . Pardon me, but your slip is showing. G. MORGAN, Rosemead, Cal.

. . . What in hell does "quid pro quo" mean? WILLIAM KATZ, Dallas, Tex.

Something like *sine qua non* with a slight touch of *ne plus ultra*.

. . . ¿Qué está quid pro quo? CURT C. HARTWIG, Dayton, Ohio

Algo como sine qua non con un poquito de ne plus ultra.

. . . Sept. 13th issue carries an editorial Translations, Please. Page 13, same issue, War Bride, Quentin Reynolds, second paragraph down: "Du bist viel zu hübsch und verständig für einen General. . . ." Translation, please! FRANZ R. WAGNER, Richland Center, Wis.

"You are too handsome and intelligent for a general."

. . . I was on the verge of awarding it the Pulitzer prize until on the same page, "quid pro quo." Well, *coûte que coûte*, I know only English. A Priori, ULMONT E. IVES, Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . You make reference to "quid pro quo." Ye avalo sattam pott'irukruthu? Pes'irukren. A. C. M. BROOK, Vancouver, Canada

We give up. Translation, Please!

. . . I am thoroughly *en rapport*¹ with the *Einflüsterung*² in *kau*³ recent leading article⁴ that the *autore*⁵ should avoid *des phrases étrangères*⁶ which might *horu*⁷ the *mente*⁸ of the *lector*⁹ into a *toimurl*¹⁰. Here is the *segreto*¹¹ of *gut*¹² *escritura*¹³. D'abord la *clarté*; puis encore la *clarté*; et enfin la *clarté*¹⁴. . . Jovio!¹⁵

1. French: "in harmony." 2. German: "suggestion." 3. Hawaiian: "your." 4. (Continued on page 46)

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HOW WE DENY OUR CHILDREN

by A. N. SPANEL

President of International Latex Corporation

America's children have returned to school again. They are facing a deplorable condition brought about by the shameful neglect and indifference of their parents who stood idly by while more than 350,000 school teachers quit the teaching profession since 1939. The figure is staggering. It represents over one-third of the total number of school teachers in America. The loss of these teachers has weakened our schools to a frighteningly low level. The harm to America's children is beyond calculation.

The situation is getting worse. Nobody wants to be a teacher. Young people turn to other occupations. In colleges, where teachers are trained, the seats are empty. There is no one to take the place of the teacher who is leaving the profession.

The war greatly increased the birth rate. Soon these war-born children will appear at the schoolhouse door. Many of them are children of veterans. Increased enrollment will reach a peak in 1952. There will be more pupils . . . and fewer teachers . . . inferior schooling for millions of our youngsters.

Condemning Our Children to Inferiority

Teachers are quitting the profession because they are underpaid. There are many teachers whose pay is less than \$900 a year. They are victims of our short-sightedness. The high cost of living has wiped out their savings. Jobs outside the schools offer better pay. The teachers are taking them. They will continue to do so until the American people decide to pay teachers a living wage.

This nation cannot afford to continue short-changing its teachers. American wages for all others have been raised substantially in recent years. The national income has increased 300

percent since the war began, yet teachers' incomes have been raised only twelve percent. It's as crazy as it is shameful.

A Crazy and Shameful Condition

It is a miracle that there are good teachers in this country who sacrifice themselves and their substance to remain in the profession. Some of them are forced to work at outside jobs after school hours to remain on the ragged edge of respectability. Must we sit back, doing nothing, until these teachers are forced to *strike* for a living wage? Can we afford to let that happen?

In the meantime, American children are being robbed of a fair start in life. Five million of school age are not in school at all. Millions of others are herded into huge classes where there is little chance to learn.

Kids Headed for Jails

Idle children are roaming the streets. There is a rising tide of juvenile delinquency. Juvenile courts are over-burdened . . . youth on the skids to jail.

America cannot afford to waste its children. They are America.

Right now we are denying America's children . . . and America itself. The situation is completely out of hand, and what has developed into a serious condition is now becoming a national catastrophe.

What We Can Do About It

No citizen, no man or woman, can afford to let this catastrophe engulf America. The time for action is now . . . work through your Parents and Teachers groups . . . call on your superintendent of schools and the mayor of your town or city and volunteer to help meet this threat to democracy.

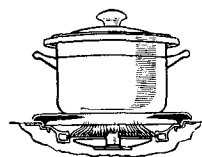
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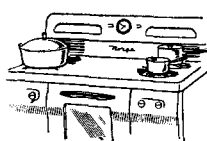
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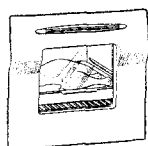
It's the new NORGE gas range. And no wonder it's a national sensation—it's so filled with functional advantages and niceties of appointment that it establishes a new standard of value for gas ranges! Only on this Norge will you find double-action Concentrator burners, 14-position broiler with smokeless grill, vertical utensil compartments, Modi-Fire oven burner, divided top, large center oven, "look-in" oven door, embossed control panels, electric clock with Minit-Master, recessed top light, electric appliance outlet, automatic top-burner lighter, safety oven lighter, dial-type Hi-Lo click simmer valves, balanced oven heat, porcelain-enameled tank-type oven, one-piece top and back-rail, and flush-to-wall construction with toe-recessed base. Its new "contour" styling will make your kitchen sparkle . . . its new efficiency will make all kinds of cooking easier, *pleasanter*. You owe it to your family to see this amazing new Norge . . . you will find the nearest Norge retailer by consulting the classified section of your telephone book. Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan.



NEW! Double-action Concentrator burners produce a faster, more efficient flame, concentrating the heat on the bottom of cooking utensils.



NEW! Divided top separates burners, makes it possible for two persons to use range at the same time without any interference.



NEW! "Look-in" oven door, together with oven light, enables one to inspect oven contents without opening the door.



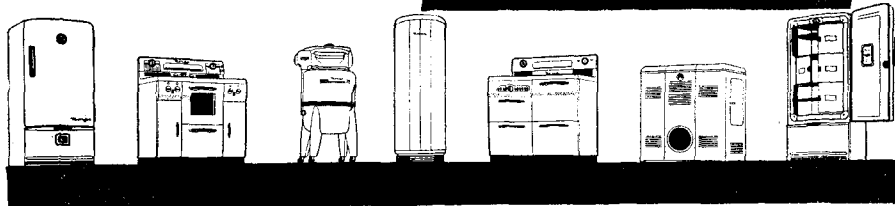
NEW! Big center oven holds an entire meal or extra-large bird or roast. Balanced heat, plus liberal insulation, gives maximum economy.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY
**FRELING
FOSTER**



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The secret address of many a wanted man has been obtained by detectives by sending him, at the home of his nearest relative, a telegram or a registered letter marked "Deliver to Addressee Only." As neither a Western Union cap nor a postman's uniform is cause for suspicion, the unsuspecting relative often discloses where the fugitive may be reached.

One of the strangest cases in recent medical literature was that of a young Australian woman who, when seven months pregnant, was accidentally shot in the abdomen. While the shock caused her to give birth to her baby five days later, the infant, although premature, was normal in every way—except for a bullet hole through one leg.

Since the Atlantic was first crossed by air in May, 1919, by Lieutenant Commander A. C. Read and his crew of five U. S. Navy men, approximately 95,000 flights have been made across this ocean.—By Margo Perez, Santa Barbara, California.

In New York City in 1885, or ten years after the founding there of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 41 per cent of all persons arrested were charged with brutal treatment of their children.

During the past 57 years, or since records have been kept, mobs in this country have lynched 57 Negro and 13 white women.

Rockefeller Plaza and about 100 other streets in New York City are the private property of corporations or individuals who must close them to the public from sunset to sunrise one day each year to maintain their ownership.—By Eloise Ray, Atlanta, Ga.

An American whose hobby is making works of art in miniature has produced an oil painting, a winter landscape, only 1-65th of a square inch in area, or so small that it had to be painted with a brush consisting of a single human hair.

For about 150 years, a heavily locked mausoleum in a churchyard in Sutton, England, has been inspected annually to see that the bodies within it have not been disturbed. This has been done in accordance with the will of the last member of the family, who died when Britain's leading crime was body snatching, or the stealing of corpses from graves in order to sell them to medical schools for dissection.

One of the latest and most amazing automaton is a "rat that learns." Started at the entrance of a maze, the metal animal moves along in search of its goal in the center, retracing its steps, like a live rat, when finding itself in blind passageways. As these mistakes register on its mechanical brain, the rat, after completing one experimental trip, is able to go directly from the entrance to the goal.

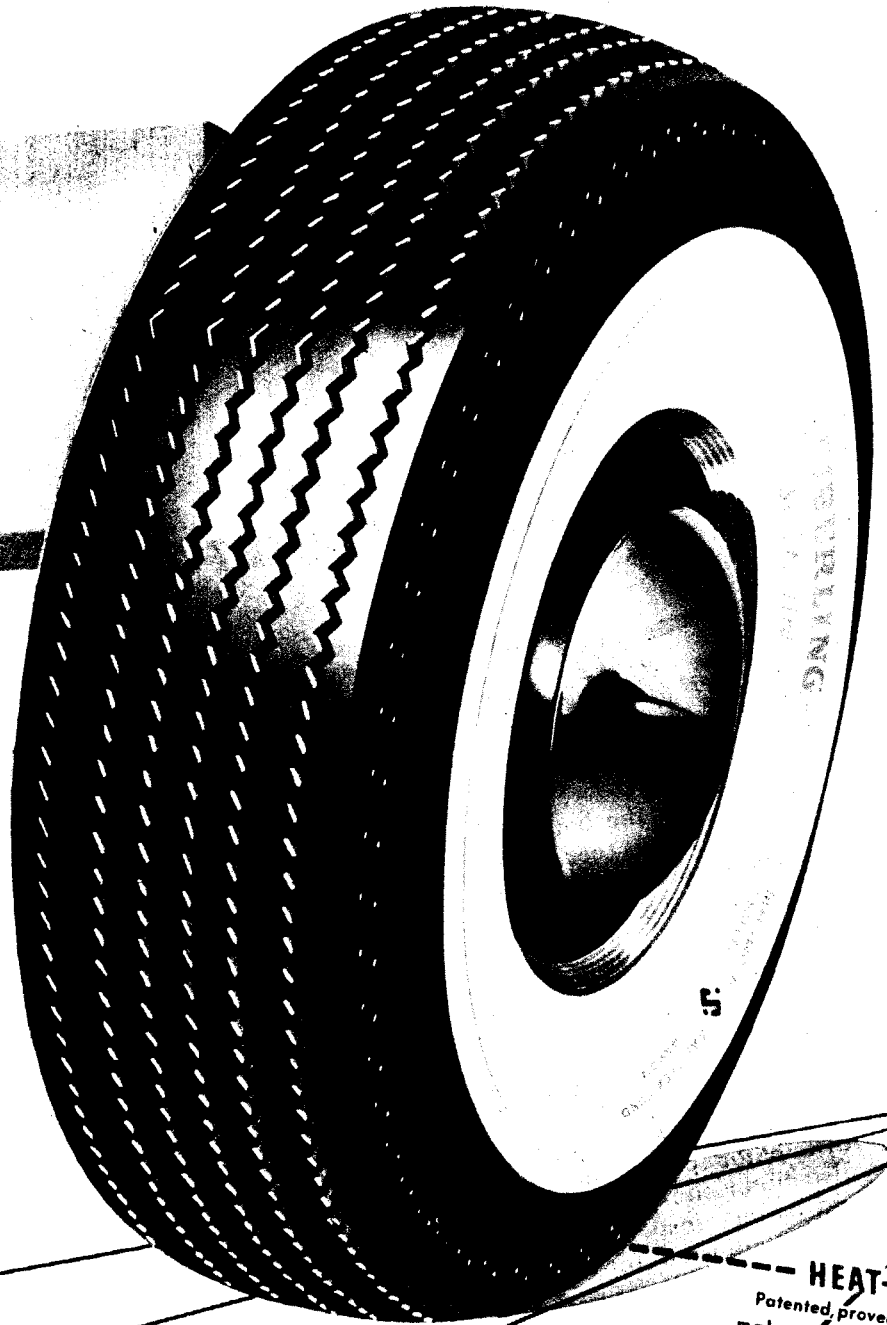
In a recent demonstration of the power of suggestion, a man was put into a hypnotic trance and told that within 24 hours fever blisters would form on the right-hand side of his lower lip. When he returned to the demonstration hall the following afternoon as requested, he had a cluster of these blisters on the right side of his mouth.

Since 1940, George Phillips, an evangelist in Tacoma, Washington, has sealed religious tracts in some 25,000 bottles and had them dropped from ships at sea so they could be carried to distant lands by ocean currents. Evidently a large number has been found as he has received mail from more than twenty countries, including New Guinea in the South Pacific and Morocco in North Africa.

For a number of days after birth, human infants are totally deaf.

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Now that the hot summer months are over, your car needs certain checks and adjustments to prepare it for the cold weather ahead. A good fall tune-up is good common sense.

Let's start with your car's cooling system. The radiator should be reverse-flushed, and all hose connections (including car heater connections) inspected for leaks before adding an approved anti-freeze. A change from warm-weather lubricants to cold-weather lubricants is in order, and the carburetor may need adjustment for winter operation. Spark plugs and distributor points should be cleaned and spaced, distributor timing checked, and generator, regulator and battery inspected. It's a good idea, too, to have brakes adjusted for smooth, even stops when the going is slippery.

For a well-planned fall tune-up—for satisfying automotive service the year round—go to your friendly United Motors Service station. The familiar orange and blue United Motors sign is your assurance of competent mechanics, latest service methods and original-equipment parts.

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DELCO Radio Parts
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NEW DEPARTURE
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GUIDE Lamps
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Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes



Frying Friar George Karger assures spectators his anachronistic watch won't show in the picture (p. 104). At right is Photographer Ernie Pal

THE day pachydermous Photographer George Karger elected to take the part of the monk in the "Kargertoon" on p. 104, the thermometer stood at 93.6°—a new record for the date in New York City. By the time Karger lugged equipment and props to a Gothic doorway outside Townsend Harris Hall at the College of the City of New York, the thermometer began to sizzle and spurt. What the temperature was inside the flannel robe and tight wig encompassing the statuesque Karger, no one knows. Karger opines, however, the picture adapted from a drawing by Cartoonist Ralph Newman is the hottest gag of the year.

As Karger rendered in the sun, Cartoon Editor Gurney Williams juggled smoking flash bulbs and turned the custom-made hourglass which ran out every 13 minutes. Ernie Pal, a Karger assistant, took the picture. Two hundred students kibitzed, and it all took two hours to perfect.

I had hoped to give you the low-down on Mister Ogden Nash, Whose story The Other Mind Reader, on p. 26, makes quite a splash—Of his birth, education, trials, tribs., early perspicacity, Give you his hat size, shoe size, weight, height and beer capacity.

How he was born in poverty a veritable illiterate, Worked as a stevedore, chow mein cook, and fought in the Civil War as a Confederate, Picked slate in the jute mills of S.W. Chinah, Studied at night and became a good union minah.

Eventually graduated with honors, a beautiful wife, and four letters (a great forward passer) From Harvard, Yale, Shurtleff, Oxford and Vassar, Learned to write at the feet of Wm. Makepeace Thugger, Poems attacking social hypocrisy and other forms of skulduggery,

In which unmetered lyrics overcame publishers with hysterics over their versical dizziness, And soon landed Og at the top of the poetry bizzness— And paid off in cash, Something that matters to everyone including Hedy Lamarr, the King of Siam, Stokowski, Joe Louis, Joe E. Lewis, Sinclair Lewis, John L.

Lewis, Lewis and Clark; Bobby Clark, the desk clerk at the Biltmore, Ted Shane and Ogden Nash—

I had hoped to, in other words, write a story filled with passion, human interest, drama, comedy and Ogden Nashional levity, Laughter, tears, ups and downs, vice versa, versa vice and how Ogden suffered when the dentist filled his first cevity—

Except when I wrote the bloke for a few autobiographicalities, He passed up the request as one of life's trivialities.

"INVARIABLY I feel like a dope talking about myself," writes Octavus Roy Cohen from Los Angeles. (His new exciter, My Love Wears Black, starts a career on p. 11.) "If there's anything that might mark me as different, it might be the unusualness of my chief hobby. I play *jai alai*.

"That's the game correctly called *pelota vasca*. I've been an *aficionado* for more than twenty years, and because I have a lot of friends who are professionals, I've managed to practice with them in a good many places: Havana, Barcelona, New York (yes, it was played there one season), Miami, and most recently in the new *frontón* in Tijuana, Mexico. Despite an approach to decrepitude, I manage to get around and have a lot of fun.

"Don't get the idea I play well. I only play well for an American. The game is exciting and dangerous. I've had two major operations as the result of injuries while playing. But lacking common sense, I keep going back for more."

Mr. Cohen is now in his fifty-eighth year.

This week's cover: Wind-blown Roberta (Dimples) Jonay, lovely star-heavy of the new medical musical *Allegro* (Broadway Sortie, p. 20), is from Philadelphia, started educating her feet at ballet school at seven, and acting at fifteen via a scholarship at New York's precocious Neighborhood Playhouse. Graduated into "tab" shows, dancing-singing-and-acting her way to Hollywood where Paramount put her into seven movies in four years. Under loan to the Thitta Guild, Roberta has had little time for anything but work, knitting, reading. Dave Peskin Kodachromed. . .

TED SHANE



CRYSTALS FOR CONVERSATIONS

CRYSTALS THAT GROW FROM A SEED . . . *This color photograph shows EDT (Ethylene Diamine Tartrate) Crystals growing in glass jars at Bell Telephone Laboratories. Each is started from seed (a piece of the mother crystal) and revolved continuously in a solution. Little by little, day and night, they grow and in three months reach the best size for telephone needs. Thousands and thousands of small plates, cut from the large crystals — then gold-plated and mounted in glass bulbs — are used in filters in Long Distance circuits. . . . By sorting out each telephone conversation from the others, they enable 480 conversations to go over one coaxial circuit at one time.*

Many more Long Distance telephone coaxial circuits, in urgent demand, can be built next year because of Bell Laboratories research and development on synthetic crystals.

Plates of quartz are ordinarily used in the electric wave filters of these circuits.

But the demand has increased—the price

has gone up—there will not be enough quartz available to build all the filters needed next year. The shortage is serious.

A long time ago, Bell Telephone Laboratories foresaw a shortage in natural quartz; hoped to find something even better. They devoted years of study to the physics and

chemistry of synthetic crystals. They now have one that can replace quartz in filters. Western Electric is growing them in the factory.

Here again Bell Telephone Laboratories' idea of making things better at lower cost helps to give you the best and most economical telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Why Ed Wood didn't hear the score till 11 p.m.

ONE FRIDAY NIGHT last month, Ed Wood had intended to see his son help the high school basketball team win the biggest game of the season.

Then, just as he was pushing his chair back from the supper table, the phone rang.

"This is Tom Reynolds' brother," the voice said. "Tom was in a car accident this afternoon. He's at the hospital now, and I thought that you, being his Travelers agent, ought to know about it."

Instead of heading for the high school gym, Ed Wood went to the hospital. He found that Tom was pretty badly hurt, but the doctor thought he'd come through all right after quite a spell in bed.

Ed Wood was allowed to see Tom just long enough to let him know that a report of his accident would be sent in that very night. Since Tom's wife had already left the hospital, Ed stopped at the drugstore on his way to the office to phone

her. Told her all she had to worry about was Tom's getting well. His accident insurance would take care of the doctor and hospital bills and pay him an income until he was on his feet again.

It took only a few minutes to phone the nearest Travelers adjuster to give him the details of the accident and make sure that he'd be on the job the next day, helping Tom Reynolds. But when he looked at his watch as he finished the call, Ed Wood saw it was too late to go to the game.

So he went home and waited to learn the score. At eleven, he and his son were still re-playing the game over a couple of glasses of milk.

Ed Wood could have waited until after the basketball game to do something about the Reynolds accident . . . but he didn't.

He knew how a man worries when he's hurt. He knew, too, what a help it is to a man in a hospital to know that the money he and his family

need while he is flat on his back is already on the way.

Throughout the country there are hundreds of Travelers insurance men like Ed Wood. They are men known for their devotion to the needs of their policyholders . . . for an extra kind of service that goes beyond the delivery of an insurance policy.

The Travelers man who lives and does business in your community would like to tell you more about what Travelers service does for you in time of need.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

Everyone knew that Jean Rutledge was the hottest thing in motion pictures—but only four people knew that she was a widow, that her husband had been murdered. And in Hollywood, even a corpse can have a stand-in

Part I

THE morning newspaper was spread out on the desk. Across the top, in fancy letters, were the words, *Amusement Section*. In the middle of the page was a picture which gave a pretty fair idea of what made it amusing.

It was the reproduction of a girl's photograph. She was lounging in a beach chair at the edge of a swimming pool. She had interesting features, interesting eyes, interesting legs and other attributes which were also on the interesting side. She was smiling, and you could see the little crinkle across the bridge of her nose which always showed when she smiled. She was twenty-four years old and looked younger. The caption over the three-column cut stated that this was Jean Rutledge, sensational star of Olympus Pictures, who would, in all likelihood, be a serious candidate for the 1947 Academy Award provided her new picture, *Lady in Waiting*, was even half what the studio publicity department promised. Then it continued with a few warmed-over details about the young lady in the bathing suit. It was all old stuff and all interesting. Especially to me.

I looked through the office window and got a free eyeful of the Santa Monica mountains. The desk telephone rang and I lifted the receiver off its cradle. I said, "Ingram and Singleton. Bruce Ingram speaking." Very business-like, as though the real-estate business was still booming as it had through most of 1946.

A voice said, "Bruce?" It was a nice voice, an awful nice voice. Warm and clear and with an intimate undertone which I wanted to believe was my exclusive property.

I looked again at the paper spread out on my desk. The voice belonged to the picture and the picture to the voice. I said, "Is this Miss Jean Rutledge, who is being seriously considered for the 1947 Academy Award provided her new picture—"

She said, "Hold it, sweetheart," and the endearment did things to me. It always did. I could never understand what America's Number One glamor girl saw in a mug like me. I almost missed her next words. She said, "I want to see you—right away."

"That makes us all even."

"How about grabbing a bite and then picking me up at the studio a little after one?"

She was keeping it light, but there was an unmistakable urgency in her voice. I said, "It's a deal. Is this just for fun, or is it important?"

"Important," she said. "Fred is in town."

I said, "Oh!" The gay mood flew right out of the window. "Fred?"

"Yes—" She let it hang there for a moment, and then added, with cheerfulness, "It might be good."

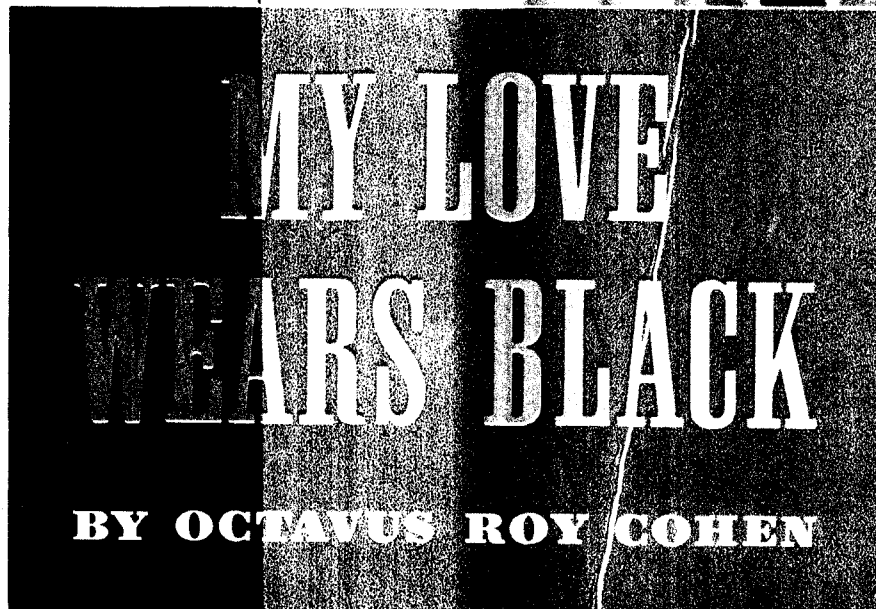
I said, "It better be. See you at one on the sharp."

There was a brief hesitation and she said, "By, darling."

I put the phone back where it belonged. I took

I heard Jean's choked cry and looked around. Something lay on the rug in front of the couch . . . a man. He wasn't moving. He would never move again

Collier's for October 25, 1947



another look out of the window. The mountains were still there, looking slightly more formidable. But I wasn't thinking about them. I was thinking about Fred Wilson. About Fred being in town after an absence of three and a half years.

Fred was Jean's husband.

I walked through the reception room and told the girl to take all calls and to tell my partner Danny Singleton that I'd be back when I got back. I tried to make it sound like a business deal, but I think Helen knew better. She was wearing the sort of guilty expression which indicated she had listened in.

I got in my car, rolled it away from the curb, went to the filling station on the corner and tanked up with gas. Then I headed for the outskirts of North Hollywood where the Magna and Olympus studios sprawled across the California landscape. It was all Magna, really. Olympus was a subsidiary. It was a tight, extra-special little company built around Jean Rutledge. Olympus production: Magna release. Jean was that important.

The special officer on duty at the gate was tough and efficient. He had to be. This was the entrance and exit used by the studio luminaries. Usually the street outside was packed with autograph hounds. Today it was clear, which was by way of being a miracle. I parked where I could watch the gate. I turned off the ignition, lighted a cigarette and sternly told myself not to be impatient.

I'd been doing a lot of thinking on my way over the pass. Maybe the fact that Fred Wilson was in town was good. Maybe he could be talked into letting Jean and me get married. That idea sounded good. Almost too good. I'd been wanting it so much and for so long that I knew I was a dope to start hoping until I had more information.

THE studio was unimpressive from outside. Picture studios always are. They look like a bunch of warehouses chucked into the middle of nowhere. Above a piece of wall you could see the skeleton backs of some outdoor sets which would have looked screwy anywhere but in Hollywood: a piece of an ocean liner, the roofs of a row of houses in a Belgian village, a patch of too-blue sky with improbable white clouds painted on it, gaunt scaffoldings.

Inside the main gate you could see people walking around. Nobody seemed to be in a hurry, nobody seemed to be doing anything. I'd seen it all a thousand times. I was always impressed by its lack of impressiveness; always amazed that finished pictures were actually manufactured here; that this studied casualness cost fortunes and made fortunes.

The door opened and Jean Rutledge appeared. She was wearing a sport coat over her costume, her hairdo was protected by a hood, and she had on dark glasses which were calculated to shield her (a) against the glare of the sun and (b) against the onslaughts of any autograph hounds who might be lurking in the shadows.

I sounded my horn three times, started the car and opened the door. She got in, said, "Prompt, aren't you, sweetheart?" and I said I'd been waiting for hours, which was what it seemed like. I said, "Whither away?"

"Monterey Canyon."

I blinked and made a U-turn so that I was headed back toward the mountains. "The house?" I asked.

She said, "Yes, the house. But drive slowly. I want to talk."

I took the outside lane and throttled down to twenty, which is practically standing still on a road like that. I glanced at her and grabbed myself a fresh thrill. Not because twenty million people in the United States were loco about her as an actress, not because she looked glamorous in her studio make-up, which actually appeared grotesque in the brilliant sunshine, but because she was the girl I was in love with and hoped someday to marry.

I waited for her to take the ball, and finally she did. She said, "I didn't want to go into detail over the phone."

"I caught that."

"Fred is meeting me at the house at two o'clock. He said it was very important."

She always said "the house." It had been Fred's wedding present to her in 1942, when she was a rather discouraged extra girl who worked out of the Central Casting Bureau. Jean didn't live there. No one did. It had been vacant since their marriage had gone on the rocks six months after it got started. She explained that it was too

doesn't like lawyers or financial advisers or fixers of any sort."

"What are you planning to do—hide me in the car?"

She laughed. "No, silly. I'm going to walk right into the house with you. I'm going to introduce you as the man I want to marry."

"Do you?"

She hesitated, but only briefly. "Yes," she said.

She said suddenly, "You'll like Fred."

"I'll adore him."

"He's got charm and personality. That's how he's always lived, you know."

I knew. I knew everything Jean had told me about her husband, and lots of other things I'd been able to pick up elsewhere. He'd been a gambler, a con man, a player of angles. He called himself (so I'd been told) an opportunist. I'd heard he could sell anybody any bill of goods. He had sold himself to Jean, he'd done well enough for himself in California and still managed to remain within the letter of the law. I'd met others who

"Why didn't you sell the house?"

"I always regarded it as his."

"He ever ask you for it?"

"No."

"Since you became famous"—I framed my question as tactfully as possible—"has he ever made a pitch for any of your money?"

"No." She hesitated, then went on: "That's one reason I wanted you along. Fred always has an angle. Maybe you'll see something that I'll miss."

WE HAD turned off Ventura by this time and were swinging through the canyons. At first there had been signs which said, Monterey Canyon Road, but those had disappeared. Where we were, there wasn't a thing but a two-lane road bisected by a line of white paint. We were in the midst of deep, uninhabited ravines, cliffs and scrub growth. I said, "If I kissed you, would the make-up cause a permanent stain on my lips?"

"I don't know," she answered. "You might try."

I stopped the car and tried. I tried hard. It was breath-takingly satisfactory. Made me feel like a very important person. It was Jean who pulled away. She said, "Mister! you didn't have to try that hard. It suddenly struck me as a trifle indecent to pause for love-making when we're on the way to meet my husband."

"Husband!" I shrugged it off. "You haven't been married—except legally—in so long, you've forgotten what it's all about."

I started off again. Driving was tricky. The mountains in the Los Angeles area are odd. You're always close to modern, compact, thriving communities—yet a mile or so on the wrong road and you're in the wildest country you ever saw. There were no neighbors within half a mile of the house and darned few even then: a house built in the days when it was considered ultra-ultra to live in solitude.

We rounded a curve and came within sight of it. It was on the west side of the road. There was a little stream separating the grounds from the highway, and you had to drive across a little bridge and up a sharp acclivity to reach the turnaround in front of the big garage.

It was a big place: four bedrooms, three and a half baths, servants' quarters, patio, barbecue—all the sales trimmings that appealed to the real-estate man in me. It had probably cost \$30,000 originally, could have been sold at the height of the boom for \$55,000 and would certainly bring \$40,000 on today's market.

The architecture was nice. The style was rural English: fieldstone, concrete and tapestry brick. It spread all over creation and yet was scarcely visible from the main road. I said, "I still don't get it. Just the two of you out here."

"He liked to entertain."

"Who?"

"Characters. Smooth gents and flashy ladies. Race-track people. Underworld upper crust. I was dazzled until I began to understand."

I turned into the driveway. The man who kept the grounds in order had done a pretty good job.

(Continued on page 28)

Danny had talked. I had talked. Jean was just finishing. Travis looked at us speculatively and said, "You've really loused things up, haven't you?"



I headed the car for the outskirts of North Hollywood where the Magna studios sprawled across the landscape

big, too far away from things, too lonely, and those were all good reasons. But I always thought the main reason was that she wasn't too keen about living in the house where she'd gone as the bride of a much older man, where she had stayed until disillusionment was complete and he had walked out.

I said, "Tell me about Fred's call."

"He said he wanted to see me and that it was important."

"Divorce?" I suggested hopefully.

"Could be. But I wouldn't bank on it." She looked at me through the dark glasses. "I never really knew Fred," she stated. "But I thought I understood him. Now I know I was wrong there, too. He has consistently refused to give me a divorce. I've offered to pay well for it. The answer remains no. Arnold just got back from New York. He tried to get in touch with Fred there. No soap. Fred simply wouldn't see him. He's still playing it that way."

"What does that mean?"

"He insisted on seeing me alone."

"You flatter me. If being with me is being alone—"

"Shucks! Fred didn't mean you. He doesn't even know about you. What he meant was that he didn't want Arnold Travis trailing along. He

belonged in the same category. Nice guys. With faces you'd love to punch. I said, "When's the last time you saw Fred?"

"December, 1942. That's almost five years ago."

"Been in touch?"

"Only through Arnold."

"Travis knew him?"

"I met Arnold Travis through Fred. When I got my break in pictures—after Fred had left me—Arnold started handling my affairs. He's a good lawyer. He came up the hard way, so he knows the ropes. I'm fond of him."

"He's okay," I conceded. Then: "Have you told him that Fred called you?"

"No. Just you." Her fingers tightened over my hand. "Maybe Fred's broke. Maybe he'll let me have a divorce—for a price."

That was a sour note. I said, "I don't like the way that sounds."

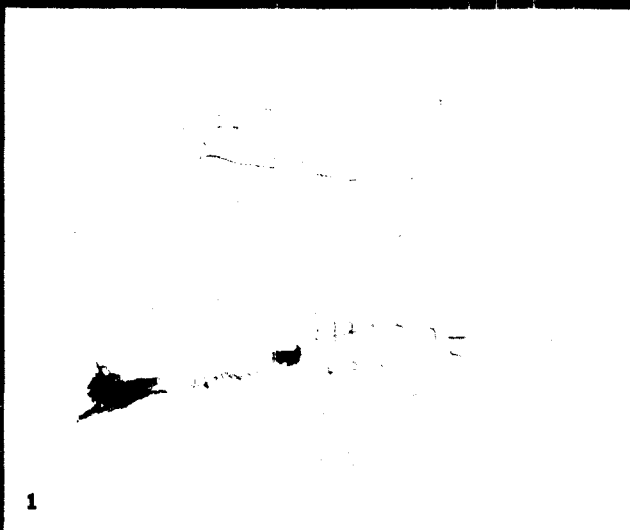
"I don't either. But it's the way things are likely to be. You never know about men like Fred. When he and I got married, he was rolling in money. That's when he gave me the house. Then, suddenly, he was broke, and I didn't even hear from him for months. I wasn't having an easy time, either. Not then."

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



YOUR CHILD'S PICTURES CAN TALK

BY JOURNAL OF THE



1
Archie drew this self-portrait, emphasizing teeth, during just the period when he was trying to bite other children



2
A child's concern with bathroom problems is frequently reflected in tendency to smear and use brown or green. As interest in bowel control decreases, paintings change



3
Each time her mother was pregnant, Angela's paintings changed. During first pregnancy, she drew red masses



4
After her mother's miscarriage she drew five structural designs, choosing blue, showing a relaxation of tension



5
Seven months later, when her mother was pregnant again, Angela reverted to masses over her designs



Parents who throw away the messy daubs their children make are missing a chance to learn what makes the young hopeful tick. After 10 years of study, two Chicago educators have found the answers. Here they tell of their findings

WHAT do you do with those shapeless blobs that your Pride-and-Joy, age four, smears on paper with paint or crayon, then proudly brings to you with a bright-eyed, "See what I made?" If you're normal you say, "Why, that's lovely, P-and-J. Ah—what is it?" After he's finished telling you that it's a big horse and a fire truck and a house with a moon and has gone back to create another masterpiece, you chuck the soiled paper into the nearest trash basket. That's where you make a mistake. Children have been painting and parents have been chucking for hundreds of years. The dust-

bins, ash cans and old attic trunks of the world are filled with the dots and blobs, smears and masses that children paint and which their parents toss aside as meaningless.

Ten years ago in Chicago, however, two leading child educators had a hunch. From long experience with very young children, Rose H. Alschuler and Dr. Laberta W. Hattwick began to have the suspicion that the crazy quilts children draw might actually have meaning. That each painting tells a story about the child who made it. With the energy of scientists, they began to track down these possible meanings.

After 10 years of study, Mrs. Alschuler and Dr. Hattwick discovered that youngsters give themselves away through paints. What seems to be a hodgepodge is actually a mirror that reflects the true nature of the child. By studying their children's paintings, parents, with the aid of a knowing doctor or a child psychologist, can now engage in some rewarding detective work on what makes their children tick.

The Chicago educators began by collecting the paintings of 149 unselected children, all under the age of five and a half, in eight Chicago and Winnetka, Illinois, nursery groups. With one exception, the children were never told to paint. Easels, brushes and at least six different colors were available at all times. When a youngster wished to play with paints, he simply took brush and paintpot in hand and smeared to his heart's content.

While all this freely-produced smearing and daubing were going on, daily notes were being kept by teachers and trained observers on the behavior of each child. At the same time the family doctors and parents of the 149 children were periodically interviewed to learn something about each child's activities at home.

By cross-checking each painting with everything else that was known about the child, the two women educators were finally able to make sense out of the seemingly gaga swirls and blotches. So spectacular are their discoveries that the University of Chicago Press has recently published them in two volumes, entitled *Painting and Personality: A Study of Young Children*.

As the title suggests, children's paintings and personalities are two faces of the same coin. Crybabies drew themselves with tears. Little girls, whose mothers commented too much about their beauty, sometimes painted themselves as princesses. (Archie's self-portrait, done when he was just past three, featured teeth—at the very same time that Archie was running around biting other children [Painting No. 1].)

But usually, very young children do not paint realistically. They paint not what they see, but what they feel. This is particularly true of children under five. They do not have sufficiently developed vocabularies to express their deepest feelings in words. Instead, they paint out their emotions and problems. (Paintings 3, 4 and 5.)

Yellow, used persistently, indicates happiness. Blue strongly suggests tension and anxiety or, as a child grows up, successful self-control. Widespread employment of greens and browns almost always occurs among

just those children who are most concerned with "going to the bathroom." (Paintings 2 and 6.) Parents with children who stress red are being flashed a storm signal. Their offspring are not budding Commies, but are emotionally excited. (Paintings 3 and 5.) Children most often turn to red during those periods when it appears they strongly feel affection and love, hostility and hate.

These are not glib generalizations flicked off some theoretician's wrist. The association between yellow and happiness, for instance, is backed up on three scores. The happiest children favored yellow. Many children who showed striking ups and downs turned to yellow on those days when they were happiest and turned to black, purple and other somber shades when they felt unhappy. Finally, the least happy children seldom chose yellow. When they did, it was always after a particularly satisfying experience, such as their own birthday party (when they were the center of attention) or at Christmas.

If your child is three or four and insists on blue, it may be that he is painting out inner tensions. At those ages anxieties are normal enough, since most three- and four-year-olds are struggling with their first conscious efforts to "grow up." As they are trying hardest to gain control over their eating habits and bowel movements, they quite often turn to blue. Some children who rarely touched blue suddenly picked that color following visits to the dentist or after an illness, or during relapses when they wet themselves and suffered from nightmares. As the tensions eased, so did their use of blue.

Among older children, however, blue is frequent and natural. It suggests that a child has succeeded in "growing up" and is now operating at a less infantile, more easily self-controlled level.

A Fear-Ridden Little Man

Edward, whose name, like all others used here, is fictitious, is a striking example of a three-year-old boy who was preoccupied with blue during the entire year that his parents were trying to make a little man out of him too quickly. He was tense, burdened with fears and stubbornly refused to join in the fun. Often he voiced his fears for no apparent reason, such as warning others: "Don't put your face up to the window! The glass might cut you. . . . You mustn't hurt the guinea pigs. You mustn't say boo. It would scare them. . . . I'm not going to scare them. . . . I'm just going to sit and listen to them talking."

Edward's paintings, like his behavior, were correspondingly somber. He talked about blue more often than any color. Sometimes he even painted so intensely that the brush cut right through the paper. The part that was cut was always blue.

Several months later, as Edward overcame some of his fears and began to play with his group, his paintings also changed. The blues became lighter and he drew more open designs.

The next year, when Edward was four and better able to cope with the high standards set by his family, he completely lost his strong urge to paint and overpaint with blue.

In contrast to blue, red symbolizes strong emotions. Had Aileen's parents paid attention to the red circles she drew, they might have pondered why their child cried so much.

Her parents, having divorced, had both remarried and Aileen was shuttled between both sets of homes and was shunted to her grandmother's as well. In a sense, she had three homes. In a deeper sense, she had no home at all. Given such confusion, it is not surprising that Aileen lived in tearful turmoil. The extent to which she was upset by her vagrant status became quite obvious during her play with paints.

With the consistency of a metronome, Aileen drew large red circles. What did they mean? She herself gave the answer by calling them "house" or "home." The fact that no fewer than 133 of the 187 paintings done by Aileen in a single year consisted of these red circles speaks volumes to indicate how her abnormal home life preyed upon her young child's mind.

The clue to one child's tears may lie in red circles. The clue to another child's unhappiness may lie in purples, blues and blacks. By continually comparing changes in paintings with changes in behavior, the meaning of color and design can be uncovered. Phoebe was a dejected little girl, whose stepmother once told a teacher: "I wanted a daughter but I have a witch." When her hostile mother was at home, Phoebe painted with purple, blue and black. But when the mother left Chicago, this gave their family housekeeper a chance to lavish affection on Phoebe. Almost immediately the child's pictures changed. Somber tones gave way to warmer ones. After four weeks the mother returned home. Only two days passed before Phoebe was back to her usual purples, blacks and blues.

Color, however, is only one part of the picture. Parents would indeed get a distorted picture if they sized up

their children's drawings on the basis of color alone. As a matter of fact, most children use several colors at once. Usually they place the colors on top of each other in a scramble that resembles an Irish stew. But such colorful stews are not pot luck.

These overlays suggest the child may be covering up true feelings. Just as adults cloak their feelings with words, very young children often camouflage their real desires with paints. In such cases the color that starts out on the bottom most often reflects the true feeling of the child.

Ann Reveals Her True Self

For four months Ann continually placed yellow on the bottom and then covered it with blues and greens. Then one day she no longer bothered to cover the yellow. At that same time she became what many parents would call "a changed child." Her long periods of silence ceased; she became talkative and scrappy. Now that she was acting in harmony with her basic wishes, Ann felt no further need to cover up—either in behavior or painting. (Paintings 7 and 8.)

Then there was Bert, an exceptionally submissive boy. Perhaps you wouldn't call him a sissy, but the influences at home were distinctly feminine. He saw his father only once a week. The rest of the time he was with women. In the nursery Bert's behavior was restricted—he kept his own company and talked to himself most of the time. His play at the easel showed a corresponding lack of emotional warmth, characterized, as one might expect, by the relative absence of red.

When Bert did use red, he covered it with cooler colors the first five times. He even commented one day, "I'm covering red," as though the color stood for a side of his personality that he preferred to hide. When playing with blocks, the red blocks also occupied a special place in Bert's scheme of things. He always used it for a traffic light, remarking, "Red block says stop." Apparently red, which Bert associated with "Stop" and which he covered with less emotional colors, symbolized the barriers that were preventing him from becoming a more carefree boy.

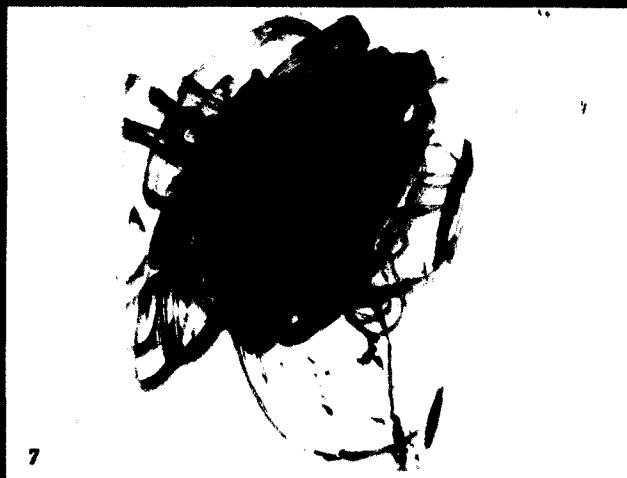
One day Bert smeared red over the page and, instead of covering it, let it stay, saying with some feeling, "I want it to say go." He only used red once more that year. Then, for the first time, he placed red on top of other colors.

It is significant that from this time on, Bert's behavior also went into reverse. From having been submissive

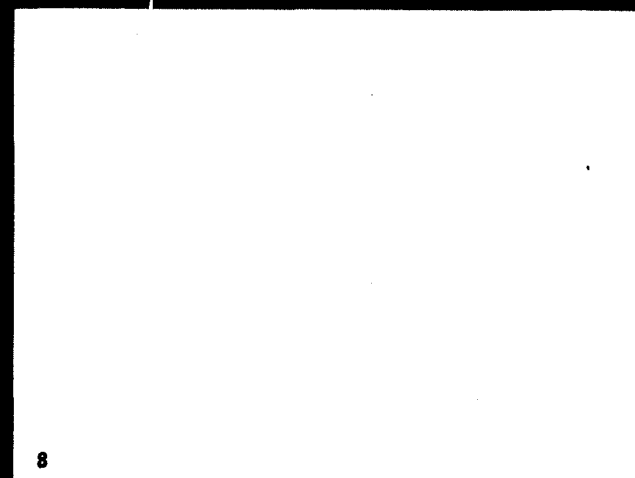
(Continued on page 90)



As a child's interest in elimination problems decreases, dots replace smears—showing more control



Ann hid yellow under blue and green for three months, and during this same period she was silent and tense



Suddenly she became talkative and friendly, revealing her true self, and she made no attempt to hide yellow

WHAT'S WRONG WITH U.N.?

ELEVEN men in plain business suits sat at a long curved desk that looked like a polished segment from a gigantic wagon wheel. Fluorescent lamps concealed in the ceiling poured a blue-white light down on them. Before each lay a green blotting pad, papers and pencils and a well-thumbed copy of the Charter of the United Nations. Before them all lay a problem—how to stop the war in Greece before it became a bigger war.

It was an old problem. The gentlemen had wrestled with it for months. They had the power to solve it in those 111 complicated articles of the Charter, a legal mechanism intended chiefly to keep peace. As members of the Security Council of the United Nations they were, if they could agree on what to do, the most powerful group of men in the world. They could stop wars and punish those who started them.

But they could seldom agree. When they did, they made French troops get out of Syria and Lebanon and obliged Russian soldiers to evacuate Iran. But this Greek affair was different. The gentlemen of the Security Council couldn't make up their minds.

They were tired and bored, approaching the end of another inconclusive session. They had held 60 meetings on the subject. Only one, when they agreed to send a commission to Greece to investigate the causes and effects of the Greek civil war, had produced results. The investigators reported that what had started as a rebellion of left-wingers against a duly elected but right-wing Greek government now threatened peace in the Balkans and, perhaps, the world. Greece's neighbors—Yugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria—the investigators found, were helping the antigovernment forces in Greece. Military meddling in the internal affairs of a neighbor was a violation of the law of the United Nations.

The gentlemen of the Security Council, really lawyers acting as diplomats, had before them two suggestions for settling the Greek dispute. One was by the Australian member calling on all parties concerned to quit fighting and arbitrate their differences among themselves. The other was in tougher American language. It blamed Yugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria for disturbing the peace and ordered them to stop helping the Greek guerrillas. It was time for the Council to vote, but the eleven knew beforehand what the result would be.

The press knew too. Of the 200 seats in the press gallery less than 20 were occupied. A Chinese correspondent played ticktacktoe with an American colleague. A few reporters made desultory notes. Others wandered in and out of the gallery like casual spectators at a six-day bike race.

But the men and women who occupied nearly all of the 600 spectators'

seats in the public gallery, between the press balcony and the semicircular diplomats' table, listened to every word. They were attentive even when they didn't understand the French and Russian delegates. They strained for the translations. They watched every move, every expression of the eleven weary men on the stage of the amphitheater below them. Some of them, too, knew what would happen but obviously hoped it wouldn't.

The Australian resolution came first. Nine of the eleven approved. One, the Polish delegate, abstained from voting. The other, Andrei Gromyko of Russia, voted against it. There was an audible sigh of disappointment from the spectators. The press gallery rustled as reporters moved about, checking the results of the vote with one another. The Chinese correspondent wrote a cable: "Gromyko vetoed Australian resolution . . ."

Faris El-Khoury, the white-haired Syrian, who would yield the chairmanship of the Council to Gromyko in a few days under the rotating system which gives every member a chance to preside, was plainly exasperated. He looked at Herschel Johnson, the American delegate.

"We have another resolution," he said. "I don't believe its fate will be different. Do you want it discussed?"

"I do not think it necessary," Johnson replied with a tight jaw, "to take the time of the Council with any further arguments which would be in the nature of phonograph records. Let us proceed with the vote, please."

The Council voted. Gromyko vetoed. The Security Council had failed to halt the Greek civil war. Out of it might grow a Balkan war and out of it, as has happened before, another world war.

A Record of Failures

The Council's dismal performance in the Greek crisis was one of a batch of failures comparable to the futile record of the old League of Nations. The Council had also failed: (1) to pacify the Indonesian war, (2) to agree on disarmament, (3) to set up an international military organization to enforce a United Nations peace and, worst of all, (4) to internationalize atomic energy to ensure its use for the advancement rather than the annihilation of mankind.

This last was the Council's—and the United Nations'—most depressing failure although it did not, by any means, exhaust the record of deadlock and futility compiled in the brief two years of its life. What was wrong? Was the United Nations headed, like the old League, to collapse? Was One World a mirage?

Men have tried for 300 years to find workable ways of living together without periodically slaughtering one another with new and more destructive weapons. When muskets and cannon

replaced swords and crossbows back in the seventeenth century Europe's thinkers came forward with plans for abolishing war. There were the schemes of Eméric Crucé, Hugo Grotius, William Penn and the Abbe Saint-Pierre, the spiritual ancestors of Wendell Willkie. English King Henry IV's "Grand Design" for a federated Europe even included an international police force.

The advent of the airplane, which shortened distances and gave the words "world" and "war" new meanings of smallness and of horror, impelled men to make a first effort at organizing the human race into a peaceful society of the League of Nations. This died as a noble but unworkable experiment. Peace remained a coveted luxury. World War II, long before it was over, realized all the horrors of that new weapon, the airplane, and men determined to try again to organize a workable world society with the United Nations.

Then, one day, atom bombs killed Nagasaki and hushed Hiroshima in the time it takes you to blow out a match. Peace became an indispensable necessity. Two billion survivors of World War II hailed the United Nations with the enthusiasm they might have accorded the arrival of the millennium.

The new and all-inclusive League of Nations promised not only to "save succeeding generations from the scourge of war" but to protect fundamental human rights, promote a better life for everybody and establish justice and respect for international law. But has the United Nations realized its lofty ideals or achieved its irreproachable aims?

If so the facts are not apparent to the plain man, who knows only what he reads in the newspapers or hears on the radio. These tell him of violations of human rights in Poland and elsewhere, of famine in Europe and bankruptcy in Britain, of disregard for international law in Yugoslavia and of bloodshed in Greece and Indonesia. And the stories from Lake Success, on Long Island, where the United Nations is temporarily housed in a glitteringly functional building which was once ominously a factory for making warplane parts, do nothing to dispel his fears.

When he adds up what the headlines and the commentators say the average American is compelled to conclude that the U.N., like its predecessor at Geneva, Switzerland, is perhaps only a Utopian dream. Nevertheless, the average citizen isn't prepared to give up his dream. His enthusiasm for the idea of having a world organization to settle disputes between nations is as strong as ever. This is borne out by George Gallup's frequent public-opinion polls in which Americans, including the historically reluctant internationalists of the Middle West, voted for continuation of

the U.N. and our participation therein.

But there is growing dissatisfaction with the way in which the U.N. is handling the world's business. Gallup's most recent poll showed that out of every 100 Americans questioned on the subject 50 were decidedly unhappy about the U.N.'s progress, only 26 were satisfied, 24 had no opinion.

What Americans say about the U.N., according to Gallup's investigators, reflects dissatisfaction even more pointedly than the statistics. They look upon the diplomats at Lake Success as "a bunch of politicians playing out their own little game." They complain of "too much dissension among the delegates."

Public Opinion Speaks Out

Who's to blame? Our citizens are as sure about this as they are about their dissatisfaction. "The Russians," they told Gallup's doorbell ringers, "are trying to push everybody else around" and "are trying to get away with too much."

On the other side of the fence, the Russians blame the failures of the U.N. on America. A recent dispatch from the Russian news agency, Tass, which was published in Moscow newspapers charged:

"Everything bears witness to the fact that American policy with regard to the United Nations more and more is pointing to two alternatives—either unconditional subjugation of the United Nations to the line of the White House or direct liquidation of the organization. . . . A great campaign is waged with the intention of distracting world opinion from reality which is not pretty, and to direct the work of the Assembly to a false path. The 'veto question' is being dragged out of dusty archives, a tattered scarecrow."

Regardless of such blanket indictments by either side, not all of the blame for the dissension inside the U.N., however, can fairly be laid on the Russians. Although the struggle for power between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. dominates the scene, other battles caused by the conflicting interests of the nations of the world are fought out on the same stage.

It was not Gromyko, for instance, but the Frenchman Alexandre Parodi who snarled at least one major effort to settle the Indonesian dispute. America and nine other nations supported a Russian resolution empowering the Council to send an eleven-man commission to get the facts on the spot, as was done in the Palestine dispute. Parodi, as counsel for a colonial power, supported the interests of another, the Netherlands. France may need Dutch help in preventing liquidation of France's interests in Indo-China, where the natives also demand freedom. By this action Parodi wooed that help.

(Continued on page 69)

When the United Nations was formed two years ago people everywhere hailed it as the millennium. But it hasn't been working so well since then, and here's why

BY FRANK GERVASI

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER



Although the United Nations General Assembly, shown here, can talk but not act, some observers believe that through the force of world opinion it can accomplish things which the veto-bound Security Council is powerless to do

LIZ—that's my wife—is a very pretty woman. "Okay, Liz," I said, "so I'm late for supper again."

"That's all right, hon," Liz said.

I moped around the kitchen door, not looking at her.

"Johnny's in bed. You go sit in front of the fire and relax. I'll bring you a nice drink."

I sighed and went into the front room.

Liz came in with two highballs, some cheese and crackers. "Cheddar," she said. "Your favorite cheese."

"Yeah," I said.

"Take some."

"I don't want any," I said.

When Liz spoke, her voice had that thin, hopeful tone I was beginning to get used to hearing. "I got a good steak today, hon. Sirloin. I'll broil it rare. Just like you like it."

"Steak," I said. "I'm sick of steak."

It wasn't true but I was fidgety.

Liz stared at the gas log.

"I wish Bernie was here," I said.

Liz sighed.

I had some of the drink. I thought for a while about old Bernie and I started feeling a little more cheerful. "Old Bernie," I said. "Did I ever tell you about the time we were in training? Out at Fort Riley? And Bernie kicked out the glass door of this Chinese restaurant in Junction City? And this cocky little MP came along to arrest us, and Bernie and I kidnaped him and tied him in an empty stall out at the stables?"

"Yes, hon," Liz said. "you sure did."

"Some Bernie," I said. "That's some boy."

"How were things at the shop today?" Liz said.

"Old Bernie just didn't care. This first sergeant in the training troop, he was an old-timer, see? He was Regular Army from way back. Anything he hated, it was a second lieutenant. Bernie would ignore the second lieutenants whenever possible, but one man he'd always 'sir,' and salute, and that was the first sergeant. The sergeant loved it. He thought Bernie was the finest recruit he'd ever seen. The first sergeant, of course, practically ran the troop—guard roster, duty roster, all the details and even company punishment—and old Bernie, he took it pretty easy."

"Cute," Liz said.

"Cute! Why, that boy—"

Liz interrupted: "Things go any better today?"

"Ah, Liz," I said. "Forget it. Forget the shop, will you? The old grind. The salt mines. Six days, a day off—six days and a day off. It's awful. And the old man's still dishing out that tired malarkey: I was in today to tell him about some parts we needed for that custom-built job I been working on, and he says, 'Jack,' he says, 'you're the fastest man I got on the floor, and the best mechanic.' He says, 'Now don't forget what I been telling you about that assistant manager's job. You're the next man in line. Now

keep up the good work, son,' he says."

"Why, that's swell, hon!" Liz said.

"Swell," I said. I slumped in my chair until my chin rested on my chest. "That's just dandy. Nine to five. Back and forth. Two weeks off in the summer. Plug, plug, plug. Year after year. Where in hell does it get you?"

"Ah, Jack, darling—what're you saying? It would be a wonderful, responsible job—"

"A good job? A good job, so what? Old Bernie, for instance; old Bernie and me, we used to talk. That's one of the beautiful things about the Army, Liz: plenty of time for batting the breeze. You have a couple of beers and you sit around and you bat the breeze."

"Bernie used to say, 'Jack,' he'd say, 'this old grind on the outside, that's strictly for the birds. One thing the Army's taught me, and that is this: A man's a damn' fool to knock himself out for the other guy. Now, I been a grease monkey for this character back in Pittsburgh since I got out of high school,' he'd say. 'When I get back I'll see this guy and he'll start handing me that stuff about how proud he is of me. He'll feed me that gook about how nothing is too good for Our Boys. He'll tell me the old job is waiting for me, and they've even saved my locker for me. He'll tell me he expects to see me on the job at eight o'clock the next morning. Now,' Bernie says, 'you know what I'm going to say to this character, Jack?' I'd shake my head, uh-uh, and Bernie would say, 'I'll say

this: I'll say, *Blow it out your barracks bag, Jerk!*'"

"That's the kind of a guy Bernie is," I told Liz.

"He sounds charming."

"I'll never forget the time—"

"I'd better start the steaks," Liz said.

Well, I'd got to thinking about Bernie—I'd been thinking about him all day—and I didn't want to stop. It's like this: You meet a lot of guys in the Army and sometimes—and this is the way it was with me—there's one guy you can't forget. There's one guy who just happens to be with you when you're hitting the high spots of your Army service. And from then on this guy is all mixed up with—and becomes sort of a symbol for—all the wonderful, important, half-baked, shining things that happened to you during your hitch; and when you think of him you forget all the long in-between stretches of misery, boredom, griping and fear. It's like a song—it's like maybe Stardust: You hear Stardust a few times when you're a kid, when you just happen to feel tall enough to grab stars out of the sky—and from then on, or until you get slapped in the face with the truth, every time you hear Stardust, you'll think of how happy you always were as a kid.

"Let them go," I said to Liz. "Let the steaks go for a while and make us another drink."

When Liz came back with the fresh drinks I let her have it. I'd been work-

Sometimes it seems like there's one guy who was with you in the Army you just can't forget, like he's a symbol for all the wonderful things that happen to you. You forget the bad and remember the good. That's the way it was with

BERNIE AND ME

BY WILLIAM FULLER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



ing up to it, and now I let her have it: "Maybe you've been wondering why I was late getting home today?"

"I never worry about you, hon."

Like a barking dog don't bite, she never worries about me. I let it go. "You know that garage out on Franklin I was telling you about? The one for sale?"

"Let's see," Liz said sweetly. "The one last week was on Wilson. The two before that were on Central. I'm a little mixed up."

"You know the one I mean," I growled. "Well, I went out there today with this real-estate feller. I looked it over good. Then I got down to brass tacks. Ten thousand will handle it."

"Didn't you decide once that the location was bad?"

"Maybe I've changed my mind."

"That's your privilege, hon."

I got up and started pacing. "I could make it pay, Liz. I know I could make it pay! I'd be my own boss. No more slaving away for the other guy. Time off when I wanted it. I'd start living, Liz!"

I couldn't see Liz' face. All of a sudden I slowed down. "Ah, honey, I don't know what's the matter with me. I don't know why I'm getting all in a lather. Ten thousand bucks is all the money in the world. Ten thousand bucks—even with what we've saved plus a G.I. loan—is twice too much." I sighed. "Maybe," I said, "maybe the old man will give me a gold watch and an extra day off when I've worked

for him fifty years. Just maybe." And I made a very dramatic exit.

I went into the kitchen and made another drink. The weight of the world was on my shoulders. I wondered if I'd said too much about Bernie to Liz. Then I wondered if I'd said enough. Anyhow, I got to thinking about old Bernie again. I got to thinking about old Bernie and the time I ran into him in Manila, just after the war. After Leyte, he'd been transferred to another outfit. He'd gone somewhere south and I hadn't heard from him since he'd written me from Sydney telling me how wonderful the Australian girls were. So one day I walked into this grogshop in Manila—and so help me, there was old Bernie. The same old Bernie.

"The house is pinched!" I yelled.

Bernie whirled, ready to do battle, and he saw me.

"Why, you shanty Irish gold brick!" he shouted.

"Old Satchelfoot!"

We clapped each other on the back. We razed each other about our stripes and our ribbons. We argued about who had won the war, and we had a hell of a fine time. Then a couple of Aussie noncoms came in with a couple of those Dutch girl-soldiers. Bernie said, "Watch this."

He moved in. The Aussies were drunk, and the girls didn't speak English. The most thing an Aussie loved was a jeep—and the rest was a pushover. Bernie just traded his jeep to the Aussies for the girls. The Aus-

sies took off in Bernie's jeep after some more girls. It took Bernie two minutes to report the theft of his jeep. It took the MPs thirty minutes to spot the jeep and return it. We loaded the girls in the jeep and took off for a cockfight. We spent the next two days teaching those Dutch girls how to speak English.

I stood there in the kitchen for a while working on that drink, and thinking about old Bernie and all the laughs we used to have. Then I thought of the bright color of that water, out in the Pacific. I thought of that beautiful, hot Philippine sunshine. I thought of how a man never felt cooped up, and beaten, and small-time and hopeless out there in the Pacific—the way he felt back here, with a wife and kid counting on him to make the grade. And with the grocer and the landlord breathing down the back of his neck. And with the job—the dirty, gray, miserable, immovable job—leering in his face all his waking hours.

I finished my drink and went into the bedroom—being very careful not to wake Johnny—and I groped around in the back of the closet until I found the old G.I. blouse. The ribbons and the stripes were a little dusty, the buttons a little tarnished. But the old blouse looked pretty good. I slipped her on and buttoned her up. I stood in front of the mirror and snapped to attention. I handed myself a snappy highball. "Sergeant

(Continued on page 87)



"Just a minute," I yelled. "Hand me the screw driver, Liz." I took Herman and spread him on the floor. I put my foot on his chest and tried my hand at the gadget. It was a tight fit



BROADWAY SORTIE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Rodgers and Hammerstein, having served notice with *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*, defy all the gods of the theater with their latest musical, *Allegro*



SOMETHING over eighteen months ago Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers decided that musical shows were in a rut. Having excavated rather elaborately in the region themselves with such successes as *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*, they were in a position to know the truth. They also suffered slightly from Alexander complaint: nothing more to conquer in their own field. They had fame, as much money as the government permitted and a sense of frustration. In this state of mind they sat down and wrote *Allegro*, the new Theatre Guild show.

When it opened in New Haven early in September such members of the Yale faculty as were alive at the moment sat in eager conclave and viewed with interest. What was it—opera? The Guild issued a hasty disclaimer, perhaps on the theory that Americans are equally unhappy with the opera and the porcupine, but offered no further assistance. Was it pageant, tableau, whimsy, whamsy, satire, burlesque or merely words with music?

The latter would have handled it nicely if it hadn't been for the Greek choruses. At intervals groups of young men and women found themselves clustered about the premises, intent on lecturing the cast, instructing the audience and heckling characters in the plot who wavered ineptly. This was undoubtedly confusing to those audiences in New Haven and Boston whose previous knowledge of Greek aesthetics was confined to the vaudeville appearances of George Givot, and it was not too effective with learned gentlemen from Cambridge who had known Sophocles as a boy. It was finally agreed that *Allegro* was a special mercurial substance comparable with the olive. You either liked it or didn't like it and rarely had adequate reasons for either judgment.

Not to be too mysterious about it, *Allegro* retails the plain story of one Joseph Taylor, Jr., who is born, grows up, goes to college, gets married, becomes a doctor like his father and finally sets up as a society physician at the insistence of his ambitious wife. This lady begins as a charming little creature (well played by Roberta Jonay), graduates into a vixen and ends as a thorough bad egg. As you might know, Joe solves his problem by deserting his elegant psychotic Chicago patients and returning to join his father in a small town happily full of broken legs, uneasy appendixes and honest extroverts. This is all; but it makes for a full/long evening.

"We got tired of that old type of show," says Rodgers. "A scene, a song, a dance, a scene. . . . We just took a story and worked it all in together. Best fun I ever had in my life."

The first hearing of the score comes as something of a shock to the casual listener. It may not be operatic and it may not be contrapuntal but it certainly isn't Broadway. The theme song, *Allegro*, is a fine buxom bouncy number with a cakewalk rhythm and it will probably catch on first. It may be found, as with *Oklahoma!*, that the numbers overlooked originally become the later favorites. There are some little heart-tuggers like *I Know It Can Happen Again*, *A Fellow Needs a Girl*, and *Come Home, Son, Come Home*.

The stage is full of attractive young people directed by Agnes de Mille and they do a lot of charming galloping in a freshman dance and later in a psychiatric ballet. In the freshman dance the young folks are going through the ballroom wriggings of the period circa 1925 (in Boston the man next to us whispered to his companion in a scathing voice: "Princeton!") and then the dancers change into what they imagine they are, very beautiful females in draperies floating through the air in the arms of what seemed in Boston to be exclusively Harvard men.

Under analysis, the show proves to have dozens of high points. It starts slowly and it looks for a time as if Joe is never going to get out of his cradle. (This reminds us of what a Missouri friend said to Augustus Thomas, as he was about to write his autobiography. "Git growed up quick, Gus," he said.) But it gets rolling with the college scenes and there is a good comedy hit by Wilson Smith as the football coach. This is followed by drama and even tragedy. Jennie wants Joe to get through college and go into her father's lumber business; Mama wants Joe to be a doctor. They quarrel; Mama has a stroke and passes on. Since Mama is played by Annamary Dickey, this prompted an auditor in Boston to say glumly, "There goes the best singer in the show."

But this gentleman counted without Mr. Hammerstein. Mama may be dead, as Grandma Taylor was before her, but they both keep coming back. Hammerstein is insistent that these parts should not be played as ghosts or wraiths but rather as "presences" and the audience soon comes to accept them as (Continued on page 64)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER



There are greed and lust and neuroses aplenty in the frantic *Allegro* ballet, whose characters do not fail, but how they spin! The cluster of doctors avariciously eyes potential patients

THE GREEN BOUGH

BY FELICIA GIZYCKA

My mind is getting spoiled, thought Roxie, like all the other girls'—spoiled with secrets and with love

SHE did not sense disturbing change. There was nothing to warn her. This Sunday morning seemed like all the others. And she herself did everything the same old way.

The church bells sounded through her mind before she was awake. And then she lay there, as she always did, listening to them, knowing that it was six o'clock in the morning. Then she stretched luxuriously, and said: "Roxie Anderson, it's time to get up." Saying it out loud, like a ritual.

She rose, and stood in the room, and stretched once more, like a tawny animal. Her red-brown hair was long and straight, and she was sunburned to match her hair.

The bells were still ringing, and she could almost feel the golden grating vibrations in the room. The early sun made a huge warm patch on the wall. It was all just the same, all wonderful, all specially made for her enjoyment. In the whole town, only she and Andy Hamilton, Mike's lame brother, were awake. He was up there in the white steeple, ringing the bells.

She stood in the bathroom scrubbing her face with hot water, then with cold. She thought of her bicycle out there in the shed, and as usual she could hardly wait to start riding. People thought she was good-natured, running errands for them all day in the week and even on Sundays. They didn't know that speed was a special sort of freedom. From school, and from any thought of the future. Graduation next year, then business college! Ah, she couldn't think of it. She didn't think of it. When people said, What are your plans? she didn't listen, she only smiled and answered vaguely. The same as she did when they said, "You are pretty."

She thought about this now, and stared into the mirror with a sudden look of surprise. She could see nothing but a face, her own, and dully familiar.

She wasn't pretty at all. Pretty! That was a label. People wanted to call you things, and thus own you. In a small town like this they all knew you. They wanted to advise you and make plans for you. They wanted to

tie you down to life with all sorts of loves and hatreds, the same as everybody else.

These thoughts might have been premonitions. But now her mind was innocent, devoid of worry. Clad in shirt, blue jeans and moccasins, she ran out of the house. The morning was a wonder of deep colors. Everywhere you could hear the birds, and see them too. The white houses, the green lawns, the street almost black in the elm shadows—these things were sharper, as though they had acquired new dimensions.

She rolled the bike out and felt the tires. Think of staying up all night at an old dance! She could just see Nancy Webster asleep next door. She'd be asleep all morning in an airless room with her clothes strewn around. Roxie's dance dress was put away in the closet. She always came home early, after just enough dancing. She was a wonderful dancer and she tired herself in the first hour, every Saturday. Then she would walk home slowly from the club house, often as not without a boy.

She walked down the driveway rolling the bike. She thought about Nancy Webster. How they'd been such friends all their lives. And now—well, now they'd grown apart, that was all. Nancy was silly and thought about nothing but boys.

She hopped on the bike and rode slowly, luxuriously, down the fresh green tunnel of summer. There at the end was the white frame church, simple and beautiful, with its little steeple. As she passed the church to start pedaling up the great hill she raised one arm into the air, a salute for Andy. He always saw her go by; it was a game they played every Sunday. But this morning she turned her head in surprise. She could hear voices up there. Someone with Andy. Who could it be? Perhaps the premonition did come to her, then. She was disturbed for a minute, as though something had interrupted her day. Then she had to laugh at herself. Don't be a goop, she thought. Your life doesn't have to be the same, down to the smallest detail.

At the top of the hill she stood look-





ing down at the town. It was white and toylike, with tufted greenery in squares. The church was a white, simple toy in the early sun. With the open belfry, it was old-fashioned and beautiful. People said it was hard on Andy, having to climb into the old bell loft and ring the heavy, ungeared bells. But she knew that this was Andy's secret pride, his joy. His reason for living. The bells were something that he loved and understood, something that he put every ounce of effort into. This was his career, and it made him like other boys in spite of his lameness.

Andy, the church, the beautiful bells—these things would always be the same. And she would always drift along, secure in this sameness. She would always go through these darling familiar streets and have everybody say, Hello, Roxie, and smile at her. She would always run in and out of people's houses and have them all glad to see her. All equally glad. But she would never get too close to any of them. Never.

She gave a great push and jumped

There it was, what she had suspected. She could see the whole thing, the answer to why the bells were out of tune

on the bike. She raced down the hill, going faster and faster; the wind brought tears to her eyes. This was the moment of joy, the freedom of the week. The best thing. No traffic on the road, nobody to see, nothing. The houses, the lawns, the first elms darted past her like weapons hurled through the air. She was at the corner. Too wonderful, no stopping now, she must race on as far as possible.

And then, like lightning, it happened. The truck coming round the corner. Almost too late it honked noisily, like a great gray goose. She turned, reversing the wheel on itself, and she and the bike jounced over the curb and spilled on the church green.

The truck driver leaned out, his face pinched with fright. Then seeing her unhurt he bawled with fury and relief: "Whyn't you look where you're going? Coulda gotten killed!"

He changed gears harshly and roared up the hill. She stood staring down at her scratched legs. Then she looked at the bicycle and saw it was all right.

The church door burst open suddenly. Andy limped out, looking pale and concerned. Right behind him came somebody else. It was Mike, his brother.

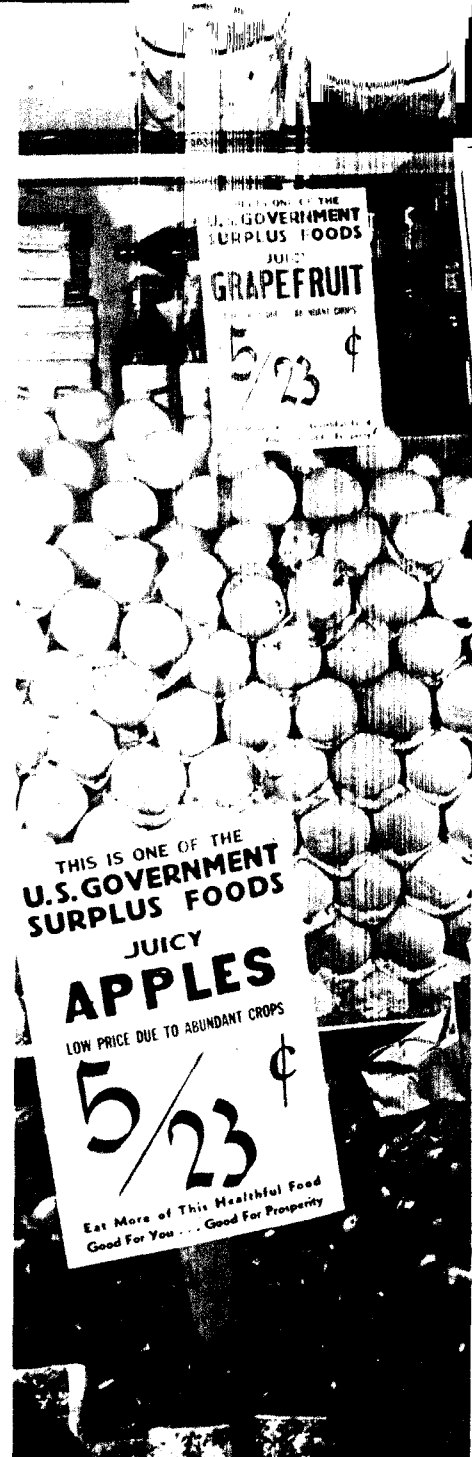
(Continued on page 74)

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA



When Wallace referred to a \$300,000,000 loan as just a paper loss, Morgenthau said, "You don't run your own home that way"

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THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

V-THE PARADOX OF POVERTY AND PLENTY

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

Morgenthau: "Franklin, when Wallace gives these long economic talks, do you understand what he's talking about?" F.D.R.: "Absolutely not!"

OF ALL the economic dilemmas which periodically confront us, the farmer's dilemma is one of the most terrible and, at the same time, one of the toughest to solve. When the farmer does not grow enough to satisfy the demand, prices rise, he makes a good living—and millions of people do not have enough to eat. When he raises too much, the bottom falls out of the market, he cannot keep up payments on his mortgage, and his crops wither

in the fields. The problem of the agricultural surplus is a tragic irony in the very center of our economic system.

We are in the boom period at this moment, where everything the American farmer raises can be sold at a profit in the world market. But in a year or two, given a couple of bumper crops, given the revival of agriculture in Europe and Asia, we are going to be confronted by a world surplus again—not, of course, in terms of

capacity to consume, but in terms of ability to purchase. We cannot afford ever again to meet this situation by an artificial creation of scarcity. If we burn wheat in South Dakota while babies die in France and China, we will be hated and reviled through the world. We must develop some means of bridging the gap between domestic surpluses and world hunger.

This is not precisely a new problem. What we face today on an international scale is essentially what we

faced in the early years of the New Deal on a national scale. We had then, staring us in the face, that grim paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty—of surpluses rotting on the farm, and stomachs empty in the city. Some of us worked and groped to devise ways by which the twain could meet without wrecking the system.

The farmer hit bottom in 1932. Wheat had plunged 63 per cent below its 1929 price; cotton 67 per cent. The Hoover Administration, of course, held out no hope, and the farmers had started organizing themselves to prevent prices from falling any lower. The obvious way was to keep farm products off the market until scarcity caused the prices to rise. The National Farmers' Holiday Association found eager response in its campaign to organize farmers' strikes.

The smell of revolution was in the air. We had to do something about farm prices and about farm credit, and we had to act fast. This became a top priority on that day in 1933 when Franklin Roosevelt became President. Soon after March 4th, F.D.R. made me chairman of Herbert Hoover's Farm Board, with orders to liquidate it, and then established a consolidated independent credit agency to replace the hodgepodge of bureaus charged with relieving the farmers' burden of debt. This was the

Collier's for October 25, 1947

The Food Stamp plan relieved the farmer's surplus and also provided a balanced diet for those on relief



HARRIS & EWING PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS SERVICE

Farm Credit Administration, and I became its first governor.

My immediate responsibility in the new job was to save the farms. All through the land they were passing with every bang of the auctioneer's hammer from the men who farmed them to banks and insurance companies. In many parts of the country, 7 out of 10 farmers could not meet the obligations on their first mortgage. We had about two billion dollars in our kitty with which to stall off the sheriff. I set up Farm Credit in five divisions, each to handle one of the various types of loans which a farmer might need, and we fell to work as fast as we could. In its first eighteen months Farm Credit refinanced about 20 per cent of the total farm mortgage debt in the United States.

My hope was that Farm Credit would eventually become a farmer-owned, farmer-operated credit enterprise, which could borrow from the public on favorable terms and pass on the benefits to farmers by lending at reasonable rates of interest. We made strides in this direction. I remember John Garner turning to me one day in Cabinet meeting and saying, half jokingly, half not, "Damn you old moneybags. Until you came along Mrs. Garner and I averaged 16 per cent a year on our money, and now we can't get better than 5 per cent."

Collier's for October 25, 1947

Garner's attitude was in striking contrast to that of Marvin Jones, who managed the Farm Credit Bill in the House. Jones, a sharecropper's son, had seen his father and mother struggle helplessly against high-interest notes until it killed them.

But Farm Credit was never allowed to develop along the lines I had in mind. After I left, the Department of Agriculture absorbed it and converted what should have been an independent credit enterprise into just another unit in its system of controls.

But our activity in the realm of farm credit did not touch the big problem in the summer of 1933—the general level of prices. The Administration was mobilizing on all fronts to get prices up. I well knew that, if we could get farm prices up, we would reduce the weight of debt in terms of purchasing power and thus lighten the debt burden as effectively as direct mortgage relief. But, if prices should fall any further, then the whole farming community would be threatened with bankruptcy, and no one could foretell what violence might ensue.

The President had had a brief success during the first Hundred Days of the New Deal. Prices shot up, in the first wave of enthusiasm. But the rise turned out to have been mainly speculative. In July, prices began to sag. By the beginning of October wheat

had skidded down to 90 cents. Twelve days later it went below 70 cents and seemed to be still on the toboggan.

The President was gravely concerned. The malady threatened much more than just the farm belt: The whole recovery program was jeopardized by this galloping palsy. F.D.R. needed action to stop the landslide. At this crucial time the Treasury Department was playing a nonco-operative role. So, during the fight to get prices up, the President had to depend more and more on people outside the Treasury, particularly on his men in the two key credit agencies—Jesse Jones in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and myself in Farm Credit.

We experimented with propping up prices through government lending. The Commodity Credit Corporation, established in October, 1933, offered a higher loan to cotton growers for every pound they withheld from market than they could realize by selling the cotton. In this fashion we induced them not to dump their cotton and drive prices still lower.

This proved a useful stopgap. But the collapse in wheat prices was too severe to handle in that way. On the night of October 16th, as I was spending a quiet evening at home, the telephone rang. It was the President.

"We have got to do something

about the price of wheat," he said, strain and weariness apparent in his tone. "I can't take it any longer. . . . Can't you buy 25,000,000 bushels for Harry Hopkins and see if you can't put the price up?"

Henry Wallace, I knew, had the machinery for buying; and, if Hopkins would agree to take it off my hands for relief distribution, I would be certain not to get stuck with loads of surplus wheat.

I started in on the buying game first thing in the morning. Wheat was perched precariously at 64½ when I placed the first order for 1,000,000 bushels. By the end of the day we had worked it up 10 cents.

"Squeeze the life out of the shorts," F.D.R. said to me, with the old fight in his voice, "and put the price up just as far as you can."

Gold and Commodity Prices

But a more basic program to meet the commodity price situation was the attempt to raise the price of gold by government purchase of gold at high prices. This program was based on the theory of Professor George Warren of Cornell that if the price of gold were to increase, commodity prices would rise again. With the emergence of Warren and the gold policy, the Treasury Department team settled back even more firmly on the bench on the side lines from which it had watched the bulk of the campaign against low prices.

William H. Woodin, the Secretary of the Treasury, was a frail, elfin man, who had been ailing ever since the exhausting days of the bank crisis eight months before. His subordinates were mostly men whose constitutional timidity and whose orthodox monetary views disqualified them from co-operating with the President's bold innovations. F.D.R. had brought in Dean Acheson, an able and brilliant government servant, to strengthen the department; but Acheson as it turned out, regarded the whole gold-buying program as unconstitutional.

"I am opposed to our buying gold," Acheson stated coldly. "The President has ordered me to do it. I will carry out his orders."

The President announced the gold purchase campaign in a fireside chat on October 22d. I had a telephone installed in the Cabinet room to keep track of the purchases. F.D.R. was in a grand humor.

"I have had shackles on my hands for months now," he said, "and I feel for the first time as though I had thrown them off."

Every morning Jesse Jones and I would meet with George Warren in the President's bedroom to set the price of gold for the day. Franklin Roosevelt would lie comfortably on his old-fashioned three-quarter mahogany bed. A table stood on each side; on his left would be a batch of government reports, a detective novel or two, a couple of telephones. On his right would be pads, pencils, cigarettes, his watch and a plate of fruit. Hearty and refreshed after a night's rest, he would eat his soft-boiled eggs while the three of us reported to him on the behavior of prices.

The actual price on any given day made little difference. Our object was

(Continued on page 83)

THE OTHER MIND READER

BY OGDEN NASH

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



NATURALLY it never occurred to Brander Gillis that sudden death would be his either to give or to receive.

He was not a shyster, but a professional man of open mind who presumed his clients to be innocent until after the acquittal; not a usurer, but a friend of man, always willing to rent part of his hard-earned money to the needy for what it might be worth to them; not a blackmailer, but a discreet and reasonable trustee of distressing information. In his home he was neither a miser nor a tyrant, but an unswerving advocate of economy and discipline, two virtues the lack of which had deposited so many deplorable examples in the hard chair facing the light in his modest offices.

There was not an ounce of jealousy in his body—as indeed why should there be? The wistful light that glowed in the eyes of his wife and his partner when they dared glance at each other was easily extinguished by a mere twist of the wrist, the slightest pressure of the thumb on the nerve center.

And if his wife's sister occasionally gave him a look that no one could like, it did not affect her efficiency as cook-housekeeper or her devotion to that strange girl child of hers with the thick lenses and the thick speech, that child who, as he was careful to remark with commendable frankness when the roast beef was overdone, would perhaps be far better fed in an institution.

As for Burger, soft-footed Burger, butler, chauffeur, handy man, door mat, he knew which side his bread was buttered on, as well as which side of stone walls he wanted to eat it on. No, Brander Gillis had nothing to fear from man or devil, and his thoughts did not often turn to God.

Why, then, on one particular week end did this good man with nothing to fear remove the bed of his unprotesting wife to a guest room and take pains to lock himself in alone each night? Why was he careful never to turn his back to his partner? Why did he wait, spoon poised, to taste his soup until his sister-in-law had swallowed hers? Why did he continually flick Burger into cringing hysteria with one sharp, almost inaudible phrase?

Perhaps the episode of the roller skate had disturbed him, though it was plainly attributable to the slovenliness of a backward child. But this fall after stepping on the skate at the top of the stairs had been a severe one, aggravating the pain he still felt from his previous fall in the bathtub, a mishap he could not understand. He, who, proud

of the luxurious remnants of his hair, the plump resiliency of his beloved flesh, used nothing but the whitest of Castile, had trod on a cake of pink soap nearly invisible against pink porcelain.

Still, if accidents really came in threes, he should have nothing more to worry about, and certainly there was nothing mysterious about the other misadventure. True, he could have sworn that the car was in the driveway when he dozed off after so skillfully guiding it home from the cozy apartment of a cherished client, and it had been a surprise to awake to find himself behind the wheel in the garage with the doors closed and the motor running—but a man gets used to these discrepancies when he likes a little drink once in a while.

PERHAPS his apprehension started with the book. It was called *How to Be a Mind Reader*. The dark, ungainly child had been absorbed in it for days, so the reasonable result of the roller-skate business was its confiscation. Unreasonably, she had not been upset. "I know everything in it," she declared with complacency, "I can read every mind in this house. A certain someone wants to kill you, Uncle Brander. Someone besides me," she added reflectively.

Gillis was a hardheaded man, but that was the night he banished his wife, and the first of the nights that found him hunched over *How to Be a Mind Reader*; scoffing, then comprehending, finally believing. It was at Sunday supper that he suddenly looked through the smooth, uncommunicative foreheads of his wife, of his partner, of his sister-in-law, of Burger the butler—and Brander Gillis knew the identity of the certain someone.

He locked himself in his room early, and because his need for the book was past he did not miss it from the bedside table. Brander Gillis sat in his chair all night, not awake, not asleep, and dreamed a dream.

It's kill or be killed, dreamed Brander Gillis, *kill or be killed*. And being a hardheaded man, he forthwith dreamed the unsuspected, the undetected, the undetectable, the perfect murder.

He was smiling when he woke and glanced at the door, well bolted, honestly locked. *Let me just run over it once to make sure*, he thought. *I seem to forget some of the minor points. . . .*

"Never mind," said a hateful and familiar voice behind him. "I remember."

Gillis locked himself in his room and sat up in a chair all night, not awake, not asleep, and dreamed a dream

ILLUSTRATED BY CONCETTA CACCIOLA



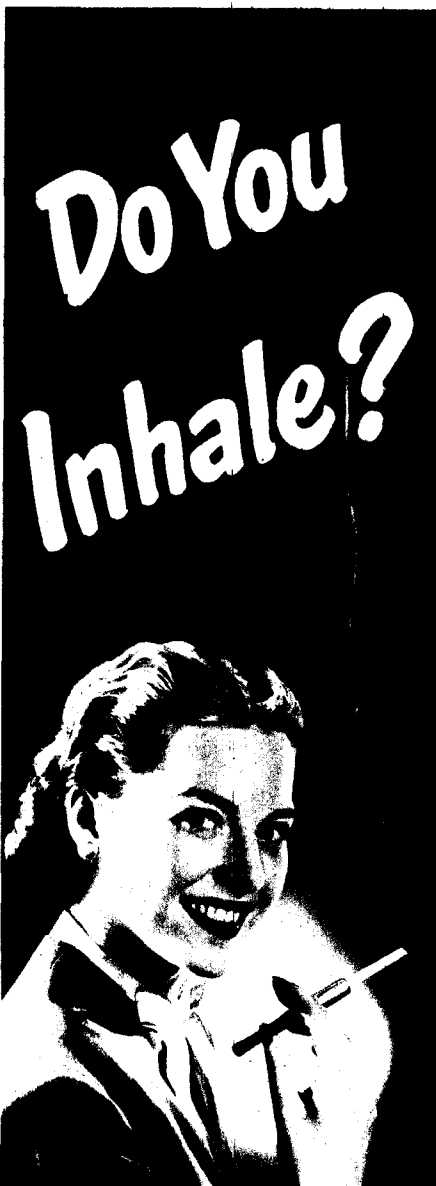
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MY LOVE WEARS BLACK

Continued from page 12

I parked outside the garage. One of the doors was up and there was a car inside, a rather dilapidated coupé of pre-war vintage—considerably prewar. That meant that Fred had gotten here first.

Jean and I got out and approached the house. I wasn't feeling too happy. Meeting the husband of one's fiancée isn't conducive to nonchalance.

We walked up some stone steps and across a huge veranda. There was no sign of Fred except the little car parked in the garage.

Jean halted at the front door and called.

There was no answer. She looked at me and I looked at her. That didn't seem to buy us anything, so she stepped inside. I followed.

We entered a large reception hall. There was a decorative archway. Just beyond it was a gracious living room. Off to the right I could see the dining room, its furniture dust-covered and neglected.

Jean led the way into the living room. We walked toward the piano, which was in the far corner. That took us around a huge couch which sat stolidly in the middle of the room.

Jean saw it first. My first intimation was a choked cry from her.

It lay on the rug in front of the couch. It was a man. He was on his back, staring at the ceiling. He wasn't moving. He wouldn't ever move again.

Jean said, "Oh, my God! It's Fred."

I looked down at the body stretched out on the rug in front of the sofa and thought: So this is Fred Wilson. This is Jean's husband. Then I thought: This is a hell of a way to meet.

YOU can't measure time in a situation like this. You think fast, but not too coherently. For a while you do nothing except try to adjust yourself to something incredibly fantastic.

I slipped an arm around Jean's waist. It was a lovely waist, but at the moment nothing registered except that I was making a two-bit attempt to bolster her morale.

Details impress themselves on you at a time like that. Even in death, with his eyes staring sightlessly at the ceiling, I could see what Jean had meant when she said Fred was an attractive man. He was about six feet tall, and looked even taller than that the way he was lying. He was neatly dressed in an Oxford-gray suit, pale gray shirt and maroon tie. His hair was thick and black, and there was a vivid white streak running through it just to the right of the part. It gave him a distinguished air. Except for the stain near his heart and the wide-open eyes, you'd have expected him to jump up, shake hands and pour a round of drinks.

Jean was having a tough time. One hand was pressed against her lips, as though she were trying to make herself believe something which could not be believed. Then she slipped out of my grasp and knelt beside the body. I followed suit. I felt for a pulse that wasn't there. I slipped my hand inside his shirt just on the off chance that the heart might be going, but it wasn't. I said, "It must have just happened. He's still warm."

She said dully, "Nobody knew he was here."

"You knew it," I answered. "I knew it. And at least one other person."

I'd been overseas during the war. Air Force. I'd seen dead men, and men who were dying. But this was different. This was my first contact with murder. Then an idea hit me. I got up and started looking around. I looked everywhere within a radius of perhaps ten feet. No gun. No shell. No suicide. It had to be murder, and with a revolver.

I clamped my fingers around Jean's arm and hauled her to her feet. She stood rigidly for a moment, then she turned to me and started crying.

It was a terrible sort of crying. Quiet, repressed. It was an outlet for shock. There was probably a strong element of grief in it, too. So they hadn't made a go of their marriage, so they didn't belong on the same team, so he had walked out on her when she was broke and hadn't seen her for three and a half years! He had been her husband. They must have been happy for a while. They had shared memories which belonged only to them. And now he was lying dead in the living room of the ornate, overdone house he had given her as a wedding present. That marked a line I couldn't cross, a line I'd never cross.

She was getting herself under control. I asked a question that might have sounded foolish, but wasn't. I said, "You're sure it's Fred?"

"Yes. He hasn't changed a particle. Except that white streak in his hair."

"What about it?"

"That happened since I last saw him."

I said, "Sit down, honey. There's nothing you can do for him."

She looked at me, her eyes asking a question. I said, "I'm going to search him. Maybe we'll get an idea what it's all about."

She said, "Aren't you supposed to leave things like they are until the police get here?"

"I suppose so. But I'm going to look anyway."

"Why?"

I hesitated, then handed it to her straight: "You don't know why Fred came to California. You don't know why he wanted to see you. It's just possible he's carrying something that would make things look bad for you."

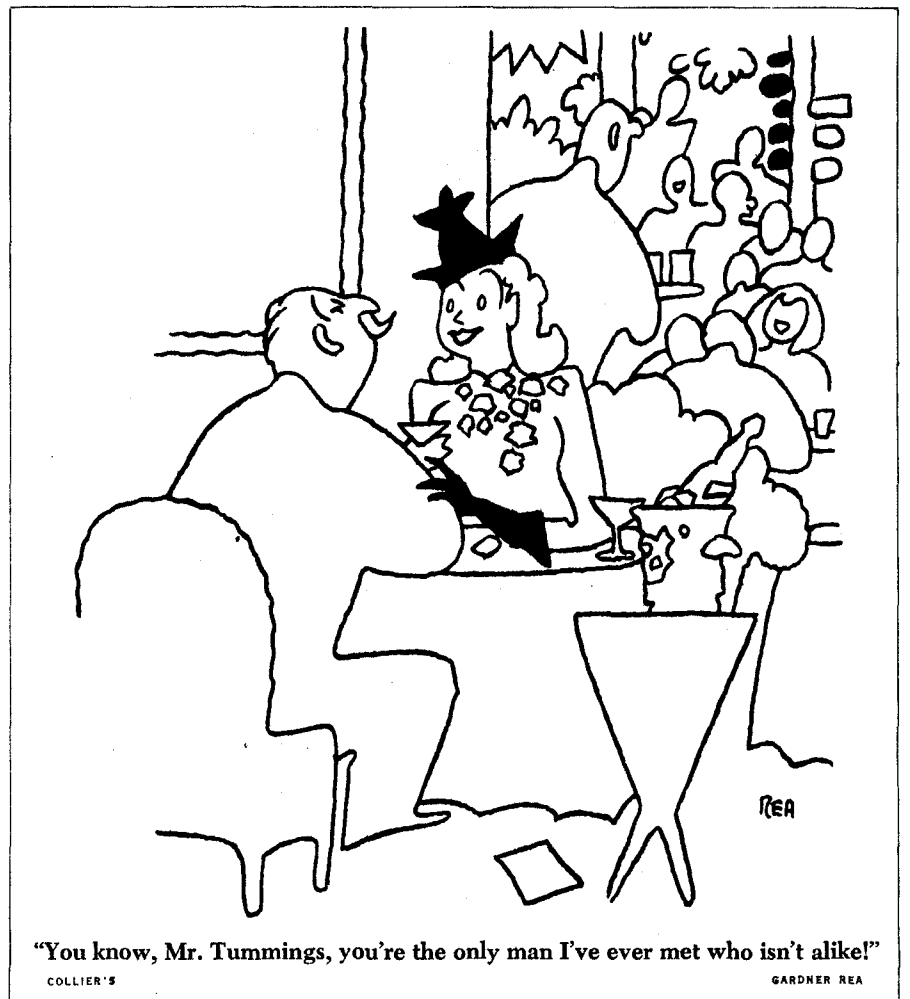
She didn't put up an argument. She sat in a big, overstuffed chair not too far from where Fred Wilson lay. Not too far and not too close. She had taken off her dark glasses, and I could see the

stricken, unbelieving light in the gray eyes which were usually so soft and warm and friendly. She wasn't doing a very swift job of orienting herself. Which was natural. You don't stumble over the murdered body of your estranged husband and take it in stride.

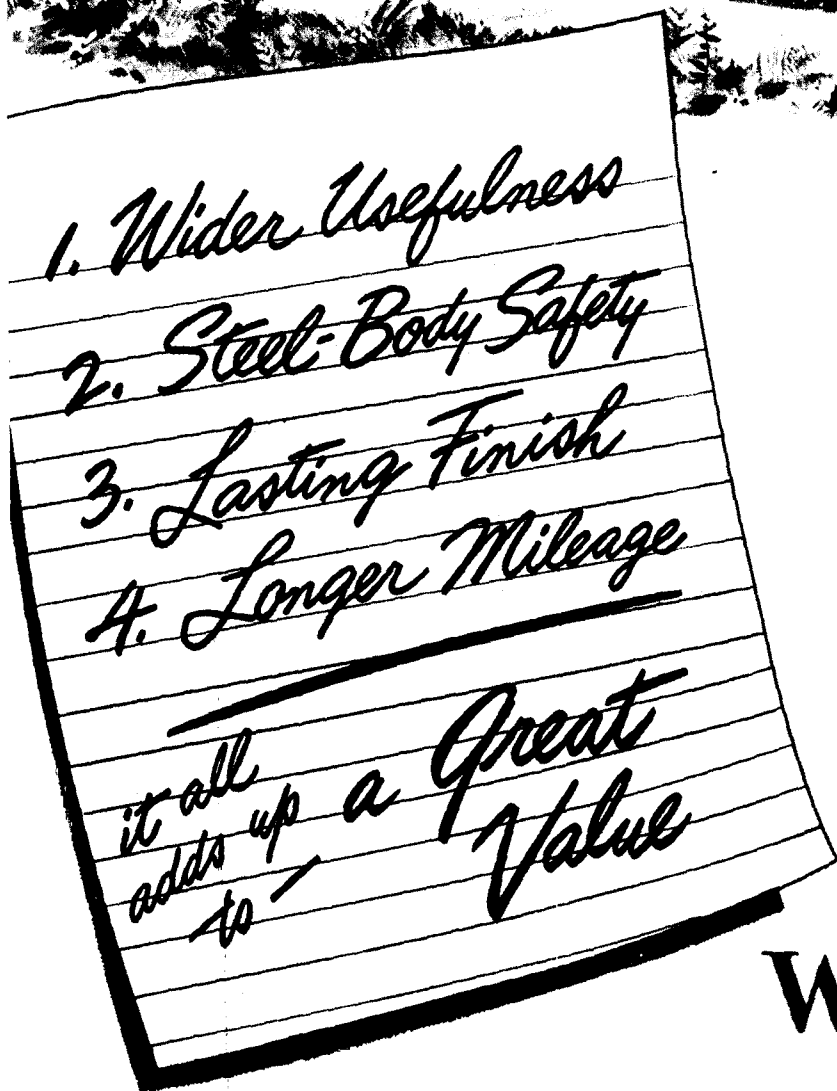
I made a slow, careful search of Fred's clothes. The pockets of his trousers yielded two sheer linen handkerchiefs, a bunch of keys, a ring holding two other keys, a handful of silver, six one-dollar bills, and in the left hip pocket a wallet which contained something over one hundred dollars in fives and tens, and the return half of an airplane ticket from Los Angeles to New York. I showed that to her, and commented that it gave us the name of the line he'd flown out on; we could easily check his arrival time.

IN THE inside pocket of his coat there was a long, flat wallet. In it was a hundred-dollar bill and six hundred dollars' worth of traveler's checks. They were signed "Fred Wilson" in the upper left-hand corner. There were a few cards which could have meant anything or nothing: his draft-registration card, cards from tailors and haberdashers in New York and Miami, four or five mutual tickets from race tracks, which I judged were worth nothing, a couple of receipted bills—both in small amounts. No pictures, no letters. But, carefully folded in the inner compartment I found a telegram. I opened it, read it and silently handed it to Jean. It was dated Los Angeles, January 17th. Today was the twentieth. It read:

NO WORD FROM YOU REGARDING OUR RECENT TALKS. UNLESS YOU AGREE IMMEDIATELY TO FOLLOW COURSE OUTLINED I SHALL BE COMPELLED TO TURN CERTAIN INFORMATION OVER TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES. DO NOT BELIEVE YOU WOULD LIKE THIS. SUG-



Collier's for October 25, 1947



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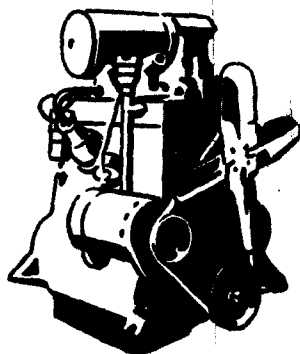
WILLYS-OVERLAND

TOLEDO, OHIO

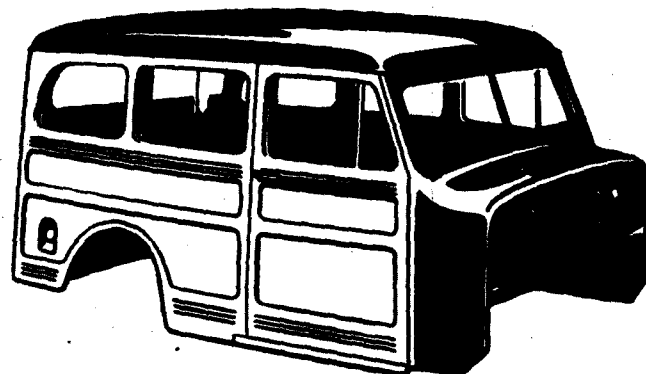
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THE POWER AND ECONOMY of the Willys-Overland "Jeep" Engine, plus fuel-saving overdrive, give you fleet performance and low running costs.

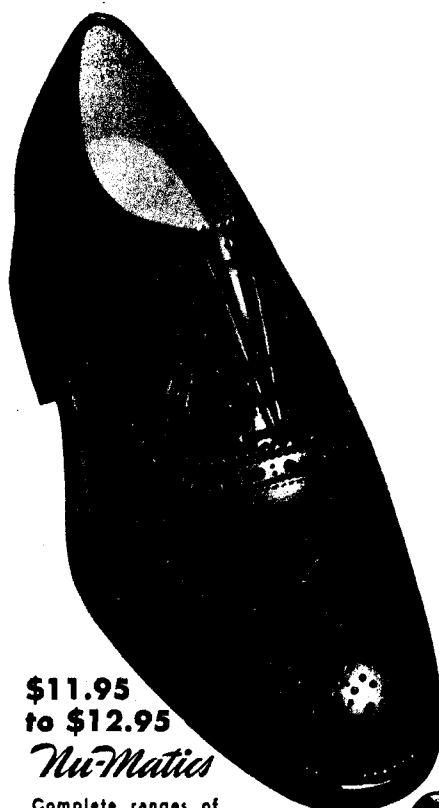


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GEST YOU CONTACT ME BY LONG-DISTANCE WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

Below the message was a telegraph-company notation: "Name and address of sender requested but refused."

I asked, "Does that mean anything to you, Jean?"

She shook her head. "Nothing."

I reread the wire. I said, "Maybe he needed money. Lots of money. In a hurry. The telegram was from Los Angeles. He could have owed the money here. That would explain lots of things."

"What sort of things?"

"This is sheer guesswork, but he might have intended asking you for it. But who would be putting the bite on him?"

"He was always having money or owing it. I'm not sure, but I think there had been some trouble with Rick Madigan just before he left me. I believe his sudden leave-taking was connected with that."

I didn't have to ask who Rick Madigan was. I knew. Everybody in the L.A. area who got around at all knew Rick. He was one of the big shots of the gambling world, operating gambling rooms whenever there was a chance of getting away with it, popular with the movie colony, bearing a reputation for fair dealing. I said, "You mean Fred might have owed money to Rick?"

"It's possible. I don't believe Madigan would forget something like that."

I said, "If it was a gambling debt, Madigan couldn't collect legally. And he speaks here of turning the information over to 'the authorities.' All we're sure of is that this telegram was probably behind Fred's sudden trip out here, and his desire to see you." I thought a moment and then said slowly, "But it doesn't fit."

"What doesn't?"

"Rick Madigan as a killer. He's never had that kind of a rep. He's smart. He's never led with his chin."

I REFOLDED the telegram in its original creases and slipped it back into the wallet. I returned the wallet to Fred's pocket.

I said, "Look, honey, we've got to talk. Let's go out on the veranda."

She didn't need much persuasion. She got up and started for the door. I leaned over and took the edge of the rug in my hand and commenced pulling it. She said, "What are you doing, Bruce?"

"Covering him up." She understood what I meant. It seemed indecent leaving him where he was, staring at the ceiling. I knew I wasn't supposed to do anything like that, but then I wasn't supposed to have gone through his pockets, either. And you always have an instinct to do something for a dead person.

We walked out onto the veranda. It was long and wide, and the tiles were clean. A mountain rose behind us, towering over the patio and the garage.

I pulled up two porch chairs, dusted them with a handkerchief and pushed Jean into one of them.

Her expression was drawn and strained. She didn't seem too steady yet, but she hadn't broken, either. She must have read my thoughts because she looked at me and spoke softly.

"It hit me hard," she said simply. "I'm shocked—and frightened."

"Were you in love with him?"

"At first, perhaps, but not for long. Looking at him just now I felt as though we were strangers. Except that we weren't. . ."

"Is there a telephone here?"

"Yes. I've kept it in because it was impossible to get a new one." She looked at me sharply. "You're going to phone the police?"

"Of course. When something like this happens the police have got to be told. I'm going to notify them. But not right now."

"What does that mean?"

"Look, honey—and think as straight and as hard as you can. You've got to be kept out of this."

She looked puzzled. "That'd be pretty difficult, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, you'll get a lot of unpleasant publicity. Your fans have been told a thousand times that you're Mrs. Fred Wilson. The studio department has even glamorized the separation and the unoccupied house. Now the police are about to learn that Fred returned to the home he shared with you, and was killed here. That's a tops story in any language. But if it becomes known that you had an appointment with him here, that you came out to meet him with the man all your friends know you'd like to marry—and that he was found dead—figure it for yourself. They'll think one of us killed him. Now, wait a minute. Don't fly off the handle. If we could do Fred any good, I'd be for it. But we can't. You've got a right to protect yourself. If the public hears this story, you'll be crucified."

"How?"

"Wrong publicity. The assurance that certain groups will campaign for your scalp. In a situation like this, there's always some publicity hound on the D. A.'s staff who will go after you. I don't think they could ever indict you—though

She said, "I can't go for it all the way, Bruce. I've got to know more."

"Okay. Here's how I plan it, and I know I'm right: I drive you back to the studio. Then I go get Danny Singleton and tell him everything. He checks in or he doesn't, just as he wishes. If the answer is yes, he and I drive back here. We bring paper and pencils and we say that you asked us, as your real-estate agents, to make an inventory with the idea that you might want to sell or rent, furnished. What I'll tell the cops is that we walked in the house and found a body. I don't even know who it is. I can prove easily enough that I never met Fred—that I never even met you until long after you and Fred had separated."

"So what happens? They get things exactly as they are. An hour or so later is all the difference. We don't jam the investigation, we help all we can. My position is better than if you were still involved—and you're in the clear except for publicity which can be deftly handled. What's wrong with that?"

She said, "Nothing. Except that I feel selfish."

"Show me one thing we'd gain if you stayed in. Just one teeny, tiny thing. It'd be worse, all round. Help nobody, and wreck you. Where's the percentage?"



"I picked a bad spot to ask her to return my engagement ring"

COLLIER'S

SALO ROTH

there's always a chance of that, too. What would be certain to happen is that there'd be so much smoke you'd never be able to put out the fire. In other words, Miss Jean Rutledge would be completely washed up in pictures. And for what? A career which you've earned would be shot to pieces without justification."

She said, "But you said you intended to tell the police—"

"Of course I tell the police. I tell them everything. They get the whole story—minus one detail which you know, and I know, has nothing to do with the case anyway. What I hold out on them is that you helped discover Fred's body."

"Who did discover it?"

"Me. And a nice, reliable witness."

"Who?"

"Danny Singleton."

"Why should he be involved?"

"First, because it would be much healthier if I were not alone. Second, because Danny would love it. He's a screwball. And my best friend."

"That looks like passing the buck."

"Oh, be your age. We're not concealing anything important. You'll be questioned. You won't hold back any evidence. You'll tell the truth, straight across the board. The publicity won't help you, but it won't hurt, either. I'm in the middle in any event. If you stick, it doesn't even help me."

I got up and drew her up after me. I put my arms around her. She was still crying. She was bewildered, too. But at least she hadn't thrown my proposition back in my teeth.

I turned it on full force then. To me, what I had suggested was logical and sensible. The cops were going to get it just as they'd have gotten it in the first place, except that Danny Singleton would substitute for Jean Rutledge. That seemed to come out on the plus side. Nobody hurt. Lots of people helped. Especially Jean.

She didn't say yes in a hurry. She took me back to the beginning and made me go over it again and again. I was pleased with that. Each repetition made my plan seem more right. And in the end, I won.

Before leaving, I went back into the living room. Fred was still lying under the rug, with only his feet showing. I closed the front door, picked up Jean, helped her into the car and rolled down the curving driveway, across the brook.

I turned east on Sunset, and drove back into the valley along Beverly Glen Boulevard. It was the long way, but that's how I wanted it. By the time we got back to the outskirts of North Hollywood, Jean was steady enough, considering. I told her not to worry. I said I'd get in touch with her as soon as possible. I told her that if she could create the im-



IT'S

A

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**Wherever men gather,
clothes by Kuppenheimer
are always
a standout.**

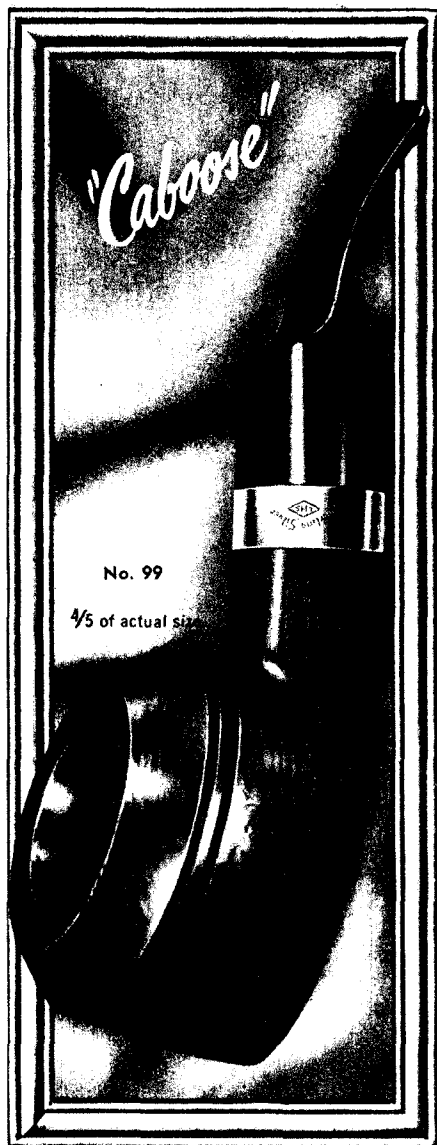
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pression that she hadn't been off the lot, that would be so much the better, but not to work too hard at it.

We waved at each other and I started back over the mountains, this time via Sepulveda, which was the shortest route to the real-estate office of Ingram and Singleton in Brentwood. I'd done all the thinking I could about Fred Wilson. It was only natural that my thoughts should hit another angle.

It was a nice angle. It came to me suddenly, and—now that the die was cast—pleasantly.

It occurred to me that Jean was now a widow. She was free.

DANNY SINGLETON was my real-estate partner, and my closest friend. He was long, tall and gangling, and could be nuttier than a fruitcake when occasion demanded. This, I figured, was the occasion.

Danny was two years younger than I, which made him all of twenty-eight. I'd first known him at UCLA, where we had made stabs at getting educated. I'd gotten close to him in Europe, where he had piloted the big bomber on which I was navigator.

We'd had a lot of fun together, seen a lot of danger. Our business partnership had worked beautifully, though in those early postwar days selling houses was the easiest thing in the world. We occupied the two apartments in a neat little duplex, never stepped on each other's toes, and knew each other's secrets. I trusted Danny implicitly and knew that there was only one thing in the world he was afraid of: a woman. Any woman, provided she was attractive and unattached. Jean Rutledge was all tied up, so he wasn't afraid of her. They were crazy about each other, which was one of the things I was counting on.

He was in the office when I got back. Our office was a little white building standing all by itself on San Vicente Boulevard. There was a nice reception room equipped with easy chairs for clients and a desk for Helen, who was secretary and general office girl. There were twin rooms at either end of the building. These were furnished identically. Danny was waiting in my room, sitting in my swivel chair with his long legs stretched out and upward and his feet scratching the top of my black walnut desk. I looked him over, returned to the reception room and sent Helen over to Westwood to attend to a few things. They weren't necessary things, but I wanted her out of the way for a while.

When I went back, Danny was regarding me sadly. He said, "How's Fred Wilson?"

I blinked. "You get around," I said.

"I sit right here and learn everything."

I got it then. "Did Helen listen in?"

"Sort of. Enough to hear he was in town. When I arrived, she was busting out all over. She swears she didn't listen in, though. Said she heard your end of the conversation with Jean."

I didn't like it. I knew Helen was loyal. I believed she could be trusted. But, in view of what had happened, the fewer people who were in on this clam-bake, the better it suited me.

I drew up a chair, tossed a cigarette to Danny, fired up one for myself and started talking.

I threw the book at him. I started from the beginning and went through to the end. He regarded me placidly, but I thought I detected a certain gleam in his eye. When I finished, he drawled, "And you've always said I was nutsy."

I said, "What's wrong with my plan?" "Nothing. Except trying to put one over on the law."

"But I'm not. Fred is cold as a mackerel. There's nothing anybody can do for him. You and I go out there to take inventory. We walk in, discover Fred's body, telephone the police and tell all. We haven't stepped out of line except

maybe we've delayed the investigation a couple of hours. We're not concealing a thing except that Jean helped me find the body. Nobody's toes are stepped on, and while she'll come in for a lot of publicity—it won't be the ruinous kind."

He sighed gently. "You make it sound good, Bruce."

"I thought you'd see it that way."

"You knew I would. But that isn't saying I like it."

"What would you do, throw Jean to the wolves? Some smart assistant D.A. would pin her against the backboard and start throwing darts at her. When it was all over, her career would be wrecked, and we wouldn't have gained anything. As it is, we're shocked at finding a body in the house. We're twice as shocked when we find out who it is."

"I'm twice as shocked already." His eyes were thoughtful. "Sure nobody saw you out there?"

"Positive."

"Will Jean be able to play it this way?" He smiled. "Of course she will. When do we start?"

"Is now too soon?"

"It isn't soon enough. Let's go."

It wasn't far from our place to the house in Monterey Canyon. We had equipped ourselves with inventory sheets and pencils. We talked the thing over from every angle and the more we talked the more logical it seemed. We weren't hiding anything from the cops except that Jean had been there, "And," proffered Danny, "the fact that Fred telephoned her for an appointment. That could come out, you know."

I looked at him sharply. "Maybe I shouldn't have dragged you in."

He said, "Nuts! But simply as a matter of interest, why did you?"

"Because my friends out here all know I'm engaged to Jean. They know Fred was the stumbling block. If I went there alone and discovered his dead body, it wouldn't look too good."

He was silent for a moment, and then he said thoughtfully, "There's another item it would be healthy for you not to forget."

"What's that?"

"There's a murderer somewhere in the background. You're playing hide and seek with him."

I said, "I'm not forgetting it, Danny. That's about the most important reason why I don't want it known that Jean was with me when I found the body."

The road became more curvy, the background wilder. No traffic. No houses. No nothing. I swung off the road, crossed the little bridge for the third time that afternoon, and eased up to the parking place in second. The dilapidated little car was still in the garage, forlorn as ever.

Danny had seen the house a couple of times. He looked around and nodded. "Looks okay," he conceded.

We got out, and I led the way inside.

We walked around the couch. Everything was in order. The rug was just where I had left it. The feet were sticking out, pointing to the ceiling. I said, "Want to look?"

"Thanks, no."

I said, "So we've found a body. It's my duty as a citizen to report it to the police."

He said hesitantly, "Suppose they find out later that Jean was here with you?"

"They couldn't. I'll tell them I was with her around lunchtime—if that seems necessary. But there's no way of knowing that we came out here."

"Okay," he said. "It's Fred's funeral."

I picked up the telephone and called Michigan 5211. I said I wanted the Homicide Bureau. I felt a little weak, a little uncertain.

A deep, husky voice said "Yes—?" with a rising inflection. I asked whether this was the Homicide Bureau and the voice admitted that it was, without seeming too excited about it. He gave a name, Sergeant Something, which meant nothing. So I gave my name. I told him where I was and who I was with. Sergeant Something said, "Well, what'd you want Homicide for?"

"There's a dead man in the house."

"No kiddin'." The voice was more alert now. "Who?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. But he's completely dead, and I think he's been murdered."

"Hold it."

THERE was some quick talking at the other end, then a new voice came to me. A hard, crisp, metallic voice, sharp as a razor's edge. "Lieutenant Walsh speaking. Let me see if I've got this straight." He checked over the dope I'd just handed the sergeant.

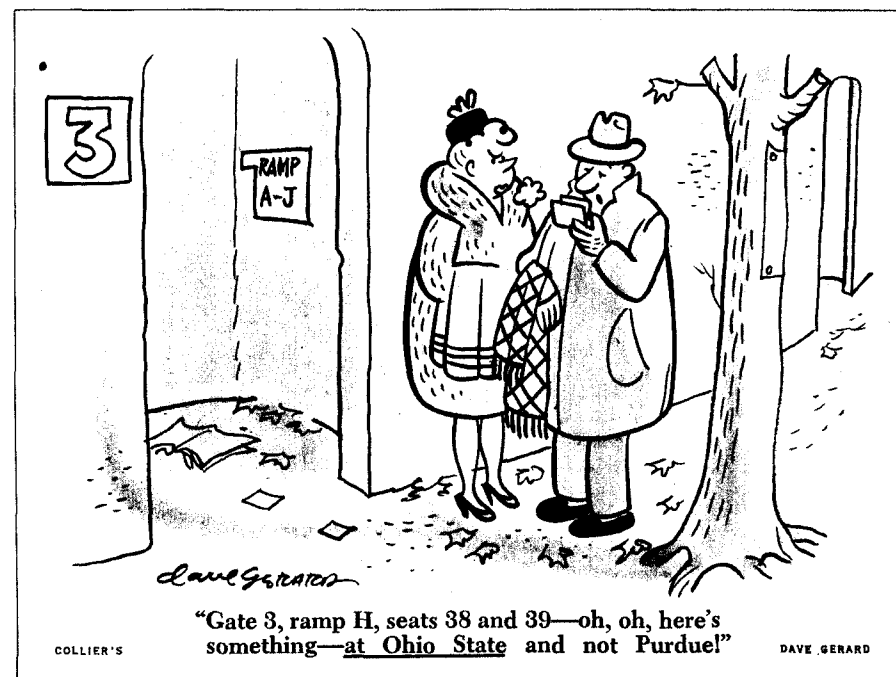
I said, "That's the way it is, Lieutenant. What do I do now?"

"Stay where you are, both of you. Don't touch anything."

I told him I'd wait. I put down the phone. Danny and I looked at each other. Danny said, "This is it, Bruce. The chips are down."

The cops got there within forty minutes. They had done some fast driving. The police car whirled off the road and up the driveway. Two men got out. They were in plain clothes and still managed to look very official.

There was a small, wiry man and a big, placid, pink-checked one. Neither looked too reassuring. The smaller man walked up on the veranda. His voice was like the crackling of paper. He said, "Ingram?"



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"That's me."
"I'm Marty Walsh. Lieutenant. Homicide Bureau. This is Detective Pete Bowman."

I said I was glad to meet them, and knew I wasn't telling the truth. But I also knew that I'd be twice as unhappy, seven times as scared, and a thousand times as worried if I hadn't managed to check Jean Rutledge out of it.

I introduced Danny Singleton. I explained that we were partners and started my song and dance about how we happened to be there. Marty Walsh said, "Yeah, I know. Where's the stiff?"

I had never met Fred Wilson. I had seen him only in death. I had no interest in him as a person. But to refer to him merely as "the stiff" seemed a trifle too informal. Lieutenant Walsh didn't seem to share my views. He was walking toward the open front door, with Pete Bowman at his heels.

Walsh looked efficient. He was maybe thirty-three, and he weighed perhaps 140. He was compact. His eyes were dark brown. His hair matched his eyes. He was wearing a nice blue suit and smart haberdashery. He looked dapper, not at all like a detective. That should have reassured me, but somehow it didn't.

He stepped inside, and made straight for the living room with the instinct of a buzzard. He circled the couch and looked down at the pair of toes pointing upward. Then his eyes got cold and he swung them in my direction. He said sharply, "I told you not to touch anything."

I said, "I didn't. Not after you told me."

"You covered the body."

"That seemed the decent thing to do."

"What else did you touch?"

"The body itself. I saw him lying there, and didn't know for sure he was dead."

"You're sure now?"

"Yes."

WALSH wasn't impressed. I didn't believe he would ever be impressed. His eyes held mine tight while he fired the next question: "This house belong to Jean Rutledge?"

I blinked. The guy was fast. I said yes, it belonged to Jean Rutledge—and pulled my guard up a little higher. I told him she was a client of mine.

He jerked his head toward the body.

"Who's the guy?"

"I don't know."

"Never saw him before?"

"No."

"You look for a gun?"

"Yes, Danny and I both. We didn't find anything."

Marty Walsh said, "All right, Pete. Let's give a look."

Pete's round, pink face was expressionless. He stooped down and took the corner of the rug between the thumb and forefinger of one big, powerful hand. He flipped it back with an impersonal, nonchalant gesture.

Maybe I made a sound. Maybe I didn't. I'll never know. I do know that I heard a sort of a gasp from Danny Singleton, and Danny hadn't anything to go on except my description of Fred Wilson.

The body was lying stiff and straight. It was still on the rug and it was still a dead body.

There was just one thing wrong with the picture.

This wasn't the body of Fred Wilson. It was the body of a man I'd never seen before.

Go up against something that's bigger than you are, something you don't understand, and you get odd reactions. I got a queer one this time.

I felt hurt. Looking down at the body of a perfect stranger, I got a little bit sore at Fred Wilson. I figured he had no right to do me this way—come all the way from New York, make a date with

Jean, get himself murdered, and then walk out, leaving someone else to double for him. It wasn't sporting. The old school tie wouldn't like it. I didn't like it myself.

This impostor, this lad who was stretched out on the rug where he had no right to be, looked utterly unlike Fred Wilson. He was about five ten, and on the skinny side. Couldn't have weighed much over 140 with his clothes wet. He was dressed very Hollywood: sport coat too wide in the shoulders, pale gray woolen shirt buttoned at the neck. No tie. His complexion looked sallow and unhealthy, but I reckon a dead man has a right to look that way. There was only one thing in common between him and the Fred Wilson I'd seen a couple of hours before: Each of 'em had a red stain over the heart.

I was standing closer to the body than Danny Singleton was. I couldn't see Danny, and didn't want to. I had anticipated a lot of things, but not this. This was grotesque. It was inconsiderate. I didn't like it. Detective Lieutenant Marty Walsh didn't like it, either.

There's something about a good cop. He can sense when something is wrong. Walsh was sensing it now. He said, "All right, Ingram. Let's have it."

"Let's have what?"

"Don't play cute."

"I haven't done that since they cut my curls. Age three."

"Wise guy, huh?" No getting Lieutenant Walsh off the track. "You look surprised."

"I am surprised."

"At what?"

"Wouldn't you be surprised if you walked into an empty house and found a dead man lying on the rug?"

"I wouldn't be knowing." He fished a cigarette out of his pocket and put it in his mouth. "He look just like he did before?"

"Before what?"

His voice was charged with irritation: "Quit trying to outthink me, Ingram. You know I mean the last time you

looked at him, before you covered him up with a rug."

"Sure," I said. "Why wouldn't he?"

"I'm asking the questions."

"And I'm trying to answer."

"Trying is good." He swung on Danny. "Look the same to you, Singleton?"

Danny's drawl sounded normal. He said, "Not exactly the same. Maybe there's a little more *rigor mortis*. You took a hell of a long time to get here."

Detective Pete Bowman spoke. His voice sounded hurt: "Ain't it too bad, Lieutenant, when you get a couple of smart guys together. I bet they practice double-talk by the hour when business is bad."

I said, "I don't know what you're driving at, Lieutenant."

"Neither do I. But I'm driving at something."

THEY knelt beside the body of the stranger and did a quick, thorough job. They came up with things in their hands. The usual things. Wallet, pocket-knife, a little packet of medicine, a few letters, some small bills, a handful of loose change, a bunch of keys.

Walsh said to me, "Either of you frisk him?"

"No."

"Didn't move anything?"

"No."

Pete Bowman said, "I think I know the guy."

"Who is he?" I asked.

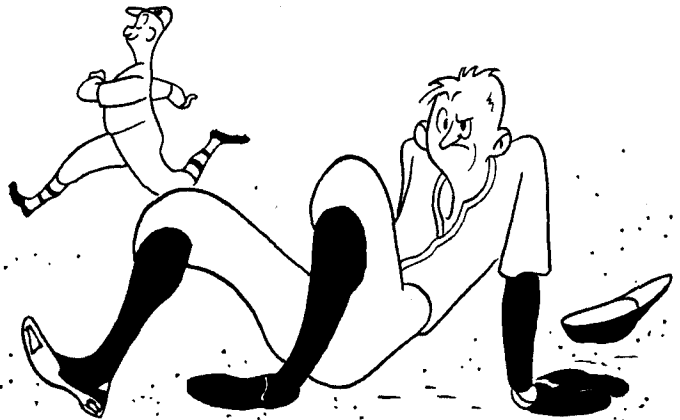
Marty Walsh answered. "Name's Bert Ellison. Lives in Sunshine Terrace Apartments, if we're to believe the stuff in his pockets. It's a jernt. He's a two-bit hustler. Hasn't found grifting so easy lately. Small-time."

"Why would anybody want to murder him?"

"You love to ask sixty-four-dollar questions, don't you? Me, I'd like to know why, and who. Also when."

Danny asked, "How long has he been dead, Lieutenant?"

"Maybe you know the answer to that



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one. You're holding something back, both of you."

"Why?"

"Listen to that, Pete." Walsh turned toward Pete Bowman. "He's carrying the fight to me. You think that's nice?"

"It ain't nice, Lieutenant. It ain't nice at all. What's more, it ain't smart."

It struck me that Pete had said a mouthful. We were getting Marty sore, and that wasn't good.

Walsh started firing questions. Why had we come out there? What time? How soon after arriving had we discovered the body? When did we phone him? We gave straight answers, just as it would have happened if it had happened that way. We sort of neglected to mention that this was the wrong body, that Mr. Bert Ellison had horned into something where he didn't belong.

Marty snapped an order at Pete Bowman. He told him to take a look around. I didn't like that. I could tell by Danny's eyes that he didn't like it, either. Looked like dollars to doughnuts they'd stumble over Fred Wilson somewhere. I figured that would be just dandy. Bodies all over the place. Each one plugged neatly through the heart. Sort of an epidemic.

So far there hadn't been any sign of a gun. Fred Wilson murdered. Bert Ellison murdered. Same technique. No weapon. Just happened. What passed for my brain was doing tricks. I figured maybe they'd killed each other, disposed of the gun and then matched to see who would get the rug while the other just walked off and disappeared.

WHILE Pete was having his look-see, Walsh poked around the body, then circled the living room. He spoke only once. He said, out of nowhere, "It could be just the way you guys tell it. Only it ain't. Something stinks."

We couldn't argue that one. I don't know what I looked like. Danny looked funny. He usually smiled, but now he was wearing his Sunday grin. Too wide, too genial. Keep the old flag flying—that sort of thing. Also, he was a trifle green around the gills. I was feeling worse than he was. This was my fault. I had dragged him into this. Nothing to it. Just wanted him to help me discover a dead body. Well, it wasn't my fault that it was a different body.

Marty swung into action again.

"Real-estate agents, huh?"

"Yes."

"Miss Rutledge wanted to rent or sell?"

"Either."

"How come not long ago?"

"I don't know."

"You know Miss Rutledge well?"

"We both do."

"Strictly business?"

"Socially, too."

"Spread that out a little."

I did some fast thinking. No use holding back stuff he'd find out easily enough. I said, "I'm in love with Jean Rutledge."

"Ain't she married?"

"Yes, to a man named Fred Wilson. But they've been separated for years."

He nodded. "I know. Con man. Gambler. Got in Dutch with Rick Madigan over some debts he couldn't meet. Took a powder. Was that the last she ever saw of him?"

"As far as I know, yes."

"And now you're the fair-haired boy, huh?"

I said, "Don't be that way, Lieutenant. I'd like to marry Miss Rutledge if she ever got free. I think she feels the same way about me."

He said caustically, "She couldn't have picked a lovelier man." He backtracked and started over. "Sure you never saw this mug?" By that, he meant Bert Ellison.

"Not till we found his body."

"He doesn't mean a thing to you?"

"Not a thing."

"What does?"

"You want to know? You think I've acted peculiarly." I was feeling pleased with myself. I had just had an idea which didn't seem too crummy. "I've been thinking about Miss Rutledge. This is her house. There will be a lot of publicity."

"It won't hurt her—if she's in the clear," he said. "When's the last time you saw her?"

"Today." I answered that one quick. No use stalling. A lie would be certain to be discovered. "About one o'clock. I picked her up at the studio and took her for a ride."

"Like you're trying to take me for a ride now?"

"This was different," I told him. "I bought her a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

"And then?"

"Back to the studio."

Danny broke in: "What gives now, Lieutenant?"

"Routine. I'll get guys from the D. A.'s office, technical men, photographers, have the medical examiner look Ellison over. Dust for fingerprints."

"And us?"

"I'll probably let you go. But you got to stay where I can get hold of you."

"What do you think of the setup?" Danny asked.

"Cheap killing in a peculiar place. Just one thing about it keeps me from labeling it that way and letting it slide."

"What?"

"The way you and Ingram looked when Pete pulled the rug back."

"How did we look?"

"Surprised. And you didn't have any right looking surprised. According to your story, you had found the body, decided it was dead, covered it with the rug, telephoned in and waited for me. But when you looked at the guy, I saw something wrong."

Danny said easily, "You're imagining things, Lieutenant. Looking at a body is always a shock. Maybe I was just wondering whether he belonged in the inventory."

Marty said sadly, "You give me hysterics. But not so much hysterics that I like it. That cute crack is a cover-up, too."

"You could be wrong, couldn't you?"

"Hell, I been wrong a thousand times."

He smiled at the pair of us with engaging candor. "But you know something funny? I got room to be wrong. Any cop has. Maybe that's something you fellows don't know. How many times we're wrong doesn't make any difference. What's important is that we've only got to be right one time. Just once. Think it over."

I did think it over. The idea made me feel uncomfortable.

Pete Bowman came in with his report.

"Lots of nothing, Marty," he said sadly. "No gun. No shells. No sign of anybody who might of killed Ellison, provided these two lads didn't do it."

Marty Walsh said, "I saw a car in the garage when I rolled up. Let's go have a look. You two come along."

Danny's eyes met mine briefly. We were thinking the same thing. This wasn't going to be so good. The car in the garage was the car Fred Wilson had driven out in. It'd be a cinch to trace. They'd find out who had rented it. That would throw Fred right into the middle of it.

We followed the two detectives to the garage. It wasn't much of a car. Older, dirtier, more dilapidated than I had imagined. Marty nosed in under the wheel and started looking around. Pete Bowman took the back. They were pretty thorough.

Finally they slammed the doors. Marty Walsh looked disgusted. And he said something which made me blink.

"Nothing new," he stated disgustedly. "It fits."

"What fits?" I asked.

"The car. The certificate of ownership is hanging on the steering post, right where it's supposed to be. It belongs to Bert Ellison."

Detective Lieutenant Marty Walsh, Homicide Bureau, Los Angeles Police Department, was wrong. Definitely wrong. I was sorry I couldn't tell him so—he'd been so right about everything else. The fact that the busted-up little car in the garage belonged to Bert Ellison didn't fit at all. It had been there when Jean and I first came out. It had to be the car that Fred Wilson had driven out in.

Of course, Bert Ellison could have been with Fred—but that didn't make things any easier. They were both dead.

Marty Walsh said there wasn't any use holding us. He said, "I ain't in the mood for any more fairy tales. You guys beat it."

I started to say I'd like to stick around, but then I got an idea. I wasn't sure it was a good idea, because none of the thoughts I'd had for some time had worked out well.

Then I got a glimpse of Danny Singleton's face. His mournful eyes held an appeal, an appeal to get away from there as fast as we could.

I made a bright remark about this spot seeming to be a good time to make my inventory, and nodded to Danny. We said goodbye to Lieutenant Walsh and Detective Bowman. They grunted, but I couldn't detect any cordiality in the grunts.

Danny and I clambered into my car. I went down the driveway nice and slow, crossed the tiny bridge for the fourth time, turned right and rolled sedately in

the general direction of Brentwood. But once around the curve I clamped my foot down on the accelerator.

Danny said, "Hey! Look! Two dead men in one afternoon is enough."

I didn't slow down. "What I want is a gas station," I explained. "One with a telephone."

"Why?"

"Jean. The way she'd tell it, she hasn't seen me today. I told Walsh I'd taken her to lunch. She has to say the same thing."

WE FOUND a gas station. I got Jean off the set. She told me no one had called her, no one had told her anything. That sounded like our first good break. I said, "Hold your hat, honey—and take this in stride, in case anybody is watching your face. Set?"

"Set," she said, and I started handing it to her. I don't know what she looked like at her end, but I could imagine. She said, "Talking guardedly, Bruce—what does it mean?"

"That's one I can't answer, sweetheart. But it's got to be the way I told it to the cops. Whatever they tell you has to be news. Savvy?"

"And you?"

"Worried and bewildered—which probably isn't any novelty. Look, honey, this isn't the time to talk. I'll pick you up at the studio this evening. We'll talk then. Right now, go back to the set and carry on. You're a real trouper. Here's your chance to prove it." And I hung up.

This time I drove more slowly. Danny was looking at me, and after a while he said sadly, "You fooled me, Bruce."

"Huh?"

"You said it was Fred Wilson."

"It was." I shook my head. "I can't figure any part of it."

"Easy enough," he said cheerfully. "Probably Fred got tired of waiting, and hired this lad Ellison as a sitter."

"Funny guy, aren't you?"

"Spoken like our friend, Walsh. Keen baby, that Walsh."

"Just my luck," I commented bitterly. "All my life I've been believing fiction where they say cops are dumb. And the first one I ever meet professionally turns out to be sharp as a stiletto."

"He didn't like your story," said Danny.

"It was a good story."

"Swell. Just not his type. What do we do now?"

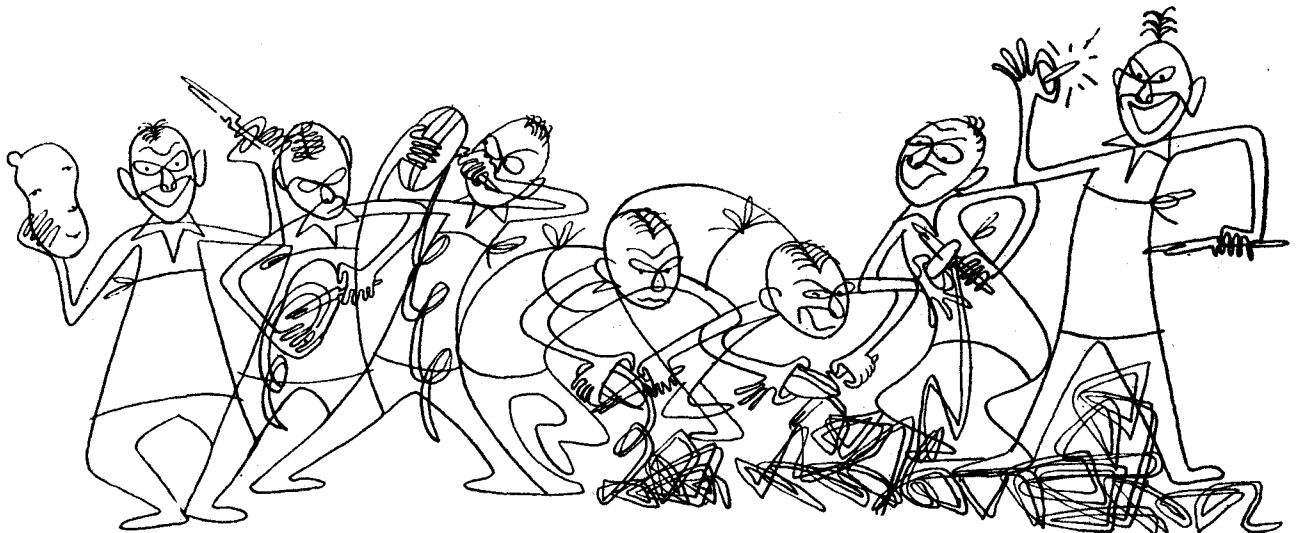
"We carry on, old top. Also we try to use what passes for brain."

He asked, "How's Jean?"

"She took it right. I'm seeing her this evening."

He said, "Include me in. I've got to know what's happening."

I shrugged. It was okay with me. Two

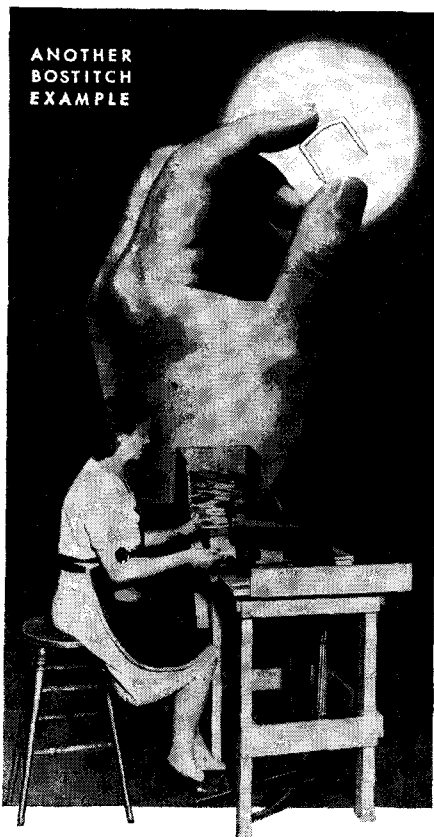


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boneheads might be better than one. He said, "There's somebody right in the middle of this we haven't figured yet."

"That's not news."

"Someone who had a grudge against both Fred Wilson and Bert Ellison. If you can tie those two up, and find out how they fit—anyway, you're in a peculiar spot."

"Meaning what?"

"Jean's a widow. She knows it, and you know it. But what does that buy you?"

I began to get it. I said, "I never thought of that."

"Start thinking of it now," he suggested brightly. "And you can bet your ultimate nickel that whoever trotted off with Fred's body has hidden the late Mr. Wilson where he won't be found until never."

I nodded. "So—?"

"That puts you and Jean right behind the matrimonial eight ball. You can't be a widow unless your husband is dead. To prove he's dead, you've got to say you saw him. Jean can't do that. The pair of you have conspired to make a sucker of the law."

I said, "I'd better go to the cops and tell them the truth."

Danny laughed. It was a nice bright laugh from a nice bright kid. "Now you're really missing on five cylinders," he said. "If there's one thing in the world you can't do now, it's to spill the works."

"Why not?"

"Don't play dumb. If you were Mister John Q. Public, instead of a brilliant, though erratic, young real-estate man, how would it sound to you? You killed Fred because you wanted Jean to be free so you could marry her."

"What did I do with the body?"

"That's what they'll be asking you. No body, no widow. No widow, no marriage. And then there's the Ellison. Don't kid yourself. You'll have to work on Jean so she won't go emotional and tell all. You've got to make her see that that would gum up the works more than anything else she could do. The play has been taken away from you, Bruce me lad."

"Lovely prospect."

"Not too pretty. Romance that can never reach fruition. A sharp cop who already has you pegged as a wrongy. And if I make it sound bad, remember it's only because it really is that way."

WE WERE dropping down toward Brentwood. I said, seriously, "I'm sorry as hell I got you into this, Danny."

"Hell!" he said, "Forget it. I was just the little guy who happened to be there. I never saw any corpse except that of Mr. Bert Ellison. I haven't a worry in the world."

That was Danny, all right. Trying to make me feel better. Could I help it if I loved the guy?

"And," he continued conversationally, "you mustn't forget that I may have murdered Fred myself. I could make the police believe that easily."

I said, "Oh, go to hell!" Then, "What gives now?"

"Tonight, you and me and Jean. And I'd suggest Arnold Travis. He's Jean's lawyer. He's shrewd. And he'll be double shrewd on this."

"Why?"

"Because Jean is his one important client. If her career is wrecked by scandal, Arnold holds part of the bag."

"You want me to tell him everything?" I asked.

"You've got to. You'll need hunks of legal advice. So you can take my suggestion or leave it lay."

"I'll take it," I said. "Provided Jean agrees."

"And, just between ourselves, this situation—"

I said, "I can finish that one. What your thinking is that this situation hasn't

a chance of getting better unless I can find out who killed Fred Wilson and Bert Ellison—and why it was done. Is that it?"

He said, "That's it."

It wasn't a very happy prospect. It sounded impossible. I said so.

"Of course it's impossible," agreed Danny. "But you've still got to do it."...

Jean Rutledge lived in Brentwood, a gracious and indeterminate subdivision sprawled between Westwood and Santa Monica.

She lived in a white bungalow which looked like nothing at all from outside and was lovely inside. There were seven rooms and two baths, and it was typically California.

Back of the kitchen, facing the patio, was a cute little room paneled in knotty pine. Mary Gregg lived there. Mary was Jean's cook and maid. She was a quiet, pleasant-looking girl with a creamy chocolate complexion, and she was devoted to Jean. On Thursday and Saturday nights she drove—in a jalopy owned by Jean and loaned to Mary—to stay overnight with her family in Long Beach.

Jean owned the little Brentwood house. It was refreshingly different from the great, sprawling Monterey Canyon home which also belonged to her and in which she hadn't lived since the day she had become a deserted wife.

The sight-seeing busses never pointed out the bungalow as the home of the famous Jean Rutledge. The tourists wouldn't have liked it. They demanded something huge and showy, a place which would conform with their preconceived ideas of the luxury in which movie stars reveled.

Sitting in the living room were Danny Singleton and Arnold Travis, Jean's lawyer. Jean and I were sharing the long, comfortable couch.

Travis sat under one of the three-way reading lamps. I had often sat here with him, but this was the first time I had been so conscious of the fact that he was her lawyer as well as her friend. His long legs were stretched out, there was a smoking stand at his elbow and he was puffing contentedly on a fragrant Havana cigar. For a long time—ever since the dinner dishes had been tucked away and Mary Gregg had vanished—he'd been listening.

You couldn't tell from his expression what he was thinking. For one thing, he didn't have that kind of face. He was a big man, fully six feet in height, and weighing around 180. Despite his 41 years, his figure was still trim. He had nice features, and fell just short of being handsome. He'd been around Hollywood a long time, and knew all the angles.

I had talked. Danny had talked. Jean was just finishing. She said, "So we decided to tell you everything, Arnold. There's more than a chance that we're going to need you."

Travis looked at all of us speculatively. Then he said, bluntly, "You've really loused things up, haven't you?"

I pleaded guilty. "It looked logical enough," I argued. "I hadn't any intention of gumming up the police. I thought it'd be a simple, uninvolved way of protecting Jean. What would you have done?"

"Same thing you did, I suppose." He chose his next words carefully. "You've got me on the spot," he said quietly. "If I help you cover up, I'll be compounding a felony."

Jean said quickly, "We're not suggesting—"

TRAVIS interrupted: "Skip it, Jean. I'm dealing myself in. Oh, don't thank me. I can't afford to have anything happen to you. But if and when the cops learn the truth, they're not going to like it. I am not what you'd call one of the leaders in my profession. Until Jean clicked, I was just another sharp lawyer hanging onto the fringe. I had, and still have, some unsavory characters as clients. I can afford to drop them, but I won't. They stuck with me when I needed them, and I won't chuck them now. Which isn't Hollywood, but still happens to be the way I play it."

I said, "Knowing a lot of odd people—that might be good."

"Might. Provided I'm not disbarred for helping out on this mess." He smiled broadly and waved a hand to stop Jean's protestations: "Cork it up, Jean. I wouldn't miss it for a million. But I'm still saying we've got to play it smart."

I said, "Do you know Marty Walsh?" "The Homicide Squad boy? Yes, I know him. Just our luck he gets the case. He's smart."

"I found that out. All he's got is a hunch, but it's a dangerous hunch. What'll he do?"

"Keep plugging. He's the type."

Danny Singleton said, "There's one thing in our favor. Walsh doesn't know anything about Fred Wilson being dead. He'll be looking for the murderer of Bert Ellison."

I asked Arnold whether he knew Ellison?

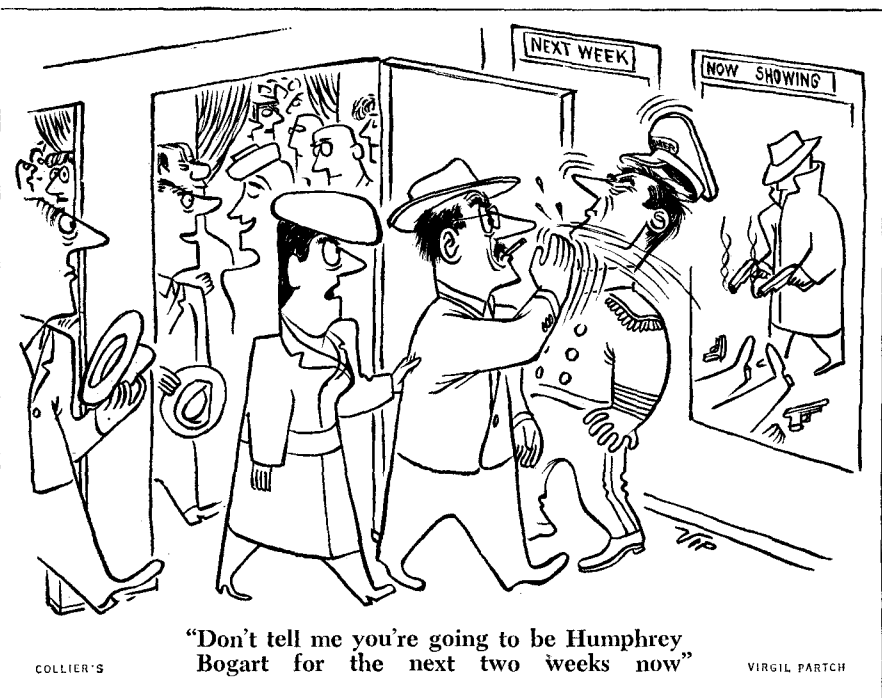
He grimaced. "Used to be one of my clients. Probably thought he still was."

"What sort of a man was he?"

"Strictly a punk. A cheap, two-bit chisler."

"Did he know Fred Wilson?"

"Probably. Ellison was always sucking around big shots. Fred was that—"



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when he was in the chips. You can't really be certain about men like Ellison. They meet everybody, glad-hand everybody, always looking for angles. You can't snub 'em."

Jean said, "Fred wasn't cheap. From what you say of Bert Ellison—"

"That's the way it is, Jean. I know these characters. Better than I should, perhaps. High or low, they talk—basically—the same language. For instance, take the two extremes: Rick Madigan and Bert Ellison. They were friends once."

THAT surprised me. Rick was a tops guy, a rich one. Maybe he was crooked, but it had never been proved on him. He operated gambling houses whenever and wherever the law was in a mood to look the other way.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Variation on the usual theme," answered Travis. "This was several years ago. Rick Madigan had a girl. A cute, cuddly little trick who worked at a club of his on the Strip. Everybody called her Babe. We didn't know her last name and didn't try to find out. She was Rick's personal property."

"Bert Ellison was working for Rick then. Sort of general do-nothing around the gambling rooms. Pension job. He was cheap and flashy. He made a play for Babe."

"Wasn't that dangerous?"

"Could have been. And I'll probably never know the truth, but it seems that, like a lot of big men, Madigan has a sentimental streak a mile wide. He knew Ellison was a punk, but he thought this was love. He thought they wanted to get married."

"Did they?" asked Jean.

"Babe did. Ellison didn't see it that way. He grabbed Babe away from the big boy, but he forgot the wedding ring. Since then, he hasn't worked for Madigan."

"What about Babe?"

"She's working for Madigan again. But working. Not playing. Ellison has stayed on the outside, looking in. But Rick Madigan isn't the sort to kill anybody. Putting it another way, if he'd wanted Ellison rubbed out, it'd have happened long ago. Not today."

I asked, "Did Madigan know Fred Wilson?"

Arnold looked surprised. "Didn't Jean tell you? Fred welshed on a \$7,000 debt he owed Madigan. He left California because of that and hasn't been back for the same reason."

"But if he did come back," I suggested, "and if Madigan heard about it—he'd be sore, wouldn't he?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Would he kill Fred?"

Again that slow shake of Travis' head. "My guess is no. He doesn't play it that way."

Madigan seemed to fit into the picture too neatly to be ignored. Bert Ellison had stolen his girl and forgotten to marry her. Fred Wilson had welshed on a \$7,000 gambling debt. Both Ellison and Fred were dead.

Arnold Travis glanced at Jean. "Think carefully," he suggested. "In your conversation with Fred over the phone, did he give the slightest hint of what he wanted?"

She shook her head. "No. In fact, he was very careful not to."

I said, "Jean and I thought he might have been broke, and was willing to let her have a divorce—for a price."

Travis didn't go for that one, either. He said, "It doesn't add up right."

"Why not?" I inquired.

"I just got back from New York. I talked to Fred. On the phone. I tried to see him. He wasn't having any. I let him understand that Jean was willing to pay a fancy price. I told him she was 25 per cent of Olympus films, just to give him an idea."

Danny Singleton horned into the conversation. He said, "Look, Travis. This I don't get. Why couldn't Jean have gotten a divorce from Wilson long ago? One of those quiet things."

"It couldn't have been kept that way," stated Arnold. "It can stay hush-hush only when both parties to the proceedings want it to. I haven't seen Fred since before he walked out on Jean years ago. He was using a friend's address. I'd write or telephone him there. The message would be relayed to him, and then he'd call me at whatever number I left."

"Why the fancy stuff?"

"Maybe he was afraid of Rick Madigan."

I said, "If he was that afraid of Rick, why couldn't he have put the bite on Jean, and have bought his way out?"

Travis said, "That's one of the questions I never could answer. He might have been covering something else."

"But he came to California day before yesterday."

"Yes. Secretly."

"Ellison knew. Fred must have driven out to the house in Ellison's car."

"Not necessarily. He could have gone in a taxi. Ellison might have followed."

"Why?"

"I wish I knew." He turned to Jean again. "Fred specified that he didn't want to see me?"

"He said he didn't want to see anybody. Didn't want anyone to know he was in California."

"Did he specify me?"

"Yes."

Travis said, thoughtfully, "He might have been afraid of being served with a summons."

Danny Singleton said, "We got off that other subject, Travis. About why Jean didn't divorce Wilson long ago."

The lawyer smiled ruefully. "I tried that attack, Singleton. It didn't register. Fred said he'd fight it. For some reason, he was unwilling to play ball. Don't ask me why, because I don't know. He could have filed the wildest counter-claims. He could even have charged infidelity. He couldn't have proved what wasn't true—but by the time the smoke had cleared away, Miss Jean Rutledge's career would have blown up in her face. I advised her to play it safe."

"I think he was right," Jean interjected soberly. "Call me silly, if you want—but aside from the career, I didn't want my marriage to Bruce to have that sort of background."

I REACHED for her hand. It was a nice, warm, responsive hand. We'd been over the same thing a hundred times. We'd always wound up in the same place. I said to Travis, "What do we do now?"

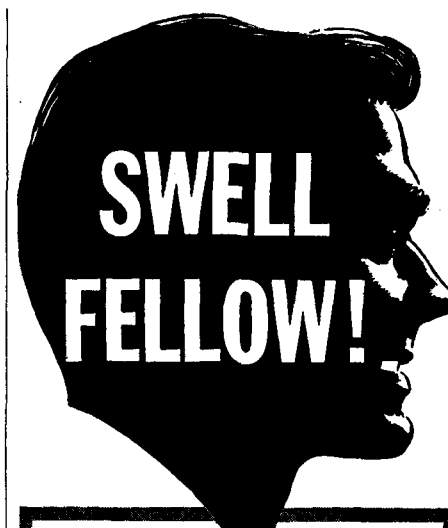
"Sit tight. But don't kid yourselves. The cops won't give you much rest."

"They might. Bert Ellison wasn't important."

"That'd be true," explained Travis, "if they believed your story. You say Marty Walsh didn't. So far, however, there's no bad publicity." He pointed to the evening paper which lay spread out on the coffee table. "It isn't important. Ellison means nothing, newswise."

I could see the point. Even the local story hadn't achieved much space, and this was a town where they made the most of murders. They reported what had happened, speculated vaguely about it, mentioned that Jean was a great picture star and that the body had been found in the house built for her by her husband, Fred Wilson, from whom she had been estranged for several years and whose present whereabouts was unknown. . . .

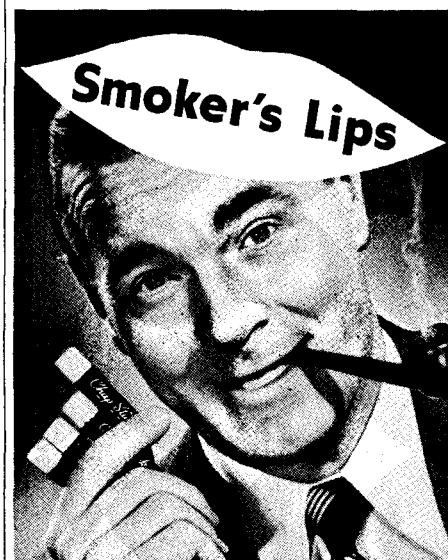
I telephoned Jean at the studio the following afternoon and told her that she and I were going for a long ride. Just the two of us. I reminded her that this was the maid's night off, and that she wouldn't feel like fixing dinner, anyway.



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Collier's for October 25, 1947

She said okay.

At ten minutes after five she came out of the studio and slipped into the seat beside me. She looked as though she hadn't slept much the previous night. She looked as though she'd like to do a lot of talking and didn't quite know where to begin. She looked lovely.

I drove slowly, cutting across the mountains to Sunset, and thence to 101 Alternate, which is a gorgeous four-lane road skirting the Pacific Ocean. This afternoon the sea was just that, calm as a lake except for the ground swell.

The sun sketched fantastically brilliant designs on the ocean and the cliffs that rose abruptly on the right of the road.

WE ROLLED through Malibu. I got the idea that Jean was pleased I hadn't stopped there. Too many movie people lived at Malibu; we'd have met folks who would have wanted to talk.

I glanced at her. She was leaning back against the cushions, her eyes half closed against the glare of the setting sun. She looked a lot younger than you'd expect her to look when you figured that the hand she held had been dealt off the bottom of the deck. She looked as though she were relaxing, and since that was precisely what I wanted her to do, I continued to say nothing. It was she who broke the long silence. She said, "Well?"

I said, "Anybody bother you today?" "A few reporters tried. I wished them off on Vera." The faintest ghost of a smile played briefly about her lips, making them look extremely kissable. Jean went on, "That Vera, she's a wonder."

She was right. Vera Bradley was twice a wonder. She was a short, dumpy, bright-eyed little woman on the pleasant side of forty. She was officially employed by the publicity department at Olympus, and had been assigned as public relations expert to Jean Rutledge. She didn't actually write publicity; that was a run-of-the-mine job which was handled by people in the lower-salary brackets.

Vera's task was to stand between a sensational new star and an intrusive public. It was Vera's job to see that when Jean did anything in public, it was the right thing; to protect her; to act as nurse and governess. In any other profession, that might have seemed like a silly assignment. In pictures, it was a specialized thing, requiring infinite tact and patience; a vast knowledge of pictures and picture personalities; a keen sense of the difference between good and bad publicity—and infallible instinct. In the case of Vera Bradley and Jean Rutledge, another element had been added. Friendship. They liked and trusted each other.

I said, "What does Vera think of it, honey?"

"Unfortunately. And she isn't even sure of that. I wonder what she'd think—"

"—If she knew the truth?" I shook my head. "That'd pose a problem even for a gal like Vera." I lighted a couple of cigarettes and passed one over to Jean. "Our little playmate bother you?"

"Lieutenant Walsh? Not exactly. He came out for a chat. He can be nice when he works at it."

"Still suspicious?"

"I think so. However, he simply said he'd missed a bet, that there was something about this case he couldn't understand."

"I'll say there is."

"He wanted to know whether I knew Bert Ellison. I said I didn't think so. I told him that I might possibly have met him when I was living with Fred. Then Walsh wanted to know whether I could figure what Ellison might have been doing at the house, whether he could have known that you and Danny were going out there to take inventory. He wanted to know when I made up my mind to rent or sell, after waiting all this time. He asked a lot of questions."

"Scatter-shooting," I said.

"What does that mean?"

"Asking any question that popped into his head. Watching your reactions. Looking for a lead. Trying to make up his mind whether you knew anything more than you were telling him."

She said, "Ellison and Fred must have gone out there together."

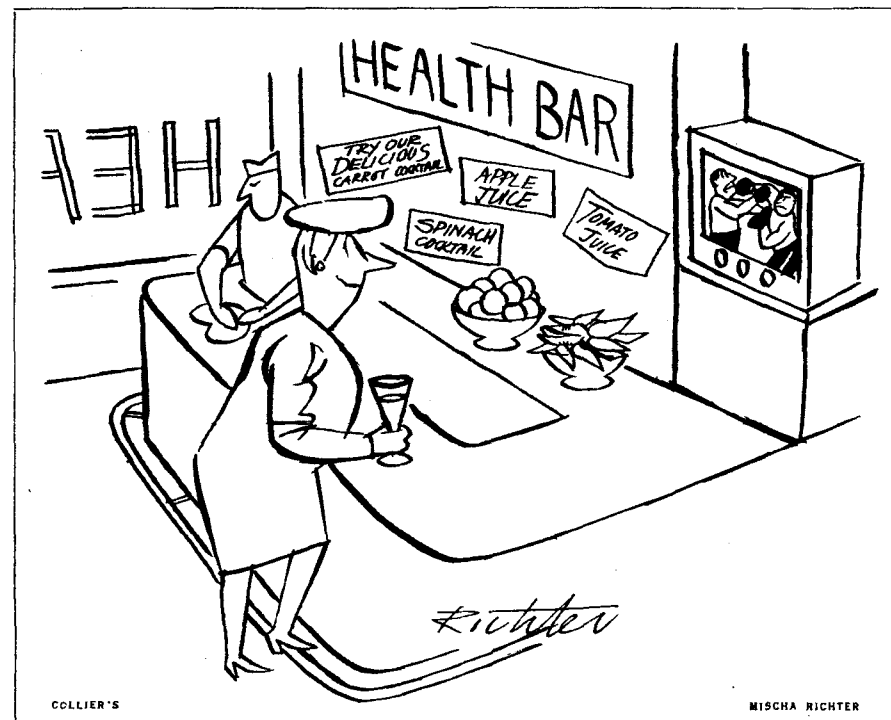
"Why? How about the—the third person? How would he have gotten away? That's an awful long walk, and he wouldn't have hitchhiked if he'd just committed a couple of murders. No busses in that canyon, and we mustn't forget that Fred's body was carted away. That's bound to mean another car as well as another person."

She winced. "He—it might still be there."

"I don't think so. Walsh and Bowman gave the place a thorough going-over while we were still there. The technical boys must have looked around, too. My vote would be against the body still being there—unless there's some sort of a secret room."

"Nothing like that," she said. "But the country is so wild around there—"

I understood, all right. Drive along any of the secondary highways in the canyon country north of Hollywood or Beverly Hills or Bel Air, and you could roll a dead body out of any car, and no one would find it for months. The slopes of the canyons are deep and sharp; they're covered with scrub growth. A



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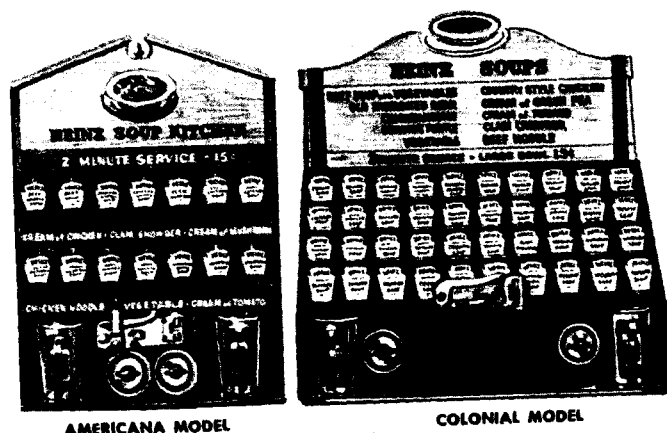
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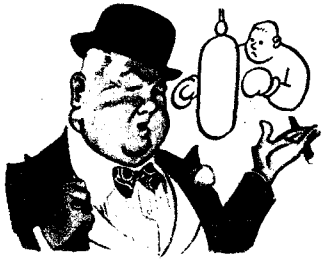
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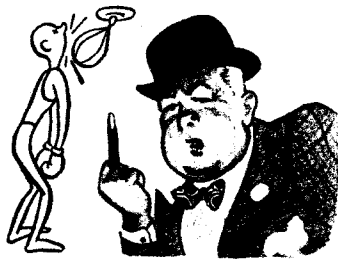
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by Berry



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body, once concealed, would be likely to stay that way for a long time.

I was thinking something that I hoped hadn't occurred to Jean. Fred had been murdered before she and I had reached the house; but Ellison had been killed after we'd left. That indicated that the murderer may have been there all the time. If that were so, he'd probably seen us. Maybe he liked what he'd seen, maybe he didn't. In any event, I sized it up as unfinished business.

I found myself wishing that the cops were on our team. It'd have been a relief to talk things over with a man who knew his business—a man like Marty Walsh, for instance. There was a guy I could like if only I weren't afraid of him.

I DROVE to a restaurant which was located just off the highway between Oxnard and Ventura. It was a colonial mansion, with good food and excellent, unobtrusive service, and it was dollars to doughnuts we wouldn't meet anyone we knew. We didn't.

We found a table in the corner, had a couple of dry Martinis, and started off—in true California fashion—with mixed green salads. Finally we sat looking at each other over the tiny rims of our liqueur glasses.

We used up a lot of time. Then we started south again. We didn't feel good, but we felt better. I drove for about twenty miles and then swung off the road onto a parking place which looked down over the water. I cut off the lights, and for a long time we sat quietly, saying nothing, doing nothing.

The night was perfect: a flawless sky with countless stars and a brilliant moon; an ocean so calm that only an occasional swell murmured as it rolled up on the beach. Behind us were towering mountains with a few houses etched faintly in yellow light.

I put my arm around Jean. She lifted her lips, and I kissed her.

Kissing Jean was always a new thrill. It even made you forget things like murder.

In a situation like that, you try to kid yourself. You make believe that because everything is lovely at the moment, there's a chance that it will stay that way. We were both under a sort of hypnotic spell. On us, it felt good.

We started off again, and pretty soon we pulled up in the driveway of the white cottage in which Jean lived.

I was hoping she'd ask me in, and she did. We walked hand in hand up the

path, with its low hedge looking more silver than green in the bright moonlight. We mounted three tiny steps to the entrance vestibule. Jean took out her house key and handed it to me. I fitted it into the lock, opened the front door and motioned for her to go first.

She did. Then she bumped against something and said, "Oh!" sharply. I saw something bulky on the tiling just to the right of the front door. I reached inside the door and clicked the light switch in the foyer.

The object over which Jean had tripped was a suitcase. No initials. No tag. No visible mark of identification. I picked it up and carried it inside. We closed the front door and turned on the living-room lights.

It was a nice enough suitcase, made out of pigskin. The outside didn't tell us a thing.

We stood looking at it, and then at each other. I said, "Yours?" and she shook her head.

I got a funny feeling inside. No reason for it, except that too many odd things had been happening. I said, "I suppose we'd better open it, hadn't we?" and she nodded.

I tried the catch. It wasn't locked. I laid it on its side, and threw back the lid.

It was tightly packed. A man's stuff. A suit, shirts, underwear, brushes, electric shaver...

I looked up at Jean. She was standing rigidly, eyes too wide and too bright; the knuckles of her right hand pressed against her lips.

She looked terrified. I scrambled to my feet and put my arm around her.

"Steady, sweetheart," I said. "Take it easy."

She still didn't say anything. Then she pulled away from me and bent over the suitcase. She probed with nervous fingers. When she straightened up again, I didn't like what I saw in her eyes.

She said, "That suitcase—it's Fred's. Those are his clothes."

I didn't ask whether she was sure. I knew she was.

Fred's suitcase. Fred's clothes. Left on Jean's doorstep the day after Fred's death.

I didn't say what I was thinking. It wouldn't have sounded cheerful.

What I was thinking was this: The suitcase must have been put there by the murderer. There was only one way you could regard it. It was a warning to Jean. A warning and a threat.

(To be continued next week)

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



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If you have a keen eye for fine workmanship, are a good judge of authentic styling and are on the lookout for a quality product at a fair price, your next pair of shoes should carry the world-famous W. L. Douglas trademark.



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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

WAR BRIDE

British: "editorial." 5. Italian: "author." 6. French: "foreign phrases." 7. Japanese: "throw." 8. Spanish: "mind." 9. Latin: "reader." 10. Brooklynese: "turmoil." 11. Italian: "secret." 12. German: "good." 13. Spanish: "writing." 14. French: "First, clearness; next, clearness; and finally, clearness." 15. Slovak: "To your health!"

FRANK COLBY, Houston, Tex.

SEEING CARDINAL RED

DEAR SIR: After reading Ace in the Hole (Sept. 13th), I am uncertain whether Mr. Crichton came to praise Musial or to bury him. Musial lacks color, he says. Musial has a hitting style "as unorthodox as they come" and has already run the gamut from haughty to humble—per Mr. C. Yet Stan the Man has played in 152 double plays as of September 4th, and in spite of his under-par physical condition for practically the entire season, he is now hitting .303.

MARJORIE STEINMEYER, St. Louis, Mo.

... I don't know where Mr. Crichton got the idea that Stan had the big head. ... I say nuts to Mr. Crichton.

DARRELL SIFFORD, Jefferson City, Mo.

... I think Kyle Crichton's article was ill-advised, ill-natured and ill-becoming to Collier's. In Mr. Musial's own words in an interview with Harry Caray, St. Louis sports broadcaster, Musial said Crichton requested an interview which he was too ill to give. Crichton did not bother to ask again.

BARBARA BROWN, St. Louis, Mo.

Sir: I went to St. Louis to interview Musial. He wouldn't see me; he promised to phone me and didn't phone; he neglected to answer telegrams. The first time the Cards were in New York I tried again. I phoned, I wired; no reply. If he wasn't swell-headed he was excessively coy. I wrote of him as I found him.

KYLE CRICHTON

FLASH!

DEAR SIR: In He Clicked for Fifty Years (Aug. 23d), Mr. Neal says there were no flash bulbs, no photoflood lamps, only daylight in the early days. As a young man in 1900, I was taking photos of miners down the coal pits at Larkhall, Scotland. The coal face would be 12 feet wide, six feet high, and I would place five three-inch ribbons, 1/4-inch wide, of manganese on a prop, focus the miner by the flame of his lamp, touch a match to short piece of ribbon, light the five pieces with that flash and a good picture was taken.

ALEX CRICHTON, Cardiff-by-the-Sea, Cal.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

DEAR SIR: In Tom Siler's article, Golf's Bad Boy (Sept. 6th), he taked and praised Frank Stranahan's physique and yet no physique picture is given. Would you please print a physique photo so that I may see if what Mr. Siler says is true?

A DEAR FRIEND, Mullinville, Kans.



Dear Friend: This is as much of Mr. Stranahan's physique as he will show.

SIRS: Re Quentin Reynolds' very interesting story, War Bride (Sept. 13th), my wife and I would like to know how Fräulein Gerhardt managed to finagle her way into this country: (1) How did she conceal her past from the Counterintelligence Corps? (2) How did she, 34 years old, pass for a girl of 21, when a birth certificate is one of the documents necessary for a foreign fiancée? (3) How did she get past the American Consulate in Munich? You see, my wife is a German national, and it took us approximately nine months to get her papers cleared. By the way, the Frau is most enthralled with her new homeland. I quote her exact word, "Wundervoll!"

ROBERT E. MATHEWSON, Marion, Iowa

Luckily your Frau didn't run across a friendly colonel, such as the unprincipled Colonel Ralph Furey in the story, who might have smoothed the way in.

USE CREAM FOR ICE CREAM

TO THE EDITOR: Ted Shane covered the grotesque ice-cream-soda field pretty thoroughly in his Fountain of Youth (Sept. 6th) but he overlooked a couple of confectioners' horrors.

For instance, there's the delight which consists of seven sirups put into the dish first, then topped with a quart of ice cream. It's called the Upside Down Special—guaranteed to do just that to your stomach.

For the adventuresome, there's the South of the Border Soda, made of butter pecan ice cream, covered with chile con carne, with tamales on the side. The whipped-cream topping is flavored and colored a delicate pink with tabasco sauce, and there's a nest of hot peppers on top.

The Gastronomer's Nightmare consists of a scoop each of vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, banana, tutti-frutti and pistachio ice cream, topped with Welsh rarebit, lobster à la Newburg, dill pickle slices, whipped cream and anchovy fillets. Instead of a cherry, it's topped with a maraschino radish. On top of this radish is the cherry.

Incidentally, the fountain that serves these brews also sets up a delicious double-decker Bromo.

ABE BURROWS, Los Angeles, Cal.

... Over here we go for the Awful Awful Sundae: awful big and awful good. ... VINCENTE BALSALONE, Hoboken, N. J.

We go for the NLRB: nuts, lemon ice, raspberry sirup and bicarb.

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MTS.

DEAR SIR: The boys of our sqdn. read the letter about Pfc. Anthony J. Feil and his hardships in Korea (The Week's Mail, Aug. 23d). He states that G.I.s stationed there are unable to associate with the native women of that land. Here's an idea of what the boys stationed in Bluie West One of Greenland have to put up with. The only women on the base are all married to officers. The nearest civilization is 993 air miles from the base. The only way possible of getting out of here is by emergency furlough or by serving 18 months.

Our only amusements are movies twice a week; some of the movies are as old as they come. To keep from going "haywire," a fellow has to have something to do, just about every minute. We would like to know if we could exchange positions with some of the boys in Korea.

A lady once said that she would give \$1,000 to see the icecaps up here. Any fellow on the base would give \$5,000 never to see or hear anything of the icecaps in Narsarsuaq.

CPL. E. A. HIRHO, Keystone State, Pa., Narsarsuaq, Greenland

Collier's for October 25, 1947



*Walker's DeLuxe is a straight Bourbon whiskey, 6 years old:
elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.*

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Ill.

86 Proof

PHILCO WEEK

PHILCO DEALERS ALL
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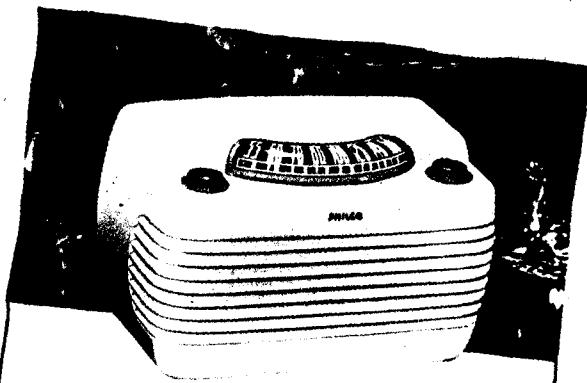
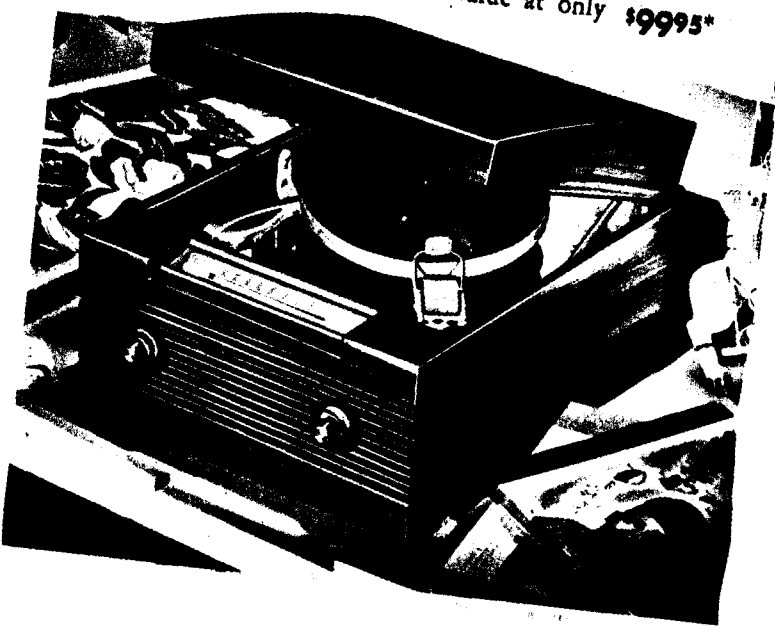
PHILCO WEEK

OCT. 20TH TO 27TH

Beginning Monday, October 20, for one week only, your Philco dealer is joining the greatest radio selling event in six years. Philco Week... one week of sensational celebration offers... extra, added values... valuable souvenirs... all specially arranged to celebrate the production of the 20 millionth Philco. It's your radio buying opportunity of the year... see your Philco dealer early and share the savings of this great selling event.



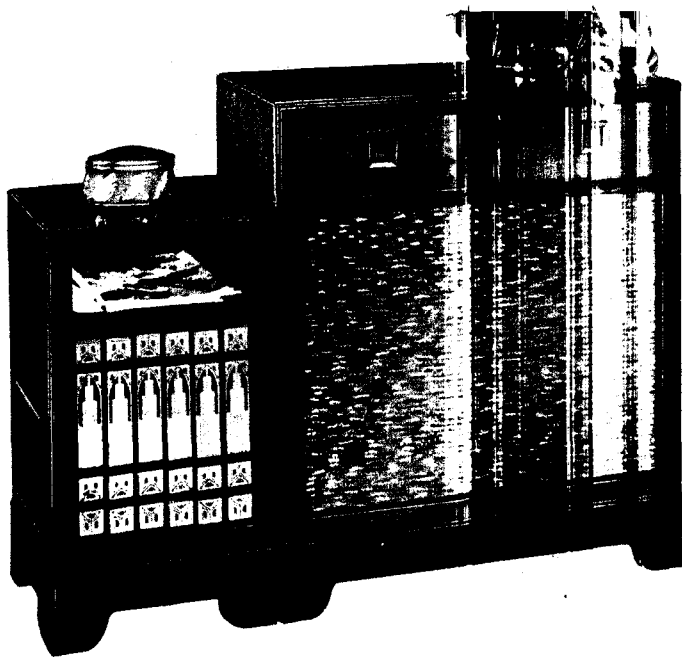
PHILCO 1253. A feature of Philco Week... a quality table radio-phonograph with Automatic Record Changer at the lowest possible price. Rich, full-bodied tone. Sensitive radio. A sensational value at only **\$9995***



PHILCO 460-1. Exquisitely designed, Ivory plastic table radio. Superb tone... extremely sensitive and selective... a champion in performance. A gem of beauty and a true quality radio in small space. With Philco Week souvenir, **\$3750***

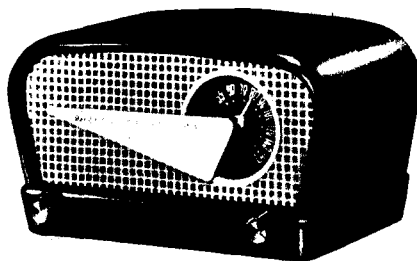
NEW AUTOMATIC WAY TO PLAY A RECORD
PHILCO 1201 Radio-Phonograph, yours on a special Philco Week offer! Just slide a record in and it plays automatically; no fussing with lids, tone arms or needles. Powerful radio; full, rich tone. **\$6995***



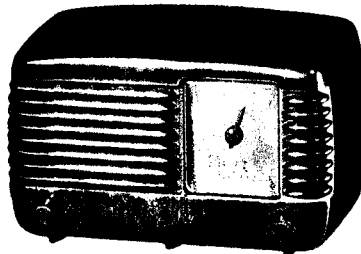


PHILCO 1260. Special, Extra-Value offer for Philco Week on this sensational new kind of radio-phonograph. Stunning Mahogany console with Philco's new automatic way to play a record. Gorgeous record reproduction, thrilling radio reception. A truly sensational value at **\$12995***

(Record Cabinet available on Special Philco Week Offer)



PHILCO 230. Smart as the newest fashion! Maroon plastic with unique, latticed Ivory grille. Rich tone. AC-DC. With Philco Week souvenir, **\$2995***



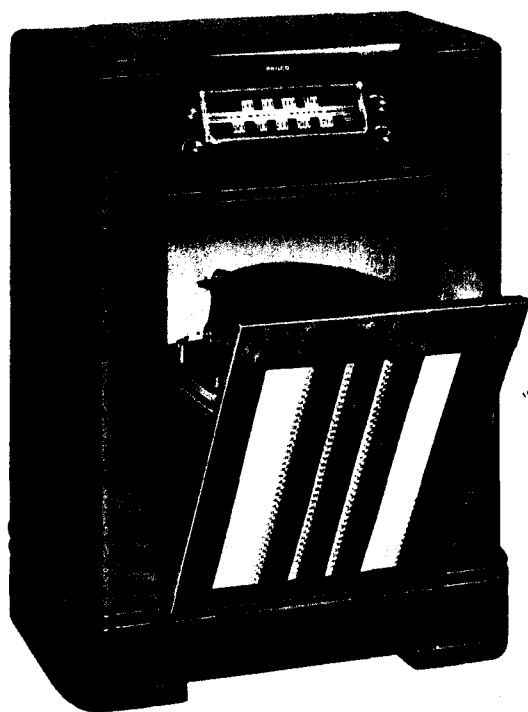
PHILCO 200. Radio's greatest value in a fine-performing compact at an amazing low price. AC-DC. With Philco Week souvenir, **\$1995***



GREAT PORTABLE VALUE

PHILCO 300. It's brand new... Philco quality and Philco performance in a portable radio at a new low price! Powerful miniature tube circuit gives amazing sensitivity. Plays indoors or outdoors on AC, DC, or long-life battery. Philco Week souvenir, **\$3995***

(Less Battery)



PHILCO 1262. Extra added value for Philco Week! See this sensational radio-phonograph value at modest cost. Automatic Record Changer plays up to 12 records; rich-voiced tone; powerful radio reception... all in a beautifully figured, Tilt-Front console, only **\$15995***



PHILCO 472. Great Value in FM Reception! Gets highly efficient reception even on low powered FM stations. Amazing freedom from static. Powerful reception on AM too. Superb tone. Operates on AC or DC. Built-in aerial for both FM and AM. With Philco Week souvenir, **\$7995***

NEW PHILCO DISCOVERY BANISHES RECORD NOISE!
PHILCO 1270. Amazing Electronic Scratch Eliminator, reproduces any record, old or new, without a trace of surface noise or record scratch. Philco Dynamic Reproducible, Advanced-FM and other exclusive features for luxurious enjoyment of radio and records. Authentic Chippendale cabinet. **\$35950***

(Record Cabinets available on Special Philco Week Offer)



*Prices slightly higher Denver and West

"PIPE DUH MARY"

BY HENRY STEIG



The guys hung around us all the way to the tenement, yelling, "Kiss me, sister," and making catcalls

About a long-hair who had the misfortune to move into a short-haired neighborhood

THE kids in the ring around us were getting bored. "Hey, how 'bout some action?" they yelled. But Foojy and I, who were of a size and equally stubborn, just couldn't fight any more. We were so tired we could hardly lift our arms. All we could do was scowl at each other.

"I guess you both had enough," said my big brother, Eddie, who was thirteen.

"Bad day fuh me," Foojy said. His square, shaved head came forward at me in defiance as he stuck out his lower lip. "If I was feelin' awright I'd'a' knocked yuh fer a gool." He hitched up his knickerbockers and started away, out of the empty lot. Some of the onlookers went along with him. A few stayed behind with me and Eddie and my little brother Paul.

"You didn't do bad, Charlie," Eddie said. "Only the foot-work. You lead with your left so you have to keep that left foot out front. Otherwise you get off balance." Eddie's ambition was to be a poet, but he knew a lot about fighting, too.

"I know," I said. "The thing is, Foojy's got that trick where

he steps on my toe. That's why I changed over. It fooled him."

"Charlie won, didn't he?" said Paul. He was seven, two years younger than I.

"Well, at least now everybody knows Charlie ain't no Mary," said Gus, a boy over whom I'd won a decision two days earlier. Big shot Foojy wouldn't have bothered with me at all, if I hadn't licked Gus.

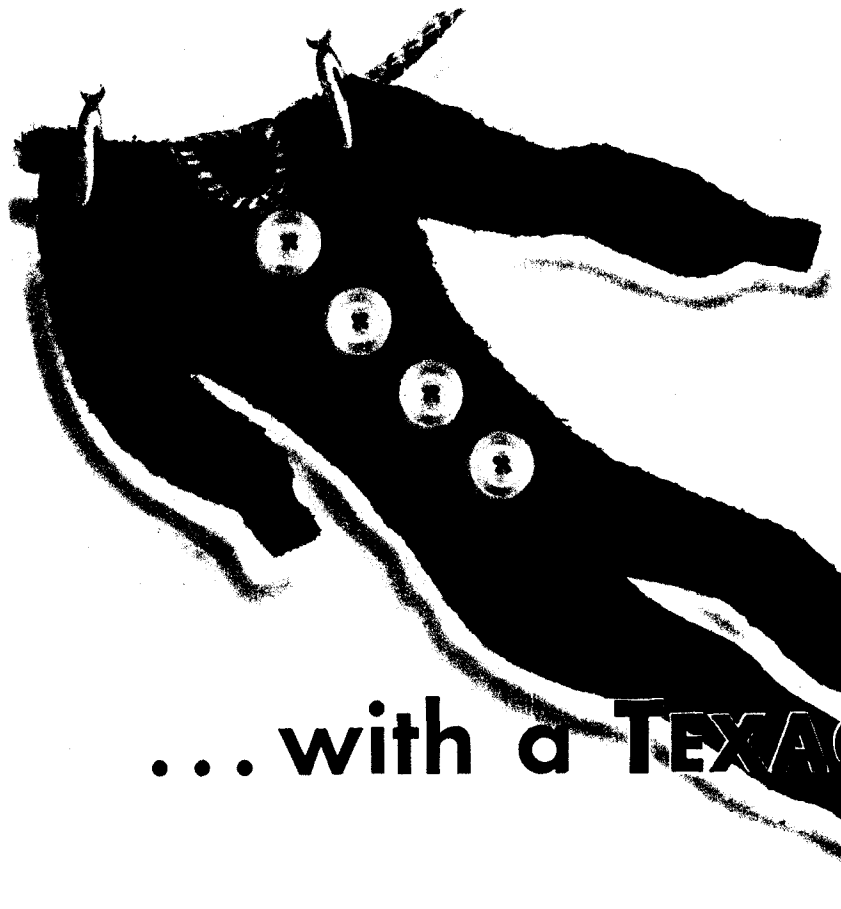
"Another thing, Eddie," I said. "The hair was in my eyes. I just have to get Mama to cut the bangs shorter."

"Hard to hit a guy if you can't see him," Paul said. "Gee, Eddie, you're lucky."

Eddie was the only one of us brothers who had a regular boys' haircut. Me, I was a ringer for the Dutch kid in the paint ads. Paul had long hair, too, but curly, like an angel's. He was an imp when he got in a scrap, though.

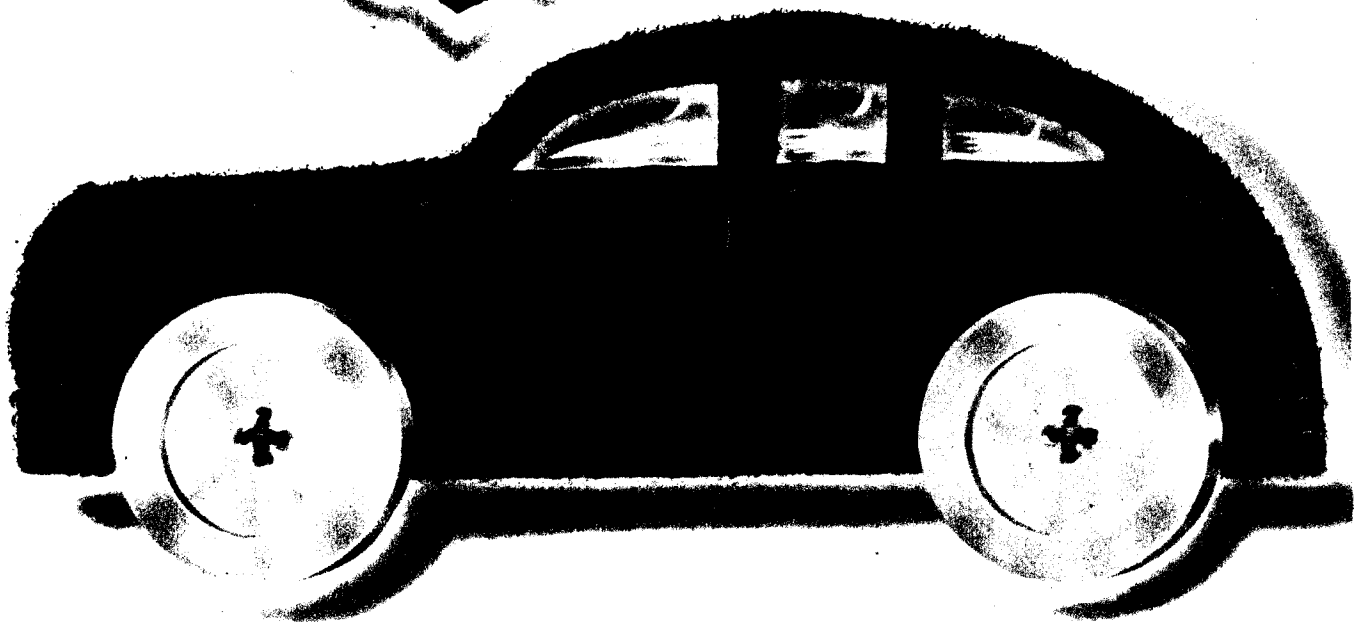
"Well, I had my share of it when I was younger," Eddie said. I pulled up my black stockings, straightened my pants and blouse. "Think Mama'll get wise?"

Dun Roman



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to start a game of punchball with the gang, Bee came out of the house and called me. "Charles, would you do me a favor?"

The guys were watching me. "Well," I said, "maybe."

"I'd like you to take me to the library. I don't know how to get there."

I wanted to say I was busy. But it was a long distance to the library, all the way over to Tremont and Washington. She might get lost. I just had to take her. "Wait a minute," I said and ran upstairs for a book that was near due.

I didn't like the way the guys looked at me when I came down again. As I started off with Bee, one of them yelled, "Pipe duh Mary!"

"Yeah, didn't I tellyiz?" Foojy said, and they all laughed.

"Walk faster," I said to Bee.

She speeded up. "Mary—what do they mean?"

"Same as sissy. On account of my hair."

"But it's nice," Bee said. "It's very pretty."

I cringed. "Holy smoke! Don't ever let the guys hear you say things like that."

IN THE library Bee made application for a card, and I took out a book for her on my card. She chose King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. It was a big book but I didn't mind carrying it for her. Now that I was getting to know her better, she was all right, not stuck up at all.

When we reached the candy store on our block I remembered I had a penny and took her in for a treat. We got two "shoelaces," a yard of rubbery licorice for each of us. "Thank you, Charles," Bee said, starting on hers. "It's delicious." Then we left the store, and found ourselves face to face with Foojy and some of the other kids. They must have spied us going in.

"It ain't enough he looks like a goil," Foojy jeered. "He plays wid goils and buys 'em candy."

"Never mind how Charles looks!" Bee said to him. "You look like a convict."

"Yaaaaah!" Foojy said. "We oughta mobbilize 'im."

I rolled up my licorice shoelace, put it in my pocket, and handed the library books to Bee. "Hold them a minute."

Bee got alarmed. "What are you going to do, Charles?"

"I'm going to show that baldnut—"

She pushed the books back at me. "I'm surprised at you, Charles. I'm surprised you even know such low people!" Taking my arm, she stuck her nose high in the air and marched off with me.

It looked as if I'd backed out of a fight with Foojy, who seemed to feel that the first time didn't count, and since he was the leader, it meant I was in bad again with the guys. Even Gus, the next day, acted distant. Clearly, the gang had decided that there must be something wrong, after all, with a guy who wore

his hair almost long enough to braid.

If I got a decent haircut, I thought, there would be one thing less against me, and maybe then the gang would take me back. It gave me an idea, involving Bee. Thinking up a little introductory speech, I went to see her about it. She was in her parlor, reading. "Bee, I want you to do something for me. A great service. There's no one else in the world I can turn to." She liked that kind of talk, I could see, and I went on to explain what a nuisance my hair was. Finally I came to the point: "The barber would be best, but I haven't got the money. You'll cut it for me, won't you?" I'd seen her making clothes for her doll and I figured she'd be handy with a pair of scissors. But the idea horrified her.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Never!"

"What's got into you?" I said.

Blushing, she showed me the book she'd been reading, about King Arthur and his knights. The champ of the outfit was a guy by the name of Sir Lancelot. There were pictures of him in the book. I looked through it. "Well—so what?"

Shyly, Bee ran her fingers through my hair. "You're my Sir Lancelot," she whispered.

Then I got it. Sir Lancelot had long hair, just like mine.

"Let's have a play!" Bee said. She hurried out of the room and returned with her father's cane and a red scarf from the dining-room sideboard. She put the cane in my hand, draped the scarf around herself, and proceeded to make me act out parts of the book with her. She was Queen Guinevere. All of the people in the book spoke a queer, sticky kind of English. It made me sick to have to say some of Lancelot's lines. Then we came to a place where Lancelot held Guinevere's hand. That was all right. I began to hope the action would lead up to a kiss. The way it turned out, though, Lancelot didn't ever get to kiss Guinevere. King Arthur wouldn't have liked that.

"Look, Bee," I said. "I'm going to have to get a haircut sooner or later. Why not now?"

Bee drew herself up tall. "If thou ever cuttest thine locks, Sir Lancelot," she said, "nevermore shall Guinevere have word with thee again!"

SUMMER was slipping by. I was growing all the time and I began to think people were laughing at me on the street. One day, a man who had just come out of a saloon stopped me and gave my hair a hard yank to see if it was real. "Why don't you put ribbons on it, kid?" he said. I kicked him in the shin and ran home. Luckily Mama was out. Only Papa was there, stretching a canvas. It was his hobby to make copies of prints of old masters.

"You got to take me to the barber's right away," I said, half bawling.

Papa shook his head. "I'd rather not, without Mama's consent. Wait a little

How to make a bed for a railroad



YOU are looking at a "mechanical mole" regularly used to clean the ballast on the Erie roadbed.

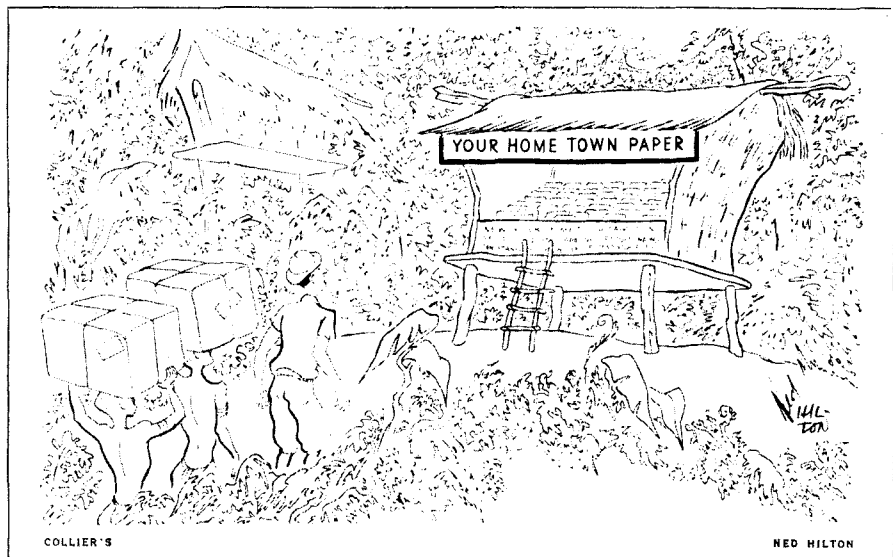
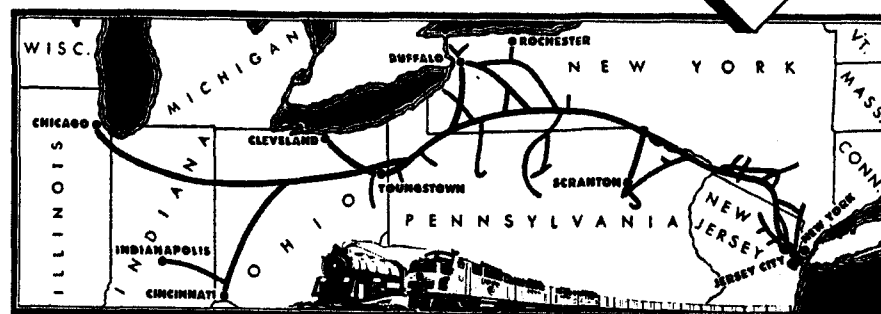
This ingenious machine forces a cutting plate into the stone ballast to a depth of 8 inches or more. Up comes the fouled ballast and out goes the dirt and cinders to be deposited away from the track. Then clean stone goes back into place to give good support for ties and track.

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Collier's for October 25, 1947

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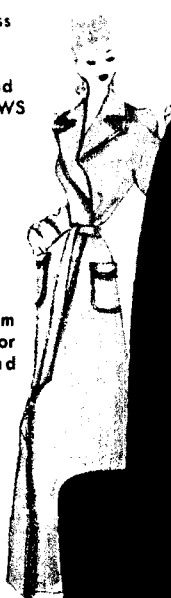
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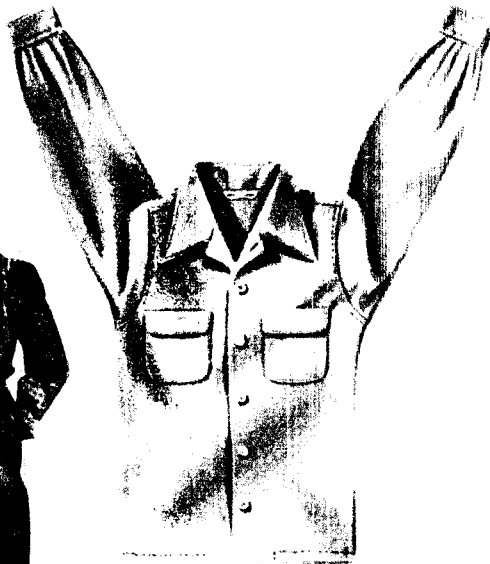


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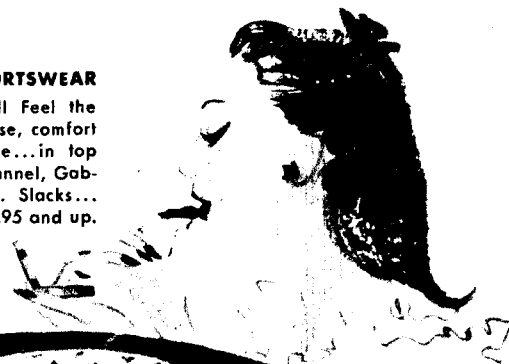
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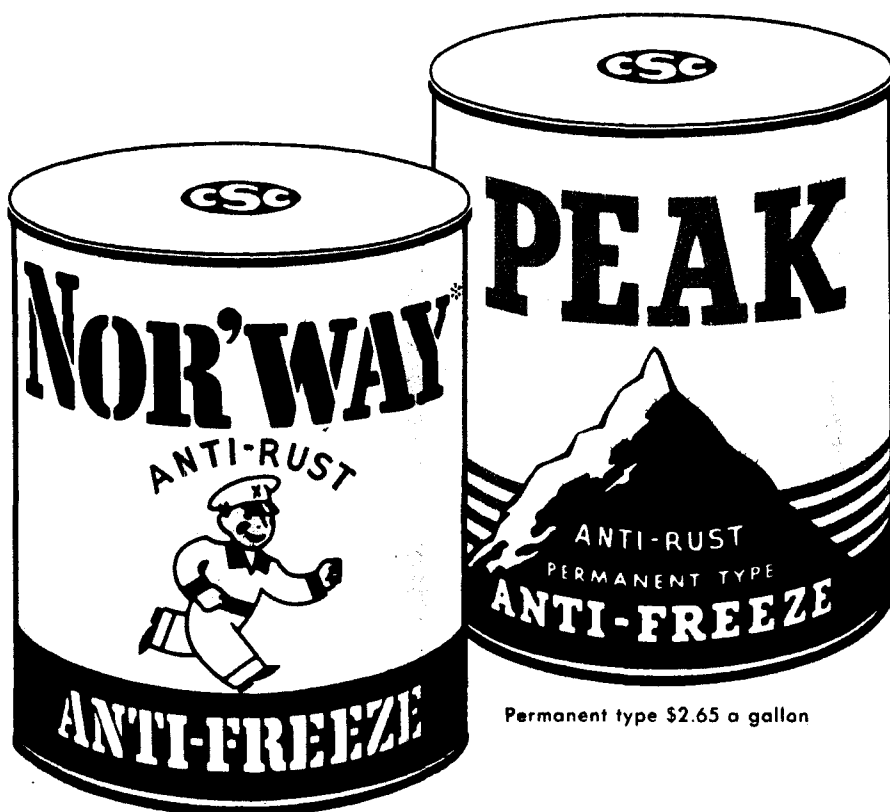
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longer. I'll do my best to persuade her."
"I'm going on ten. I can't wait any more."

Papa put aside the canvas and picked up his pipe. "You have my sympathy, Charles, but your mother is a very sentimental person and it's difficult to argue with sentiment. She'd like you boys to stay as you are. It saddens her to see you growing up so fast."

"School's starting next week," I said, "and it's a new school for me. There'll be hundreds of guys who never saw me before. I'll get mobbilized. I might even get killed."

Papa puffed at his pipe, coughed, smiled gravely, and rubbed his nose. I guessed he was weakening. I got hold of Mama's big sewing shears. "If you don't take me to the barber right now, I'll do the job myself!"

He saw I meant it. "Well, son, if that's the way you feel about it..."

WHEN we came out of the barber shop, my hair was parted on the side and pasted down with some perfumy water. I was afraid to touch it. We went home to wait for Mama.

Papa went right into the parlor and set up his easel. I sat down on the floor with a worn-out alarm clock, a screw driver, and a pair of pliers to keep myself busy while I worried about Mama. I wasn't worried about Bee. Now that the big thing had finally happened to me, I was sure she'd accept it. My growing up wouldn't bother her. Didn't girls like boys to be grown up?

Eddie and Paul came in. "Gee," Paul said. "Look at Charlie!"

Eddie was looking. "Where's Mama?" he said.

"Why didn't you take me along to the barber?" Paul asked.

"Both at once?" Papa said. "That would have been too much."

Paul studied me enviously. "You're a fine one, leaving me out of it!"

"Forget it, kid," Eddie said. "Where's Mama?"

"She'll be home presently, I expect," said Papa, making a careful stroke on his canvas, and began whistling. It had a thin, dry sound.

Then we stopped talking. Paul got on the floor with me and took a piece of the clock to work on. Eddie put the Poet and Peasant Overture on the phonograph and sat down next to it, listening hard.

Mama came home with Jerry and some groceries. Stopping at the parlor doorway, she set Jerry down. "Everybody peacefully occupied—how nice." She started through the hallway to the kitchen, but didn't get very far. After two or three steps, I heard her shopping bag thud to the floor. Then she was back in the parlor doorway, staring at me.

No one budged. The only thing in mo-

tion was the phonograph, blaring out Poet and Peasant.

Papa put down his brushes. "For God's sake, Ella," he begged, "don't keep us on tenterhooks."

"The minute my back is turned!" Mama said. "Eddie, stop that music!"

Eddie obeyed. "Aw, Ma, don't make a scene. You'll get used to it. Besides, you've still got Paul."

"Nothing doing," Paul whined. "I want a haircut."

"Jerry's hair is growing fast, too," I pointed out.

"I'll never forgive you, Dan," Mama said.

"Now, Ella, don't get dramatic. Charles has been very patient—"

"You should have respected my wishes," Mama declared.

Jerry toddled over to me, gave me a puzzled look, and grabbed hold of my ear. "Chollie?" he said. "Chollie?"

"Now see what you've done?" Mama said to Papa. "The baby doesn't even recognize him!"

"Nonsense," Papa said. "It's only that Jerry didn't know Charles had ears."

But Mama wasn't listening. Tears came to her eyes and she hurried off to the kitchen.

It was warm outdoors but there was a chill in the house all evening. I didn't sleep well that night. I had a dream in which Mama took me to the barber and demanded that he put the hair back on my head. Gloom still hung over us in the morning. Few words were spoken, and there was a feeling that we were all holding something in, but Papa let go just before he went off to work. "Damn it, Ella, don't you understand that the hair was the very thing that tended to make a pug out of Charlie?"

Mama said nothing. "Stubborn," said Papa. "She won't give in."

"Sometimes when Mama gets like this," Eddie said, "I think it's because she's the only female in the family. Tough, keeping her end up."

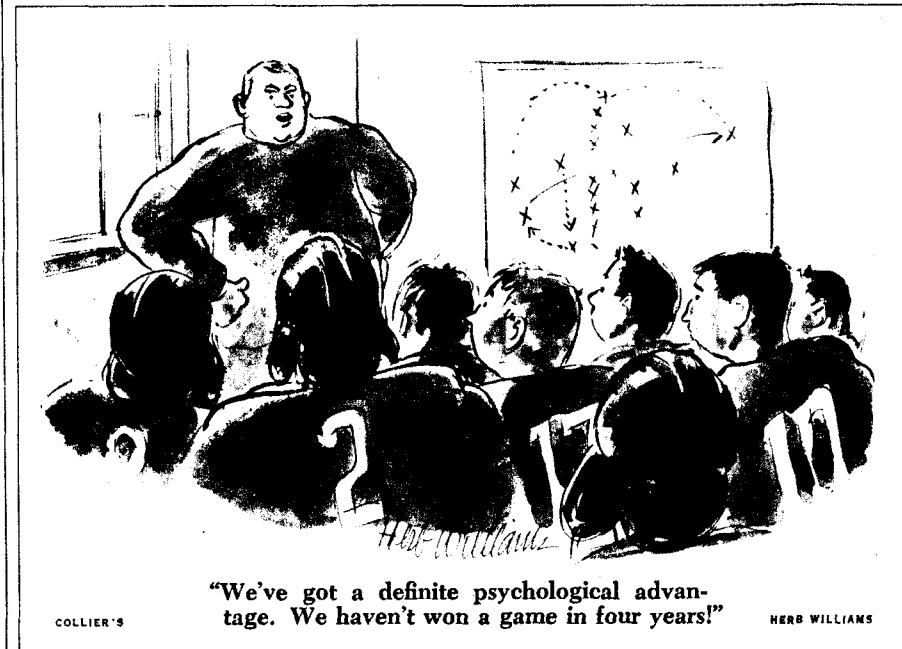
"Sometimes, Eddie," Papa said, "you astound me."

"Female!" Mama said. "A nice way to refer to one's mother."

I got out of there as soon as I could, thinking of Bee. A few inches of hair wouldn't make any difference to her. I was still the same guy, wasn't I?

I found her playing jacks on the stoop with another girl. I was just going to say hello, calmly, as if nothing had happened, but she saw me and stood up with a gasp before I could get a word out. "Lancelot is dead," she said, and dashed past me into the house. I went after her but she slammed her door in my face.

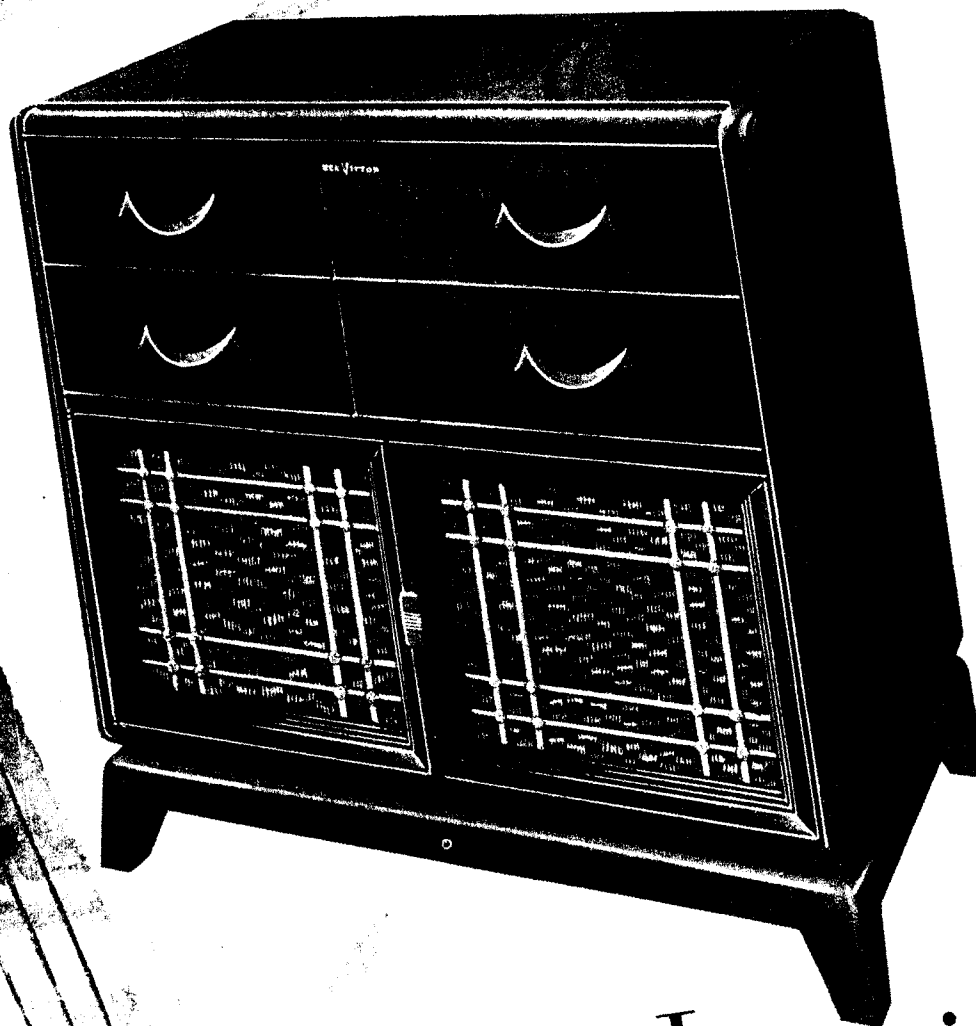
I stood still in the dim hallway for a minute in bewilderment before I went slowly downstairs again. None of the gang was around, there were only some little kids



"We've got a definite psychological advantage. We haven't won a game in four years!"

COLLIER'S

HERB WILLIAMS



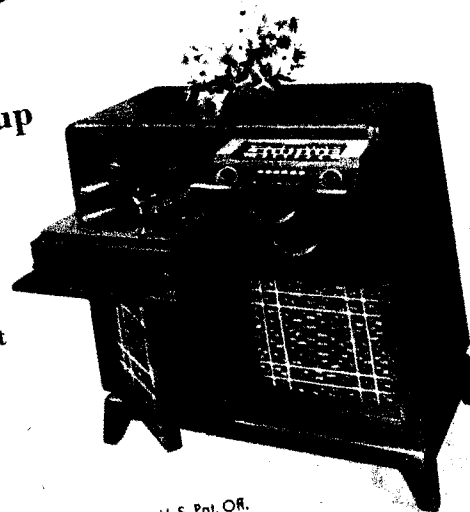
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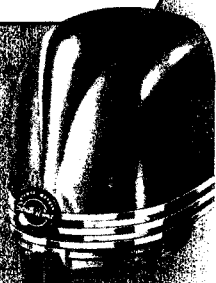
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jumping rope. I put my hands in my pockets and shuffled down the street, over to Webster, up to Clay and into Claremont Park. The neighborhood wasn't built up in those days and there was a big patch of woods west of the park. I went through the park into the woods. I flipped stones in a pond till my arm ached, and then I wandered farther on, searching for acorns. I did whatever I could to keep myself occupied while I thought bitterly of Mama and Bee and the gang; I was turning gradually into a desperate character. I could feel the change come over me, a grim hardness covering the ache of rejection. The morning passed and finally I started home.

When I reached Brook, I saw some of the guys around the house. I swaggered up the block, ready for action. Here I come, fellas, better watch out, better not start anything. I stopped in front of the stoop and faced them with a leer.

"Whadaya know?" Gus said. "Charlie looks like a regular guy!"

But Foojy only sneered. "Don't let it fool yiz. He's still duh same ole Mary."

I felt my face shape itself into a grin of invincibility. There was no doubt in my mind about how this battle was going to end. But just as I tensed myself for the onslaught that was to destroy Foojy, Mama appeared, coming up the street with Jerry in a gocart and Paul in tow. Paul's curls were missing, but that didn't make much of an impression on me with the guys waiting to see what I was going to do about Foojy. I was powerless, of course. I couldn't let Mama think I was still a roughneck, and she'd have stopped the fight anyway.

"Come, Charles," she said, "it's time for lunch," and I meekly went along.

AS I let the vestibule door swing closed behind me, I heard Foojy say, "Dat's duh second time he backed out—saved by a skoit!"

On the way upstairs, Paul made me admire him. "Ain't it swell, Charlie?" Then he showed off his haircut to Eddie, and later to Papa. We all congratulated him, and there wasn't any more talk about it.

To crow over our victory would have been tactless and indelicate after Mama's graceful surrender. All she said was, "If it makes you happy, children, it makes me happy."

But my shorn head no longer gave me much pleasure. I was an outcast from the gang in spite of it. And how could I be happy with my girl down on me? The affair with Bee was no mere crush. A crush was something you got on an aunt or a schoolteacher, a superior being to whom you gave a lot more than you

could hope for in return. But with a girl your own size: there was a sense of equality, affection on even terms. To me that was a new and wonderful thing, hardly begun, and Bee seemed willing to let it end! How could she be so cruel? . . .

School started, and with it came that feeling of fall in the air that makes kids run wild. But there was no cops and robbers for me, no ringaleavio, no micky roasts. I played a lot with Paul, but often he was busy with his own group of younger kids, and in some things he couldn't keep up with me, anyhow. Like hitching on trucks and trolley cars and teasing the cops. One of them chased me all the way home, one day, before I lost him. I told Eddie, and he kidded me. "What do you think you are, an outlaw or something? Boy, you're nuts these days."

I took him into the bedroom and closed the door. "Can you keep a secret, Eddie?"

"Sure, I can keep a secret."

"Well, I got a broken heart. I'm trying to forget."

"Gee, kid, you're starting early," Eddie said. "Why don't you get another girl? There's dozens of them around."

"Bee's the only one with dark curls and blue eyes and dimples," I said. "She won't talk to me, she doesn't even look at me. Maybe I ought to write a poem to her."

"Just like that, huh? Think it's so easy?"

"You could give me some pointers. Please, Eddie."

"Well, okay. First thing, write down all the words you can think of that rhyme with 'Bee.' Then you have to decide what you want to say. Maybe that you love her so much you can't live without her." He told me a lot of other stuff about how to write a poem, too.

"Thanks, Eddie. I get the idea."

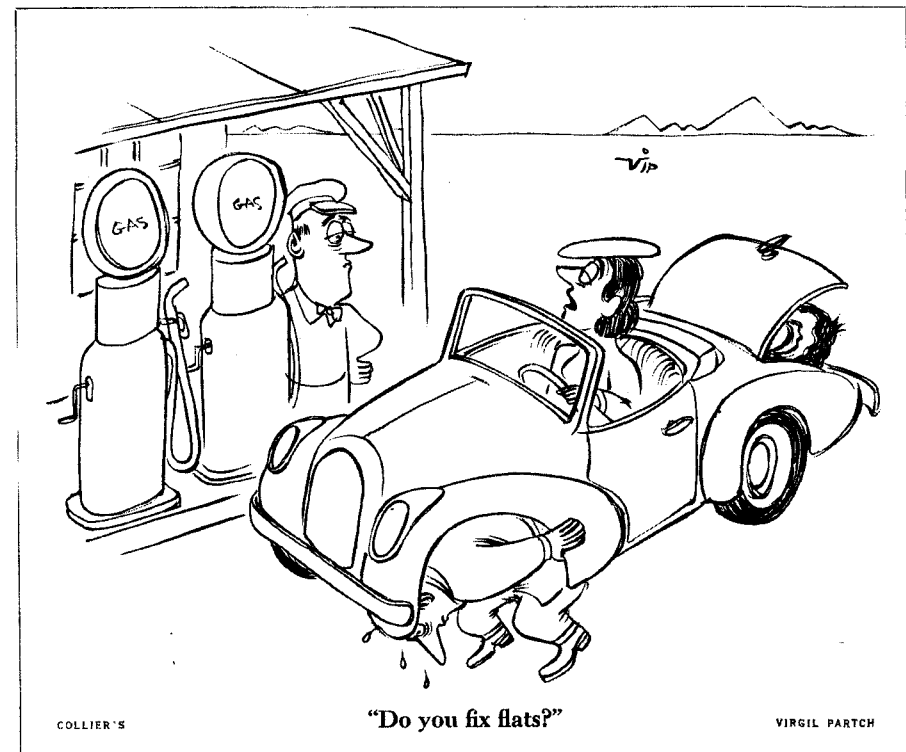
"Good luck, kid. I'll leave you alone." Later that day, I showed him this:

*On bended knee, beautiful Bee,
I beg you to listen to my plea.
I would gladly die for glee
If you would say that you love me.*

I'd worked hard on it and thought it was a good poem. My big brother didn't think it was so good. "You overworked the rhyme, kid. Not every line has to end with an 'ee' sound."

"Does it hurt? I mean as long as it came out that way."

"Kind of monotonous," Eddie said. "But all right, we'll let that go. The main thing is, it's not poetic enough. The first line has a beat missing, the second line has one too many, and the third line—



COLLIER'S

"Do you fix flats?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

A Million Girls are Yearning

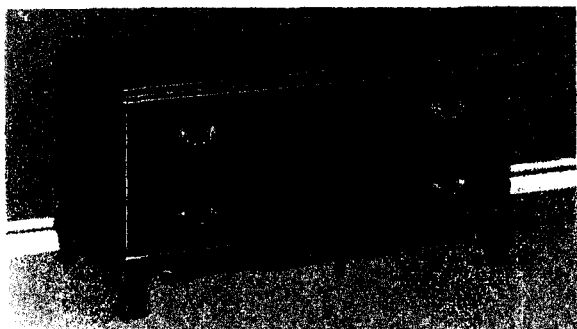
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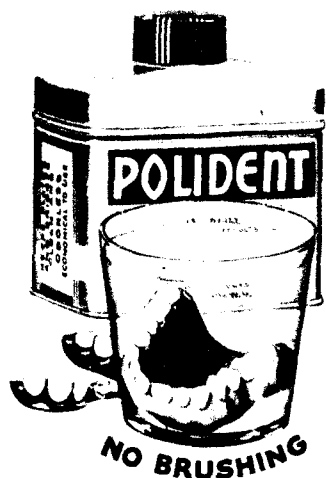


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well, it's supposed to be serious but it sounds kind of funny."

I listened carefully to his criticisms and went back to work on the poem. I sweated over it for another hour and then I had something Eddie said he thought I could get away with:

*On bended knee, O Beautiful Bee,
I prithee hearken to my plea.
I would gladly die for thee
Could I but hope that thou lovedst me.*

I put it down on a sheet of Mama's letter paper in my best Palmer penmanship and mailed it out.

IN THE morning, I hid behind the stairs in the lower hallway and waited until Bee came down. Then, peeping through the glassed door to the vestibule, I saw her take the letter from her letter box and read it. It took her so long, she must have read it ten times over. She put the poem in one of her textbooks and started off to school. I caught up with her at the end of the next block.

"Hello, Bee. Did you get my letter?" She kept her eyes straight ahead of her. "Yes, I received it."

I didn't know what to make of her chilly tone. "Well, how'd you like the poem?"

"Oh, yes, the poem. It's lovely. Who wrote it?"

"What do you mean, who wrote it?"

"Copying a poem and signing your name to it," she said. "It's just like stealing!"

"Now, listen, I didn't steal anything! I wrote it myself and if you don't believe me you can go climb a telegraph pole." I started walking ahead, fast.

She ran after me. "Honest, Charles?" "Eddie helped me a little, that's all."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Charles. Please don't go so fast." I slowed down. "Forgive me for doubting your word."

"Okay." "Will you wait for me after school, Charlie?"

"Maybe."

Of course I waited for her, and of course she knew I would. We walked home, holding hands, and the world was beautiful, with the sun shining and sparrows twittering in the roadway. It was beautiful until we got a block from home, when I heard a vile "Yoo-hoo!" behind me.

I turned around. There were Foojy and Gus and a couple of other kids following us. Foojy put his hand on his hip, struck a sissy pose, and wagged his eyebrows at me. I felt my skin shrinking tight. I swung around with Bee again and we continued on our way. "They're so

silly," she said, but her face had turned red. Not as red as mine, though. The guys hung around us all the way to the tenement, yelling, "Kiss me, sister," and making catcalls. As Bee and I went up our stoop, I looked back and saw Foojy get down on one knee and make pleading gestures with his arms at Gus. Gus simpered and giggled extravagantly. I rushed Bee into the vestibule. "Something's going to happen that you won't like. Better go upstairs," I said and rushed out again.

I jumped on Foojy right from the stoop—to hell with Queensberry rules—and we tangled on the sidewalk. We thrashed around a while, and then I was sitting on his chest. He started kicking, catching me in the ribs with his knee, and I banged his head on the pavement. He poked his thumb in my eye, so I grabbed the thumb and bent it the wrong way. He howled, gave a great heave, and scrambled out from under. "Awright, awright! Don't hafta bust my finger!"

I was on my feet again, going after him, but he backed away, bidding for peace: "How 'bout a game o' Johnny on duh pony?"

At that I stopped, guessing that Foojy and I weren't going to have to smack each other around any more. "Maybe later," I said, brushing myself off, and looked around at the other guys. They seemed awed; no doubt I was in solid. I turned and started up the stoop. There was Bee, standing at the top, pale with excitement.

"Ooh, Charlie," she said, wide-eyed. I took her inside to the privacy of the hallway. "So you saw it," I said. "Well, do you still want to be my girl?"

She gave me a melting look from under her eyelashes and nodded.

"But how do I know you mean it? I got to have proof," I said and thought I heard my heart thumping, echoing through the hallway.

Then, for the first time, Bee kissed me. She kissed me on the mouth, took my hand again, and led me upstairs to her parlor. "Let's have a play, Charlie."

"Wait a minute. No more of that Lancelot stuff."

"No," she said. "I'm through with King Arthur. We'll have a play about the movie I saw last night. It was about cow-boys."

"Well," I said, "that's different."

"There's a gang of horse thieves and they kidnap the girl, and Bronco Billy Anderson goes after them—Bronco Bill, he's wonderful!" Bee gave me that look again from under the eyelashes. "And do you want to know something, Charlie? You're just like him."

THE END



"Glad to do it, Maribel"

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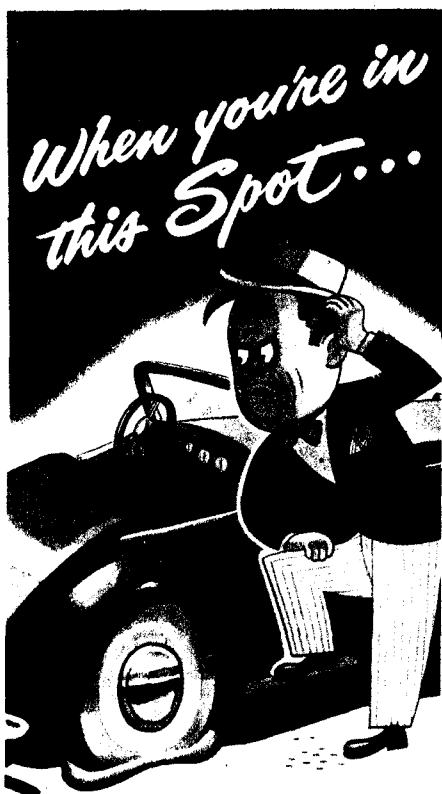
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conventional characters. At one moment Grandma appears with the Greek chorus and has words for Joe, and at another Mama wages a losing battle when Jennie convinces him that his real opportunity lies with Chicago and the big dough. Mama is on hand to sing Come Home, Son, Come Home when Joe finally gets fed up with the Loop and there is a point near the end when both Mama and Grandma arrive to work on the lad. ("What a parlay!" breathed our neighbor in the next seat.)

If this seems a bit grisly it must be remembered that Hammerstein and Rodgers wrote the greatest of all musical shows, *Oklahoma!*, around a loathsome character named Jud—a sex-starved maniac, a sadist, a musk-scented flower of perversion. He gets killed quite completely for his pains and to many connoisseurs of the *Oklahoma!* score the most haunting of all numbers is the gracious elegy entitled *Pore Jud Is Daid*.

Mama and Grandma may be eerie but they are not evil and it must be said that *Allegro* is an adult production with full-rounded characters and a point of view. Both Joe and Jennie are treated as serious cases. She is a charming girl and might have continued that way in other circumstances. She is ambitious for her husband in typical American fashion and if it works out badly it is not from any evil calculations of her own. Joe's character is equally sound, and *Allegro* may be considered a morality play with music, a contest between service to humanity and greed. It is a successful analysis of a man's integrity and his fight for his own soul.

What's in a Musical's Name

This sounds solemn but the plot is handled with wit and irony and keeps to a straight line. One spectacular production number called *Yatata, Yatata*, *Yatata* satirizes the usual gabby cocktail party and ends in the stirring *Allegro* music with the psychiatric ballet. There are critics who maintain that the show is badly named, since *Allegro* has little to do with it and comes late in the second act. It does little to explain the play and in fact confuses the issue. But who cares what a musical show is called so long as it is enjoyable?

When the show played Boston, it ran to 11:45 on opening night and played in semidarkness when the light cues got balled up. ("It was like acting in a tunnel," said Rodgers with a grimace. "I have a phobia about lights. If I can't see an actor's face I go crazy.")

As an ordinary thing Rodgers is the last one to go nuts. He drives everybody else slightly awry during the tryout period by refusing to be worried at all. His work is done and he goes humming about gaily while the others suffer the tortures of—of a theatrical producer opening in Boston. Hammerstein looked like a man who has just heard that his family has been trapped offshore in a hurricane. Miss de Mille, who directed the whole proceedings, was keeping her aplomb admirably, but Jo Mielziner had a job on his hands with the lighting. The show has nine light boards, and the final job of getting the light cues set is as ticklish as anything done by Toscanini on a new symphony by Prokofieff.

Hammerstein made cuts that took huge gaps out of the first act, and the second night's performance ended at 11:35. He managed another incision that hacked away seven minutes more for the third performance. That meant the cast rehearsed from one to five every day and tried to act at night as if it had all been set for ages. We may report that on the third night things were better.

BROADWAY SORTIE

Continued from page 21

"This is great," cried Rodgers enthusiastically. "You should have seen Carousell up here. You'd have thought we brought the thing in to insult the Pilgrim Fathers."

Mr. Hammerstein merely kept his lips pursed and continued to run a pencil through his dearest lines. In the darkened auditorium sat Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner, attentive but mute except at such moments as Langner approved heartily of a new lighting effect Mielziner was achieving. The principals of the cast were going over the new lines with Mr. Hammerstein in the foyer; the Greek chorus was wandering on and off the stage as they were needed.

Watching Miss Helburn and Mr. Langner, the czars of the Theatre Guild and veterans of dozens of tryouts, one couldn't help wondering how they kept up their enthusiasm. A tryout anywhere is misery and will continue to be as long as the theater lasts. Nothing ever goes right, everybody is terrified and apprehension fills the empty theater like a cloud.

Hammerstein and Rodgers produced *Annie Get Your Gun*, one of the greatest hits of American theater history. It has played to standees every performance since it started and yet it required eleven months to get back the production costs. Rodgers is angry at reports that *Allegro* is the most expensive production yet.

"It'll run a lot this side of \$250,000," he said, "and they've been yelling about \$500,000. *Annie* cost \$300,000. Look at our sets. They're swell but you'll have to admit they're simple. This'll cost enough but we don't want anybody thinking we're doing another *Chu Chin Chow*. It doesn't look good in times like these."

As in other Hammerstein-Rodgers successes the cast is unknown and very good. The only name is Annamary Dickey, who did a stint at the Metropolitan Opera. Roberta Jonay has been keeping herself nicely hidden at Paramount for four years and the others are the sort of people known to the profession and nobody else.

The surprise of them all is Wilson Smith, who not only does the football coach bit but adds the best laughs in the play when he portrays a Hollywood producer who drops by to see Dr. Taylor. Lovely Kathryn Lee and Evelyn Taylor are the solo dancers, and Gloria Wills

furnishes the feminine humor in a slightly hilarious scene in which she convinces the naïve Joe that a mere kiss will not necessarily sully him for life. John Conte is very good as Joe's sardonic college chum, and Lisa Kirk quite bucks up the show when she arrives late as Joe's office assistant and (hinted) second spouse.

"We have a great trade going in discards," says Rodgers. "We find them under Hollywood contract doing nothing and make Broadway stars out of them. People like John Raitt and Jan Clayton. Then they go back at big salaries and Hollywood lets them sit around again."

Opinion-Polling the Lobby

Having reached this point, it is plain we haven't the faintest idea how *Allegro* will fare financially. People think they like novelty, but their response to it is often short of ecstatic. We slunk about the lobby at intermission and after the show, buttonholing innocent ticket buyers and insisting on their opinion. One man looked at us with a suspicious eye.

"You a member of the Hammerstein family . . . an uncle or something?" he demanded.

We repulsed the sweet indictment and indicated our lack of bias.

"Well, I'll tell you what I think of the show," he said. "I think it's a bleeding bore."

The shock of this was quickly relieved by an encounter in another part of the lobby. This young lady was going about with a queer look in her eyes.

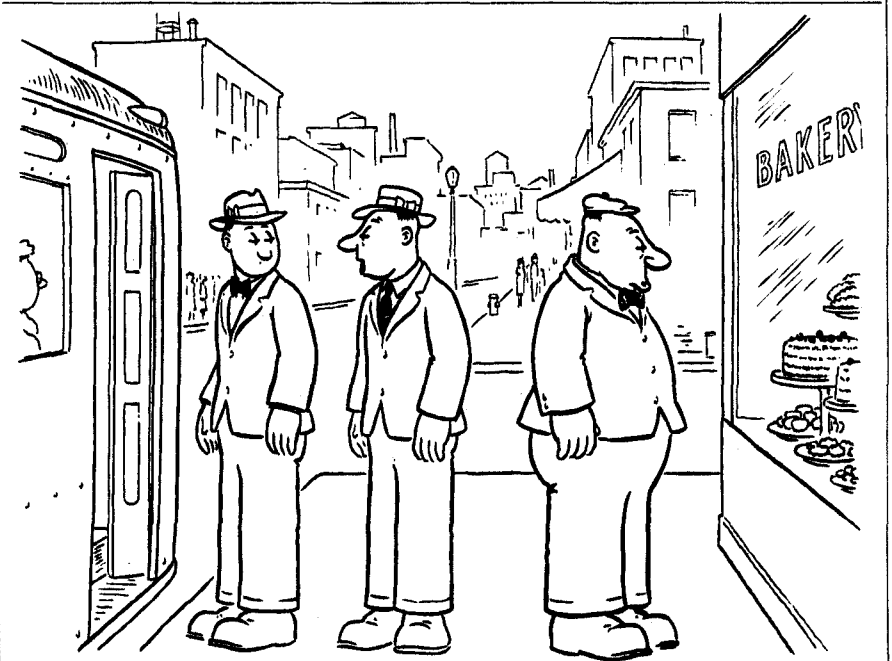
"I think it's wonderful, beautiful," she said, in a voice only slightly removed from the celestial.

There were other opinions but these represented the split. No matter what the critics say, there will always be this division of opinion. We don't know whether or not it is a masterpiece or even a great show but we know it's a great attempt. It may even heap up another pile of that stuff so cherished by Mr. Snyder in Washington and generally taken entirely by him. The Treasury has adopted an Omar Khayyam attitude toward the theater, to wit: Take the cash and let the credit go. They have only the best wishes for Messrs. H and R.

THE END

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



COLLIER'S

"Alfred's not coming on this bus with us. He's going to stay and smell the bakery a while longer"

Collier's for October 25, 1947

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THE FUGITIVE
Hunted because of
what he believed.

THE BETRAYED
Spurned by the man
she gave her heart to.

THE PURSUER
Driven by blind
slavery to duty.

THE JUDAS
Cursed with his
handful of silver.

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Screenplay by DUDLEY NICHOLS

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★ THE HURRICANE
★ STAGECOACH
★ GRAPES OF WRATH
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★ HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY
★ THEY WERE EXPENDABLE
★ ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

CO CAMBODIA

BY WALTER D. WATKINS

The Frenchman's guide, an elderly Chinese, pointed out the lush countryside and the French warships anchored in the harbor. In the convoy were French soldiers, American soldiers, and a deadlock and the vicious fighting in the hills.



YOU can get the best picture of the current impasse in Indo-China—and the very unpretty war that results—if you ride in an armed convoy from Saigon into the interior. The impasse is simple: The French want to stay in Indo-China; the Indo-Chinese want them to get out. The war is more complex. The prevailing religion of the country holds that an insult to a dead enemy is considerably greater than to a live one. The guerrillas apply this teaching to any white captives with a carving ingenuity and hateful enthusiasm for mutilation that is always shocking to the French, who sometimes avenge the death of a comrade in kind. Hence the necessity for convoys.

The convoy in which I traveled from Saigon to Cambodia began lining up at five in the morning in a park beside the Saigon River and under the guns of the French warships anchored there. There were 78 vehicles in the convoy; smaller groups are too susceptible to ambush and annihilation. This convoy, like others, had a heavy proportion of American Lend-Lease trucks, with machine guns frowning from the cab top of practically every third vehicle.

Other trucks and jeeps bristled with armed infantrymen, French and native. Three ancient Chinese-owned busses, overflowing with package-burdened native civilians and freight, were placed deep inside the convoy, a favored spot for the few passenger cars of government civilians.

A snappy French major looked over my police and military travel permits, walked down the long double line of vehicles, spoke curtly to the civilian driver of a bantam-sized Peugeot, and motioned me into the back seat, piled high with luggage and

women's hatboxes. At seven we started on the long slow grind toward Pnom-Penh, capital of Cambodia, some 120 miles northwest.

The driver of our car was Jean Garnier, a trim young engineer in the French colonial service now assigned to the public works department of the Kingdom of Cambodia. The charming pink-cheeked girl beside him was his wife, just arrived from Paris to join her husband for the remaining 30 months of his three-year stay in the colonies. Garnier had a fine house waiting for her in Pnom-Penh, they had just had a second honeymoon of a week in gay Saigon, and everything was lovely. Even to sharing their car.

Garnier packed a small revolver, a custom in this country, but he was not too worried. Our car was number 47 in the long procession; if the road were mined, the first trucks would get it; if the guerrillas attacked, the front and the rear would get the worst of it, but the convoy had sufficient fire power to take care of itself, and those in the center, unless the attack occurred in the few jungle areas interspersed among the rich rice and rubber plantations, most likely would catch nothing.

"Only the first 50 miles or so are dangerous," Garnier reassured his wife, who looked happily unconcerned, more interested, indeed in looking at the burned native villages and wrecked telephone lines near Saigon, or in marveling at the fleecy cumulus clouds floating idly over the green countryside. "Once we're into Cambodia everything is peaceful."

He was right. Indo-China, unlike Gaul, is divided into five parts—Tonkin and Annam in the north and east, Cochinchina in the south, the

(Continued on page 102)



General Ho Chi Minh, shown at left during a visit to France, is the Moscow-trained leader of the rebellious Indo-Chinese. Their fierce, atrocity-marked war against their French overlords often catches civilians like those (above), in the middle, destitute and tragic

INTERNATIONAL



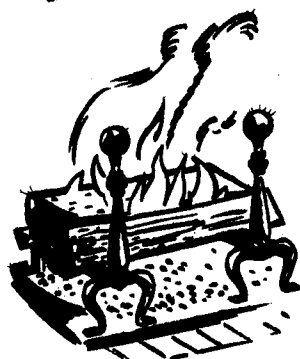
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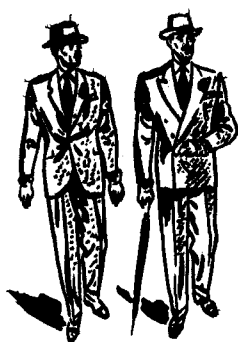
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as your pipe



warm as a log fire



smart as British Tweeds

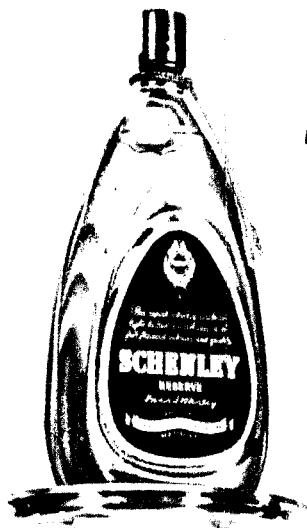
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WHAT'S WRONG WITH U.N.?

Continued from page 16

One fault of the U.N. is that many delegates are not acting on direct mandate from the people of the nations they represent. They are lawyers acting for governments. Their actions are dictated by their governments and these use the General Assembly as a forum in which to air their differences and the Security Council as a board room in which to reach decisions.

The greatest differences as to how and perhaps who shall run the world exist between the two strongest powers, America and Russia. It is their conflict rather than those between other powers which commands the most space in the newspapers. Until their divergent views are reconciled the U.N. can't run smoothly.

Russia's Obstructive Tactics

Nevertheless, the evidence stacks high that the Russians, in pursuit of their own imperialist destiny in Eastern Europe, the Balkans and Asia, have thrown a big and possibly lethal monkey wrench into the gears of the U.N. machinery. The responsibility for the U.N.'s failure to operate efficiently and for the low ebb of the organization's prestige as its delegates sat this month in the second full-dress session of the General Assembly was, in the minds of most Americans and Europeans, clearly Russia's.

Was their verdict justified? The answer, after examining the frequency and effect with which Gromyko has used the veto in the Security Council, is a qualified "Yes." The veto has been Gromyko's strongest weapon in the desperate struggle between the Communist East led by Soviet Russia and the democratic West championed by the United States.

The United States is determined that its liberal concept of democracy, shared by the majority of the members of the United Nations, shall prevail in the world. In the political and economic reconstruction of Europe it insists on "freedom of the press," "free elections" and "freedom of enterprise."

Russia also professes democratic aims, but to the Soviets those tenets are either meaningless or have meanings quite different from those expressed in the Bill of Rights, the Constitution of the United States or the Charter of the United Nations. Russia violates them in extending

its influence in Eastern Europe and in seeking to expand it in the Balkans, the Middle East and Asia.

The result is conflict. Russia communizes Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria and presses for advantage in Greece and Turkey. America counters with the Truman Doctrine, seeking to stiffen the resistance of democratic elements to the blandishments of Communism. The conflict expresses itself in the United Nations.

In the General Assembly, where each of the 55 nations has one delegate and one vote regardless of size and power, America invariably has its democratic way. But the General Assembly cannot make laws. Its decisions are not mandatory. Other nations can accept or disregard them. What power the Assembly wields is strictly moral. It can urge the Greeks, for example, to quit butchering one another, but it cannot actually stop the slaughter unless the Greeks themselves, faced with the condemnation of most of the rest of the world, voluntarily lay down their weapons.

In the Assembly, Russia is powerless to avoid being held up before the world as guilty of whatever crime the majority might pin on it and equally unable to put over any scheme which might expand its influence at the expense of anyone else. It can never summon enough votes.

But in the Security Council, majority rule doesn't exist. Any one of the five permanent members—America, Great Britain, Russia, China or France—can obstruct the will of the majority by the use of the veto. In the Council, Russia is in a position to play politics to the hilt. It is able to block any action which the Kremlin considers dangerous to Russia's interests.

Continuation of the Greek civil war, for instance, could work to Russia's advantage. The Communist-led guerrillas might win. Their victory could mean expansion of the Communist world and extension of Russian influence in the strategically important region of the Dardanelles, eastern gateway to the Mediterranean, whose domination Russia has sought for 400 years. By vetoing peace efforts in Greece, Gromyko increased his government's chances of gaining its objective.

The Assembly is largely a forum, a

town meeting of the world. But the Security Council is much more. The Council's decisions are mandatory and in the legal sense far more important than those of the larger body. The Assembly talks and by talking may influence action. The Council acts. Obstructionism in the Assembly can be talked down or voted away. Obstructionism in the Security Council paralyzes the whole United Nations machinery.

This does not necessarily mean, as has been suggested by many politicians and by some pundits, that the veto should be abolished. The experts who blue-printed the United Nations organization purposely included the veto power among those given to the Big Five. In the Assembly the Big Five have no more power than any of the other nations. But some way had to be found to grant those five countries most responsible for victory special powers commensurate with their greater responsibilities in economic and political reconstruction and in keeping peace. The veto seemed the way to do this.

The veto was an American idea, insisted on by Franklin D. Roosevelt at Yalta and accepted by Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin. Properly used, it could forestall hasty action by any one of the Big Five. America could use it, for instance, to prevent commitment of American troops to intervene in the internal affairs of another nation without the consent of Congress. Russia could employ it to block an unwarranted declaration of war against itself.

How Nations Have Used the Veto

The Big Five were aware of the danger that the veto could be employed as a stick in the wheels of the Security Council. They publicly agreed not to use the veto "willfully to obstruct the operation of the Council" but only in matters of the "greatest urgency." Up to the end of the 188th session of the Council in August, France had used the veto power once. Neither the United States, Great Britain nor China had invoked it. Soviet Russia had employed it 18 times, five times merely to block admission to the United Nations of countries whose votes in the General Assembly would have swelled the already overwhelming majority against the U.S.S.R.

There is one practical reason why the United States, for instance, has not used the veto so far: It has not had to. In every case where it has voted against a proposition it has been supported by a majority of the Council. So a veto was not needed. In at least one case, the U.S. was the first to vote, and its "Nay" was sufficient to kill the question right then and there. However, in this case—Bulgaria's admission to U.N.—a majority also voted "No," so that the U.S. was not credited with a veto.

As used—or misused—by the Russians the veto is undoubtedly one of the things most wrong with the United Nations. It has become what the Australian delegate described as "the most vicious instrument employed by man to prevent the democratic will of the majority." There are indications, however, that something will be done about it, probably during the current session of the Assembly.

There is a move sponsored by Argentina to have the veto power abolished. But this probably won't happen. The Big Five are not likely to give up their special privilege, irked as at least four of the five may be about the way the veto is employed, until the world is a much safer and happier place to live in. Besides, only the Security Council, by unanimous vote, could remove it and that is about the last subject on which una-

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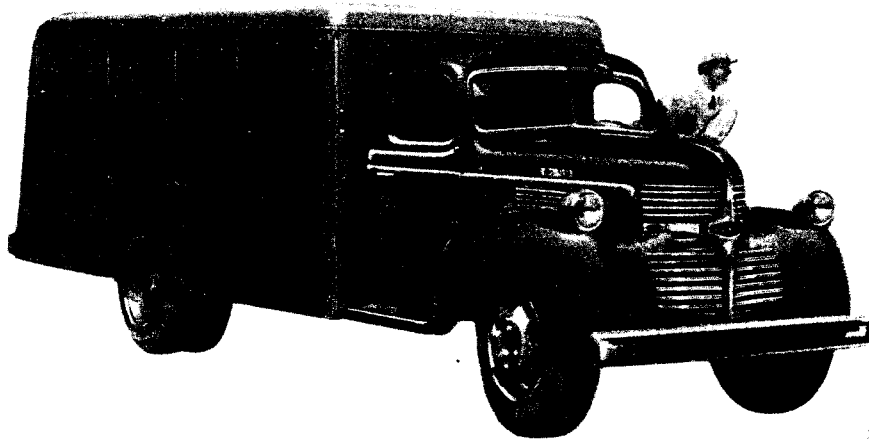
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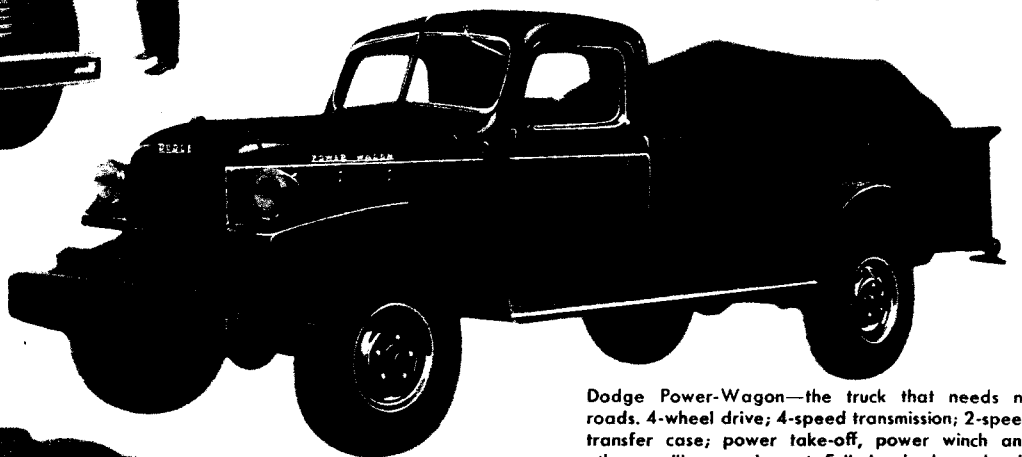
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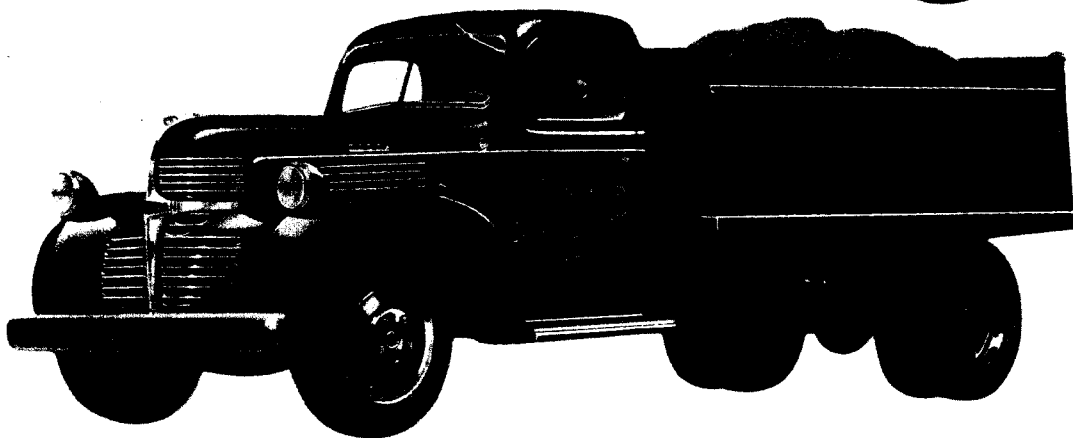
"Job."



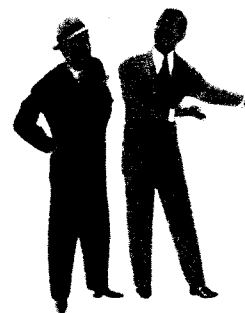
For special bodies such as the refrigerator body (above) many "Job-Rated" chassis-and-cab models are available for maximum gross weight loads up to 23,000 pounds. Includes Cab-Over-Engine or conventional cab models.



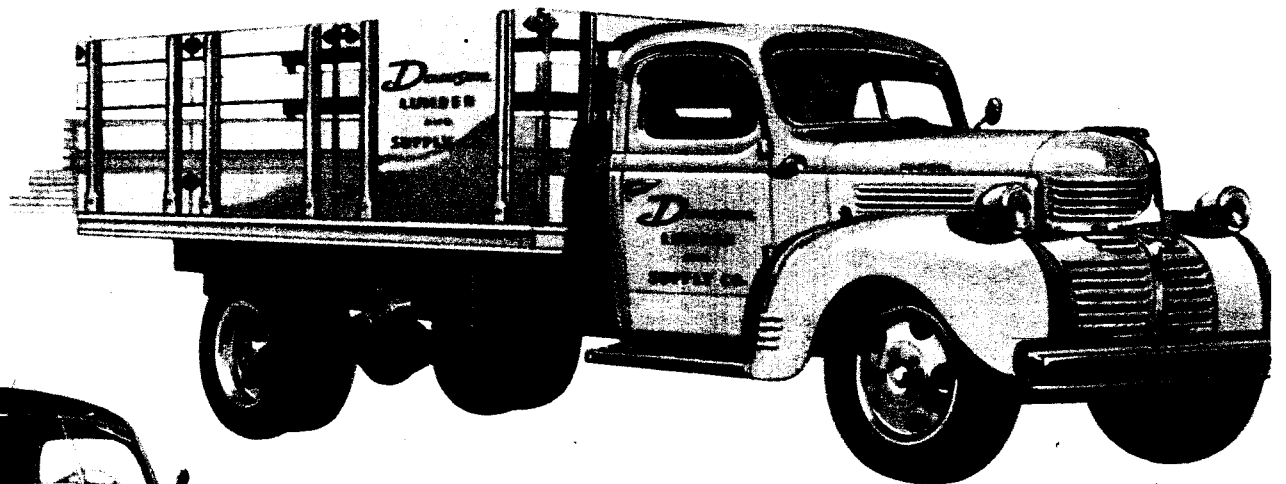
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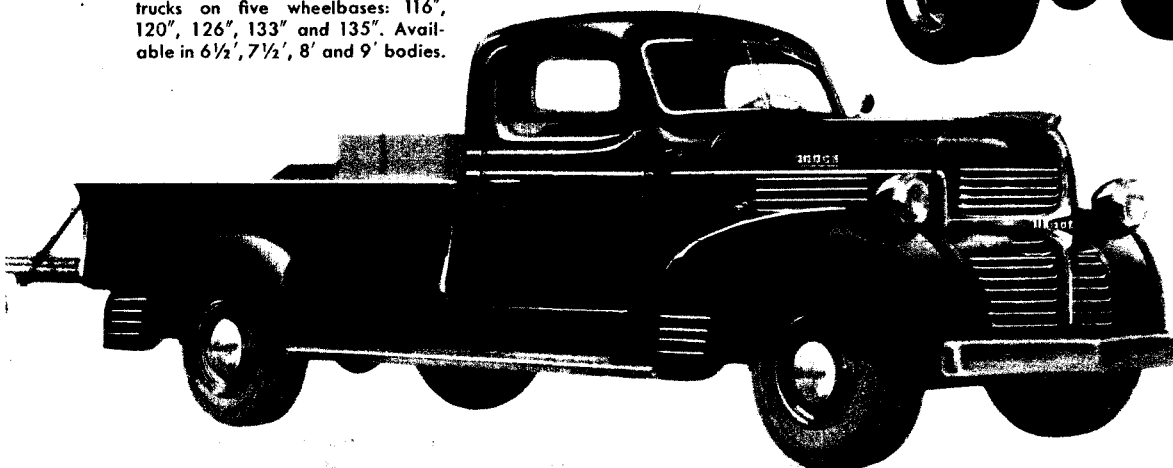
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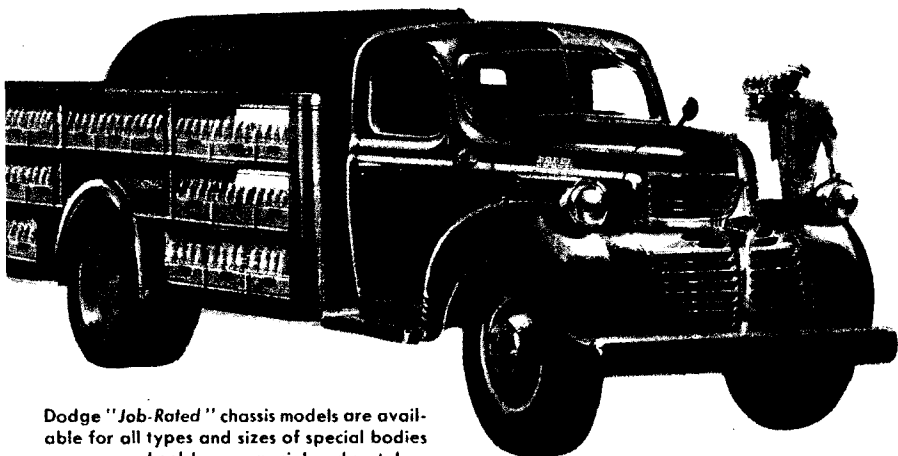
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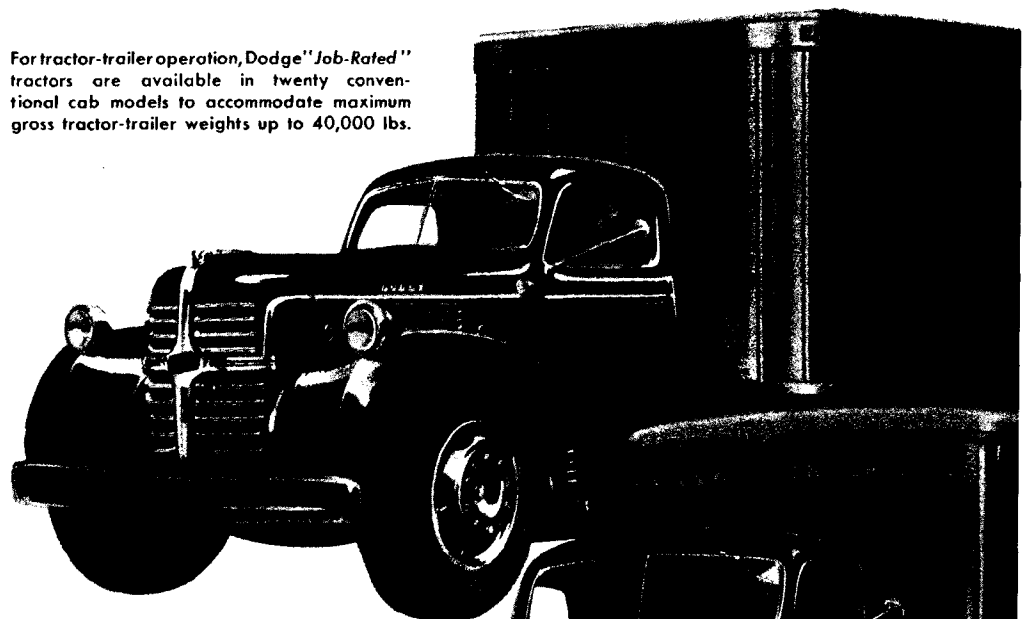
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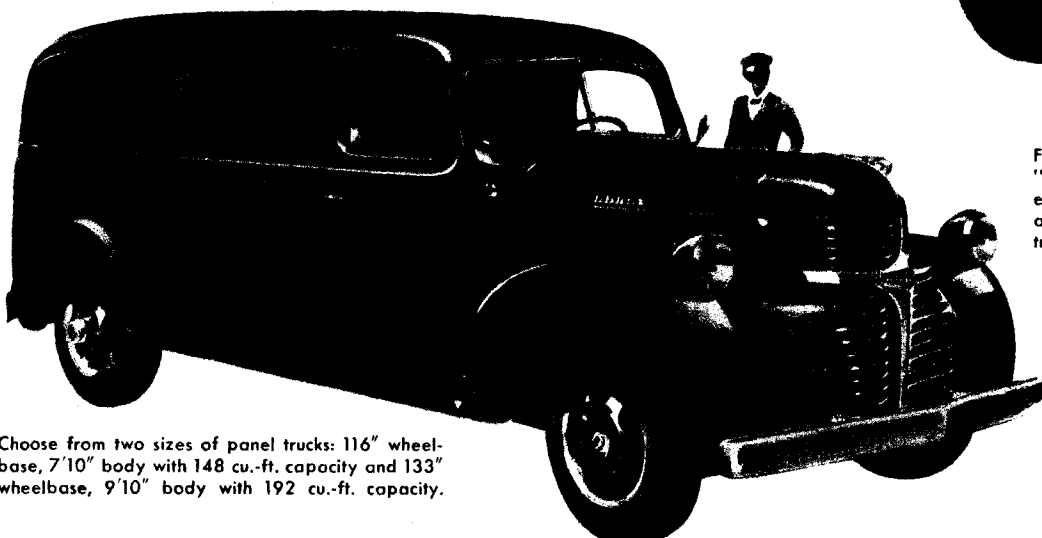
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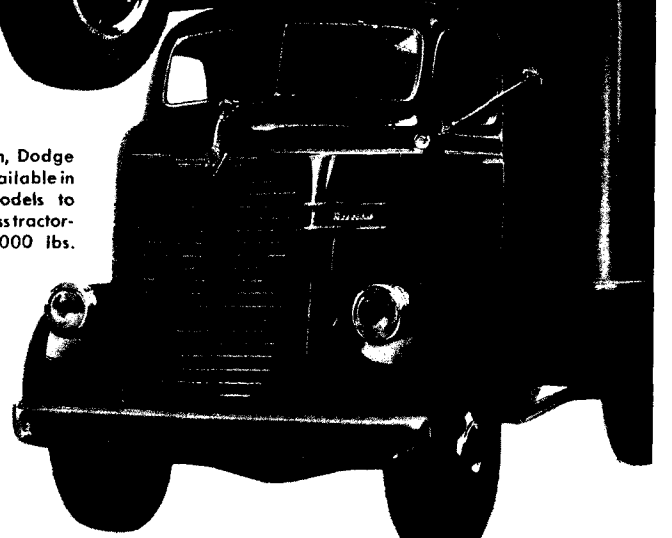


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nimity can be expected. More important in the reform movement was Secretary of State George Marshall's strong condemnation of Russia's overuse of the veto in his opening speech to the current General Assembly session.

Marshall attacked the obstructive effects of the veto directly in two points of the now famous four-point program. In the first of these he asked that the veto power be restricted to actions in which actual penalties, political or economic, against some offending nation, were being considered by the Security Council. He said that the United States would accept the elimination of the veto power on all matters relating to the peaceful settlement of disputes and on various administrative matters like the admission of new members to the U.N. He further suggested that a special committee be appointed to study restrictions on the use of the veto and report back at the next session of the General Assembly next year.

An Alternate Court of Appeal

The second of Secretary Marshall's two points proposed that the Assembly create a permanent committee composed of representatives from each of the 55 United Nations, which would sit continuously and serve, in effect, as an alternate court of appeal to the Security Council. Since this committee would be a part of the General Assembly, it would not be bound by the veto, but would be able to operate if two thirds of its members approved. This would neatly get around the obstacle of the veto power, but, presumably, the committee, like the Assembly, would have the power only to talk and to recommend. It would not have the Security Council's power to act. But it would have the power of mobilizing world opinion on a particular question and of directing that moral force against an offending nation.

These were, of course, only proposals by one member of the United Nations. Whether the General Assembly would finally decide to adopt them, in whole or in part, remained to be seen, as this was written. The reception accorded Marshall's speech was generally enthusiastic—by everybody except the Russians.

In his reply, Andrei Vishinsky emphatically rejected the idea of such a committee as an attempt to by-pass the Security Council. Then he continued on to accuse the United States of warmongering and asked the Assembly to adopt a resolution calling on the U.S. to cease propaganda designed, he said, to prepare the world for a new war. So bitter was Vishinsky's speech that a cloud of hopelessness settled over the delegates. Both

inside the Assembly Chamber and along the Main Streets of the world; there was talk that the United Nations was already doomed to failure.

This hopelessness was furthered by Russia's obstructionism which showed itself in other vital issues in which the veto was not directly involved. These included the supreme question of international control of atomic energy. This case further illustrates Russia's mistrust of the West, its own desire to assume world leadership and how far from "understanding" each other are the titans of the peace.

Both America and Russia produced plans for international control of atomic energy nearly a year and a half ago. The job of trying to reconcile them was handed to the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission. This is really the Security Council with Canada added. Progress to date: zero.

The American plan as proposed by Bernard M. Baruch took into consideration every possible aspect of the problem of preventing the use of atomic energy for military purposes and to ensure its use for the good of all nations. It urged the creation of an Atomic Development Authority, a sort of worldwide TVA, with monopolistic powers over (1) sources of fissionable materials, (2) information concerning all aspects of atomic development from the moment a quantity of uranium ore is mined up to the moment it is consumed to produce energy, (3) allocation, ownership and operation of atomic-energy plants and (4) inspection of every phase of the development and use of atomic energy, regardless of national frontiers.

What capitalist America proposed was, actually, a socialistic plan. Under an ADA the benefits of atomic development would belong not exclusively to nations financially best able to afford them but to all in proportion to their needs. Countries lacking uranium or other fissionable materials could obtain them from ADA. Those too poor to spend astronomical sums for research could get information from the authority or, if unable to erect atomic plants of their own, could buy power from neighbors at rates fixed by the ADA. The horizons of the American plan were unlimited.

America proposed to begin destroying its stock pile of atomic bombs once an ADA was established and had proved its workability and safety. This would be the first step toward gradual universal disarmament. But before it took this step America wanted to be sure that its own national security was protected. First must come a general agreement with all the necessary safeguards to ensure that any nation which violated the

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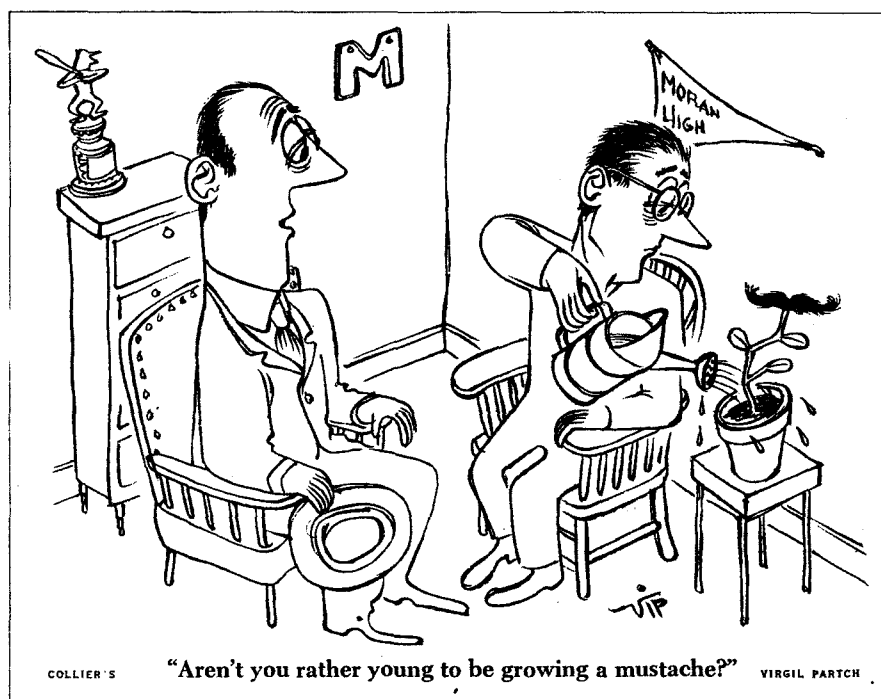
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ADA's prohibitions against the use of atomic energy for military purposes would be swiftly and effectively punished.

Avowedly Socialist Russia didn't like America's Socialist plan and opposed it on nearly all counts. Russia proposed that before anything else happened the members of the United Nations should sign a pact outlawing the atomic bomb, meaning that America should destroy its bombs and stop their manufacture. Russia insisted that the power to deal with violations and violators of such a pact remain in the Security Council where she would have the protection of her veto. Keeping it there might also delay investigation and punishment until too late to avoid atomic disaster.

Russia has also argued that the powers proposed for the ADA would violate the "sovereignty equality" of member nations. Sovereign and historically isolationist America is willing to relinquish a good deal of its sovereignty in the field of atomic development to an international authority. Soviet Russia apparently is not.

Behind the Soviet Union's objections to the American plan is mistrust of capitalist America's ultimate aims. Russia is afraid of America's military might. This explains the Soviets' insistence on outlawing atomic weapons and the destruction of existing bombs as a condition for accepting any atom-control plan. It also explains their love for the veto, which they regard as their only defense against an antagonistic capitalist world.

America has insisted that the veto power be dropped by the Security Council in dealing with cases involving atomic control and particularly with instances of violations. This was to guarantee that the veto wouldn't block action against a violator before he dropped an atom bomb on somebody. The Russians last summer agreed in principle that the veto should not be used to prevent immediate action against anyone caught chiseling on atomic-energy control by making bombs on the sly. Luckily it takes so long to manufacture a bomb that with supervision such as the ADA scheme provides, the culprit could be dealt with before he could do any damage.

Until international control of atomic energy is achieved, the experts agree, disarmament is impossible. Until nations can be sure that the world won't explode in a mushroom-shaped blast, another costly armaments race is in prospect.

Poland—Soviet Stooze State

Russia, it is evident from the record, has been the principal and usually the only objector to the will of the majority in the settlement of disputes that might lead to war and in achieving international control of atomic energy. Its only supporter has been Poland, generally regarded as a Soviet stooze-state. Some have concluded that the way to progress toward those objectives is to reorganize a U.N. without Russia.

Those who are convinced that what's wrong with the U.N. is Russia—and they include some of our senators, elder statesmen and military people—say, "Throw Russia out of the organization—quarantine the Soviet Union until it proves itself a more amenable member of the world community." But to do this would mean to return to the old system of power blocs and alliances. The West would line up against the East. At first the great preponderance of power would undoubtedly be with the West. But would the West's supremacy last? Competent experts believe not.

"Too many nations," a U.N. official explained, "are balanced on a political knife edge between democracy and Communism as it is. France, Italy and Hungary are handy examples. They lean toward democracy rather than Communism now largely because of the

existence of the U.N., which supports democratic institutions.

"If the U.N. should collapse, as it would the moment so powerful a member as the Soviet Union were drummed out of the membership—which, by the way, would be almost impossible, legally—those nations I named and probably several others might fall into the Communist camp.

"The alternative to international union is international disunion and, ultimately, war. We would be obliged to declare war on Russia and its allies before they manufactured atomic bombs. We would win such a war, perhaps, but—"

Four-star Air Force General Joseph T. McNarney, head of the United States Military Mission to the U.N., isn't a diplomat. He wasn't squeamish, therefore, about being quoted. He finished the diplomat's sentence.

"Sure," he said, "we could go to war tomorrow and conquer our enemy. But I'd hate to live in the kind of a world it would be. There would be no winners."

Clashes That Retard Progress

Perhaps what is most wrong with the U.N., according to many observers, is the struggle for power between the Soviet Union and the United States or, at least, the antagonism generated by their efforts to assert their respective points of view. The clash between the two powers occurs in almost every phase of the U.N.'s activities and usually, wherever it occurs, progress ceases.

There was a similar contest of wills and interests after the last war between France and England. Common fear of a resurgent Germany healed the Anglo-French split. Many hope that the sheer necessity for mutual survival in a world over which the atom bomb hangs like doom suspended by a piano wire will oblige the United States and Russia to settle their differences too.

An official who reflects the views of the State Department on the subject of the U.N. suggested that perhaps those who greeted the birth of the U.N. so enthusiastically two years ago expected too much of the organization. The U.N., he said, was never meant as a peace-making but as a peace-keeping machinery.

"How could the U.N. be expected to keep the peace," he said, "when the peace wasn't made when the organization came into existence? There the League of Nations had an enormous advantage over its successor. The League came into being simultaneously with the signature of the Peace of Versailles. It's nearly two and a half years since V-E and V-J Days and we still haven't drafted peace treaties with the two principal enemies of World War II, Germany and Japan. The peace treaties with Italy and Axis satellites have only just been ratified by everybody concerned.

"The difficulties with which the U.N. has had to contend have not been difficulties created by the U.N.'s deficiencies but by the members themselves. The member nations and not the U.N. or its Charter are responsible for the successes or failures of the organization. The U.N. can succeed or fail only in so far as the members do or don't want to achieve a common objective. If the member nations really want to keep the peace they can, because the Charter is big enough and legally strong enough to cover whatever requirements the nations might have for maintaining peaceful and prosperous world conditions."

Anyhow they're going ahead with plans for a skyscraper home for the U.N. on New York's East Side, most of it to be completed by the end of 1949 at a cost of anywhere from \$40,000,000 to \$60,000,000. Every day the delegates meet and talk and talk and talk. If only they'll just keep right on talking—

THE END

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Collier's for October 25, 1947

THE GREEN BOUGH

Continued from page 23

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"Why, I thought you were in college," she said to Mike.

Both of them stared at her without a word. Then they both said, "Are you all right?"

She had to laugh at their faces. "Why sure," she said. "I'm just scratched."

Mike looked her right in the eye. "You lit-tle fool," he said. "You complete ut-ter lit-tle fool."

He said the words like that; his voice was keyed very low, and his face looked like a stone.

The smile faded from her own face and she stared at him. In the moment of silence while she was taking in his words she had time to see the changes in him. He was different, he was older. He was taller and broader, and his face with its look of fury was different, too. It was a grown man's face, what you might call handsome. And he was scolding her, like a grownup. Meddling in her life.

"Sitting up in the steeple! Peeking like an old maid!" she said. "Haven't you got anything better to do?" She picked up the bicycle and turned it.

"And that's a nice mess you made on the grass," he said pointing at the dug-up sod. "Do your mother and father know you go whizzing down that hill?"

Her voice was tight and high, almost a scream. "It's absolutely none of your business!" she said. "None of your business at all!" She stood there shaking.

Andy took a limping step forward and laid his hand on Mike's shoulder. She saw vaguely that the hand was bandaged. "He came to help me because I slipped on the ladder and hurt my hand," he said. "He's here on his vacation." He smiled at Mike. "He really was nice to get up so early," he said, as though that explained things. He stood there looking at Mike as though Mike were a sort of hero.

She was too mad to say anything more. She got the bicycle off the grass and rode on down the street. How slowly. How unlike what she had planned. Anger was rare to her, thus very painful. At her own house she got off and walked up the driveway.

Her mother always understood. So now she could pour it all out and have it over with. Her mother always said the right thing, the wise thing. Very quietly, without scolding.

MRS. ANDERSON was small and plump. She was pretty in a delicate way, not at all like Roxie. She stood by the stove now, making early breakfast for them both. Roxie's father was still asleep.

Roxie rushed in and the screen door banged behind her.

"Why, what did you do? You're all scratched up," Mrs. Anderson said mildly.

Roxie stood where she was. She pushed the words out as though she were reciting in school.

"I did it on the bicycle," she said. "I coasted down the West Hill very fast. At the corner a truck came. A truck on Sunday! I turned and spilled on the grass in front of the church, and Mike Hamilton came out with Andy and gave me H as though it were any of his darned business. I'm telling you this, Ma. I won't do it again. I didn't know there'd ever be a truck on Sunday."

Her mother kept staring at her. She didn't say anything. "I'll give my week's allowance to have the gardener fix it," Roxie said. "Those dug-up places on the grass. Or shall I tell Mr. Brewster, or what?"

Now she waited for her mother to speak. Expecting just the right, wise thing.

But her mother spoke in a new voice.

One she had never used before. It was not an angry tone, just unusual.

She said, "You scare me. You scare me to death."

"Mother!" she said. "My goodness, I told you. I just told you! I won't do it again. You know I won't."

Mrs. Anderson left the stove and sat down by the kitchen table. Now she looked away from Roxie. She looked down at the tiled floor.

"I know you won't do it again," she said. "I know you won't speed down the hill if you say so. But it isn't just the truck. You never think anything's going to happen. And in life things happen all the time. Things you don't expect."

This was an explosion without precedent. Neither of them moved, or looked at the other one. Upon Mrs. Anderson's face was a look of distress, as though she had lost her way.

"Go wash your leg and put on iodine," she said finally. And she added, "It's in the bathroom cupboard," senselessly, as though Roxie were a stranger in the house.

ROXIE stayed up in the bathroom for a while, and when she came down her mother had breakfast all ready. She sat down at the table quietly, without a word. But then her mother came over with the coffee and began pouring it. And somehow this seemed to force her to speak as if the subject were overpowering after all.

"I've never known you to be like this before," she said. "Father—I can't even listen to Father. But you. You've never been like this. If I can't trust you . . . if I can't tell you things!"

Her mother sat down and began drinking her coffee. "Honey," she said. "I've wanted to talk to you. But it's so hard to. You're so pretty. Why don't you go out with girls and boys your age?"

Roxie set her cup down and it splashed in the saucer. "Mother!" she said. And her voice was tight and close to tears. "Mother, please don't start that. You—you're being like Father."

"All right, darling," her mother said. And now her voice was sweet and easy as always. She sat sipping her coffee and fruit juice and she seemed to be thinking of other things. After a while she said: "I hear the girls are all in a flutter."

"What about?" Roxie asked.

"Why, about Mike. They tell me he's the glamor boy," her mother said gaily. "I guess you left the dance last night before he arrived. Mrs. Brewster called this morning about the bridge club. She tells me Nancy woke her up last night. She and the other girls, they're all in a twitter. He's tops in his class at college. There's nothing he can't do. As our new bell ringer, he'll be the center of—" She suddenly saw Roxie's face, with the new look of anger, and said, "Why, what's the matter now, honey?"

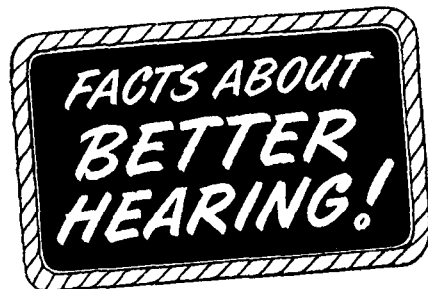
"You mean to say they're going to take the job from Andy and give it to Mike? Why? And what will Andy do? And why should they?" Roxie cried.

"Why, dear, the Church Council didn't see how anybody could mind," Mrs. Anderson said. "Mr. Brewster and the others met yesterday. Old man Hamilton taught both the boys to ring the chimes. And Andy can help him with the watch repairs in the shop, just the same way. It's all still in the family."

"But why?"

"Well, dear, Andy just isn't strong enough," Mrs. Anderson's voice now sounded as if she were comforting a child. "He's slipped on that steep ladder before, you know. And this time he's hurt himself. The Council just can't be responsible."

"It'll break his heart," Roxie said.



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"It'll just break his heart. He's rung the bells always! I think Mike is cruel, and selfish."

She didn't wait for anything more her mother might say. She rose from the table and said a brief, excuse me, and ran out into the hot, pale sunlight.

For a while she coasted around town aimlessly. She had a frown on her face. It was exaggerated and unaccustomed, like the frown of a puppy.

ON a flat stone above the clear brown-bottomed pool at the end of Lover's Lane she took off everything and plunged in, letting her hair float free. She stayed there until lunchtime.

And after lunch she ran around doing errands. There were always things people forgot until Sunday. Old Mrs. Corey, who was ninety, sent her way up the road again. "If you really don't mind going," she said. "To ask Lucy Grey to come and sew Friday."

So there was the long ride in the heat and the dust. She enjoyed it, and by evening she was the same as always. Exhausted, and happy, and ready for dinner. She helped her mother with the dishes.

But then suddenly, and in a funny way, everything started again.

Her mother insisted on trying on the new dance dress. "It's too short, darling," she said. "Let me fix it now."

"I'm not going next Saturday," Roxie said. "There's plenty of time."

"You never can tell. You might want to, when the time comes."

Her mother's voice was calm. The whole thing was very ordinary. Yet right away this queer little anger started up inside her again. She looked at her mother without a word. *You might want to, when the time comes.*

As if she, Roxie, couldn't plan her life any more! As if some strange, unseen thing had come into her life, something stronger than herself.

Mixed in with the anger was fright. The truck! It was that darned truck coming so suddenly today. It had set the whole day awry.

Well, she wasn't going to let any more unusual things happen. She would try the dress on. She would go to bed. Period.

"All right," she said to her mother. Her voice was polite.

Mrs. Anderson went up herself to get the dress, and Roxie sat down by her father. He sat in a chair, almost speechless with Sunday. Roxie thought that he was really asleep. But when her mother put the dress on and made her stand still, he said quite suddenly:

"Ah, Venus rising from the foam."

She did not answer him. She stood there listening for the meaning, fearfully, angrily, like one threatened.

"All those white ruffles," said her father. "Beautiful."

"Paul, you're making us both nervous," said her mother. Then she said, "Turn around. No, this way."

The doorbell rang. It made them all jump.

Her father shouted, "Come in," not moving from his chair. Then he rose and said, "Why, hello there!" As if some visitor from Mars, from God knows where, had come in. And instead it was just Mike.

They all said hello, and he stood there neat and clean-looking in his college clothes.

Her father said, "Sit down, Mike."

And her mother said, "We're right in the middle of a little dressmaking," as if apologizing.

Roxie saw him staring at her. He sat down slowly and said, "You look wonderful."

"Well, it's just me," Roxie said.

"I know, but my gosh," Mike said. He kept looking at her.

Her mother kept working at the hem, and nobody said anything for a minute.

Then Mike said, "I came to apologize. I was rude this morning. Terribly rude."

"She won't do it again," her father said. "That's one thing about her. When she promises something, she keeps her word." He laid his book down on a chair and said, "I hear you're our new bell ringer."

"Yes, sir. I'm on my way there now. I won't be as good as Andy. But you'll be getting somebody in the fall when I go back."

"This town will never hold you. You're the big promise of this town. He can do anything, Susan," he said, addressing his wife. "He can ring bells and fix watches in his father's shop. And he's the top in his class."

"Stand still," said her mother.

"And he's popular with the girls, too, I hear. Ha."

Her mother laughed pleasantly. "I guess he is," she said.

Roxie looked over at Mike without expression.

Mike got up and stood there a minute. "Well," he said. "Be seeing you."

"Be seeing you," they all said. And her mother said, "Come again."

He looked at Roxie, who looked back at him without saying anything. Her father saw him to the door.

"Well, now," he said, picking up the book and sitting down. "Why can't you be nice? A boy like Mike. The promise of this town. Looks at you like a smitten calf."

"I've never heard you talk like that before," her mother said. She didn't say it in any special way. Just a comment.

"Well, he looked at me, Mother. It's this dress. It shows too much. Can't you cover the shoulders and across here?"

"I haven't got the material. Why don't you save it for next year?"

"I don't want to go naked next year, either!"

The clear chimes of the bells came into the room, as if flooding it with evening.

"He certainly knows how," said her father.

And then as if the music had taken the edge off his teasing he said to her, earnestly and directly: "Just why don't you like boys and parties?"

She faced him with a sort of relief. This was fine. This was a chance to set everything right, once and for all.

"Because it means lying and pretending. You have to lie to boys. Nancy Webster and the girls never tell the truth any more. They have to pretend every minute, and act certain ways. I just want to be me."

Her father sat looking at her, without smiling. Then he said, "Okay."

He picked up his book and pretended to read it. Her mother got up and said the dress was finished.

THE next morning Roxie woke up before the bells, and by the time they sounded she was in the bathroom running the water.

Now, she thought. Now it's finished. And her mind began to fill with the pleasures of the day. It was Monday, the day for innumerable errands, and she ran around all day on her bicycle breathless and happy. But somehow after supper she found herself going to the Hamilton place. Mike was at the church, and she thought she'd just have to see Andy. Just say something to him.

She saw the rickety, poor-looking house. And in the front parlor, which was the shop, she saw old man Hamilton still working at his watches. Everybody said he worked like a slave.

Andy was just where she knew he'd be, sitting on the back steps. He said hello to her, smiling at her with that gentleness she always liked. But now she suddenly thought: He has no spunk.

Still she felt close to him. He was more like her than the other kids. He

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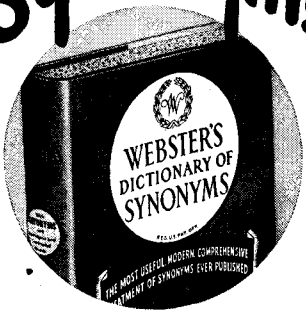
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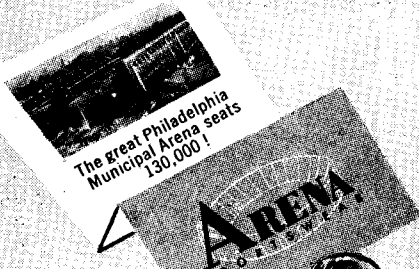


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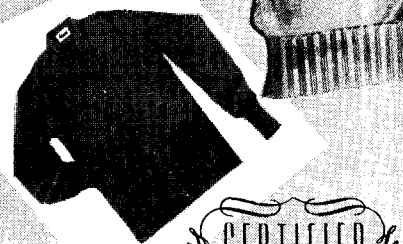
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didn't go around. He was reading one of the library books.

"You're not ringing the bells any more," she said.

"No," he said. "But Mike is. That's much better."

"No it isn't," she said. "You belong here. We're all used to you."

He turned his head away, as if looking at something in the next house. His hand was still bandaged. He was like a thinner, paler Mike, and now he sat too still.

"It upsets the whole town to have a change," she said.

He still said nothing, and she started to go. She said, "So long." But then he got up and limped toward her.

He was smiling at her. He said, "Mike's proud and ambitious. He's sensitive. He's worked so hard for everything. For the scholarship, everything. And here at home we don't have much to offer him. This job is just what he needs. . . ."

"To flatter his conceit!" she said.

"But he's good at it. He's better than I am." Andy took hold of her arm. "Listen," he said.

And sure enough, there were the bells, as if he knew to the second when they would begin. She had to stand there, with Andy holding her arm. She listened to the incredible sweetness. It was beautiful, more beautiful than before. Or maybe it was just being upset and madder than ever, for Andy's sake.

She said, "Let go my arm."

Andy dropped his hand and smiled without rancor. She said goodbye while the last sound hummed slowly through the air, like a circle of water widening.

Next day she went by the Hamiltons', but she didn't stop. She knew that Andy was on the back stoop reading his book.

And then the next morning the bell woke her, and she sat up listening in surprise. It sounded strange and out of tune. New, harsh sounds grated into the room.

Mike slept late, and gave it to somebody else, she thought. Some amateur. He's already tired of it. Maybe he'll get tired of it here and go away. A sort of hope flooded her. She felt good. But it didn't last long.

DOWN at the corner, passing the church, she met Mike coming out. She was going to go right on by but he said, "Hey," and ran toward her.

"Listen," he said. "I know you're mad at me. Because I treated you like a kid. And you're not a kid any more. You're a—"

"What was the matter with the bells this morning?" she asked.

"Gee," he said. "I *thought* it sounded funny. I dunno." He looked sort of tired and worn.

"Maybe you've got a hangover," she said. She went on past him and up the hill. She stood at the top, but it wasn't the same. There was the town, like a toy, like a dream in the early morning. But she no longer had that feeling that it all belonged to her. That she knew everybody equally, and that they were all even and friendly and the same.

She coasted down very slowly, using her brakes, as she'd promised. But it wasn't any fun.

The week went on by, and everything was just as usual, except the bells. They kept on making harsh noises. And every morning and every evening she would listen to them with a feeling of helpless anger.

Saturday afternoon she went to the drugstore the way she always did. And there, unexpectedly, was the whole crowd. In the middle of the crowd was Mike, like a new magnet, drawing everything. She looked at his handsome face and thought: Conceited. And the anger started up again. She said hello, and sat down on a stool not too near them. She wished she hadn't come in.

Nancy Webster came up to her. She

had on a white piqué that had just been washed and ironed. No creases at all.

She said, "Listen, why don't you come, too? We're all going over to Merrittsville. Tommy Dorsey is playing at the stadium and you can *dance* to him, no less."

"I'm busy," she said at once.

Mike detached himself from the group and strolled over, taking his time.

He said, "Now come on. Put on that white dress and come on. I'll take you in my car."

"I don't want to," she said.

Nancy looked as if she were going to giggle, and Mike stared straight at Roxie with a poker face. Then he smiled very slowly, still staring at her.

"Suit yourself," he said. He drifted back to the crowd.

They were having a wonderful time, laughing and making plans. He got right in the middle of it again.

Nancy took her by the arm and moved her down the counter a little way. "Listen," she said, whispering fiercely, the way they used to in school. "You're crazy. He *wants* you to come. He got me to come over and ask you first; to sort of pave the way. My Lord, he'll take you in his own car. You'll be *his* date."

"Why don't you go with him?" she said.

At once she knew she'd said something ungracious. She saw Nancy's face, sort of mad and unhappy. But now she couldn't stop herself. "If you think so much of him, go with him yourself," she said.

Nancy's mouth tightened. She said, "I never knew you to be mean before. What's biting you? Well, all right. Since you want it that way. I was telling you. I was being a friend."

She surprised Roxie by picking up her sundae and moving right away from her, back to the crowd. Roxie sat down the counter alone, finishing her soda. She looked once and saw that Mike had forgotten all about her. They were talking about what time to go and whose car to take. They were eager like a bunch of puppies about to be fed. She thought: He spoils everything! I can't even come in here!

For appearance's sake she went back and joined them for a minute.

"How's Andy?" she said to Mike.

At first he didn't hear her, and she had to say it again. Everybody went on talking, and she had to raise her voice.

"He's sick," Mike said.

"Sick in bed?"

"No. He's up. But he's sick."

She looked him in the eye and raised her voice. "Maybe he's going crazy," she said. "Listening to those bells."

Everybody heard this. They all stopped talking and looked at her vaguely. Nobody said anything.

She said, "Well, 'by now.' And walked off.

"By," they all said vaguely. They went back to their plans.

She walked out and nobody noticed her. They were too busy with the party. She hadn't made a dent.

She got on the bike and went slowly toward home. Not even a soda any more. She couldn't even get a soda! All life was different, everything. And Andy, sitting on those steps, sick at heart. And the whole town, changed, interrupted, different, with the bells ringing out of tune.

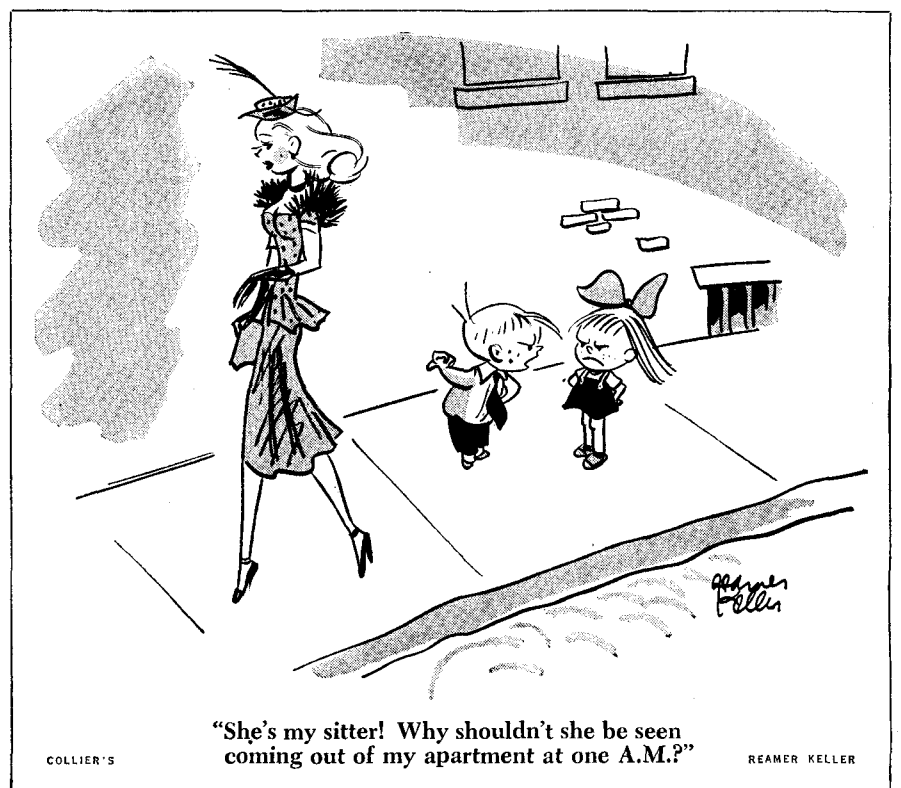
She gritted her teeth and said, I'm not going to let him get away with it. I'm not going to let him! She felt heavy and full as though flooded with tears.

THAT night she went upstairs right after supper. But she didn't go to bed right away. She didn't even undress. She had a funny feeling that she wanted to go out again. She leaned out of the window and looked at the clear starlit night. And suddenly she had a little picture of the stadium and herself in the white dress dancing under the stars. Mike was dancing with her and they were floating, they were flying and her white dress was billowing out in a cloud, under the stars. But then, suddenly, the girl in Mike's arms was Nancy Webster, and Mike was rushing Nancy. Dancing every dance with her. Looking at her in that way that men look at girls.

She pulled herself up suddenly and stood in the room. See? she said. I'm getting like all the others. My mind is getting spoiled like all the other girls'. Mike has done this to me. Mike! And he doesn't care anything for me, or anybody in the whole town. He's just here for the summer. Upsetting the town to suit himself. And when he goes away nothing will ever be the same. Andy will never get his job again. Everything will be spoiled and changed.

At that point she had her brilliant idea. She hardly stopped to think about it. It was a plan and she had to carry it out. Right away.

She put on a pair of dark slacks and a sweater. She got her flashlight and listened for her father's and mother's voices in the living room; then she sneaked slowly and quietly down the



"She's my sitter! Why shouldn't she be seen coming out of my apartment at one A.M.?"

COLLIER'S

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● LEFT: Style 6000. Rich red leather, brass eyelets.

● RIGHT: Style 6148. Ghillie tie, baseball-stitched vamp.

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back stairs and out the kitchen door. This time she walked to the church. Slowly, walking along the grass, so people wouldn't hear. She and the other kids all knew the window you could raise. She stood outside the window in the darkness for several minutes. She thought: Maybe I shouldn't. And then she thought: I must. It's only looking. It's nothing.

She raised the window slowly and it went up without a sound. She let herself quietly into the vestibule and stood there. She felt as though she'd been running. Then she went into the church and stood still with her mouth open, listening.

The starlight came in through the windows and the church was dim and spooky with night. A street lamp shone faintly against the stained glass of the west window, making huge dim patterns on the glass, and the dark design fell across the pews like strange ghostly lace. The whole place had the close sweet smell of sun on wood.

Now, go on, she said to herself.

She made herself move. She went up to the choir loft and started climbing the ladder, into the steeple. In the darkness she felt the rungs with her hands, and climbed, clutching the flashlight. And then she stood up there a minute under the black, suffocating shadow of the bells. The flashlight flooded the bells suddenly. They were like two great cups full of light. There it was, what she had suspected! From where she was she could see the whole thing, the whole answer to why the bells were out of tune.

NEXT she was in the road, walking, almost running home. Mike! Mike was turning the town upside down with a practical joke. Nothing but a cruel joke. The poor watchmaker's boy, he was showing them all what he thought of them. He was proud, working his way through college, and he had found a way to show his resentment of them all. He was breaking his brother's heart, so he could have this hateful revenge. Making the bells grate out of tune and then each day fixing it so nobody who investigated could possibly know.

Ah, but she had been smart, she had investigated in the night. And now she knew. Now she could tell the whole town. She could have him disgraced and run out of town. Tomorrow. Tomorrow as soon as possible she would tell the world. From the housetops. From the highest housetops!

She let herself in without a sound and ran up to bed. Tomorrow she and Andy would have their happy lives back again. But she was too excited, and it was a long time before she fell asleep.

The bells didn't waken her. She heard the harsh sounds in her sleep, and then she slept again. And at last when she sat

up in bed it was nearly ten o'clock. Oh, there was no time to lose. Her mother. She would tell her mother first of all.

When she came downstairs her mother said, "Well. This is something new," and looked, at the clock, smiling.

She stood there, for she had it on her lips to say, "I slept late because I was out last night."

And then she didn't say it. She sat down and ate her breakfast. How do you start saying such a thing? How do you tell something so terrible? Something to stir up the whole town? Perhaps you had to wait for just the moment. For just the right person. But who? When? She knew the right moment would come. She knew that in a few hours, or even in an hour, she'd find the right person, so that what she said would appear quite natural. Perhaps she should go down to the bank and tell her father? But no. No, he was not the right one.

She went next door and knocked on the Websters' kitchen window.

"Why, Roxie, come in," Mrs. Webster said.

She strolled in the way she always did, and plumped herself down in a chair. Mrs. Webster was busy basting the roast for lunch and the kitchen smelled oppressively of cooking meat. It made her feel a little sick. She stared at Mrs. Webster intently, wondering how to open the subject, what to say.

"How was the dance at Merritsville?" she asked.

"Oh, you didn't go?" Mrs. Webster asked, sort of surprised. "Nancy had a lovely time. She came in, and I was still reading. She says Mike's a wonderful dancer."

"I guess he's her beau now," Roxie said.

Now why had she said that? That was starting everything wrong. Now it would look as if she were jealous, or something.

Mrs. Webster straightened from the oven and looked at her.

"Darling," she said. "I don't think she wants any one beau so much. I think she misses you. You two used to be friends. I think she misses you to share things with."

She looked stupidly at Mrs. Webster. She said, "They're lots of other girls."

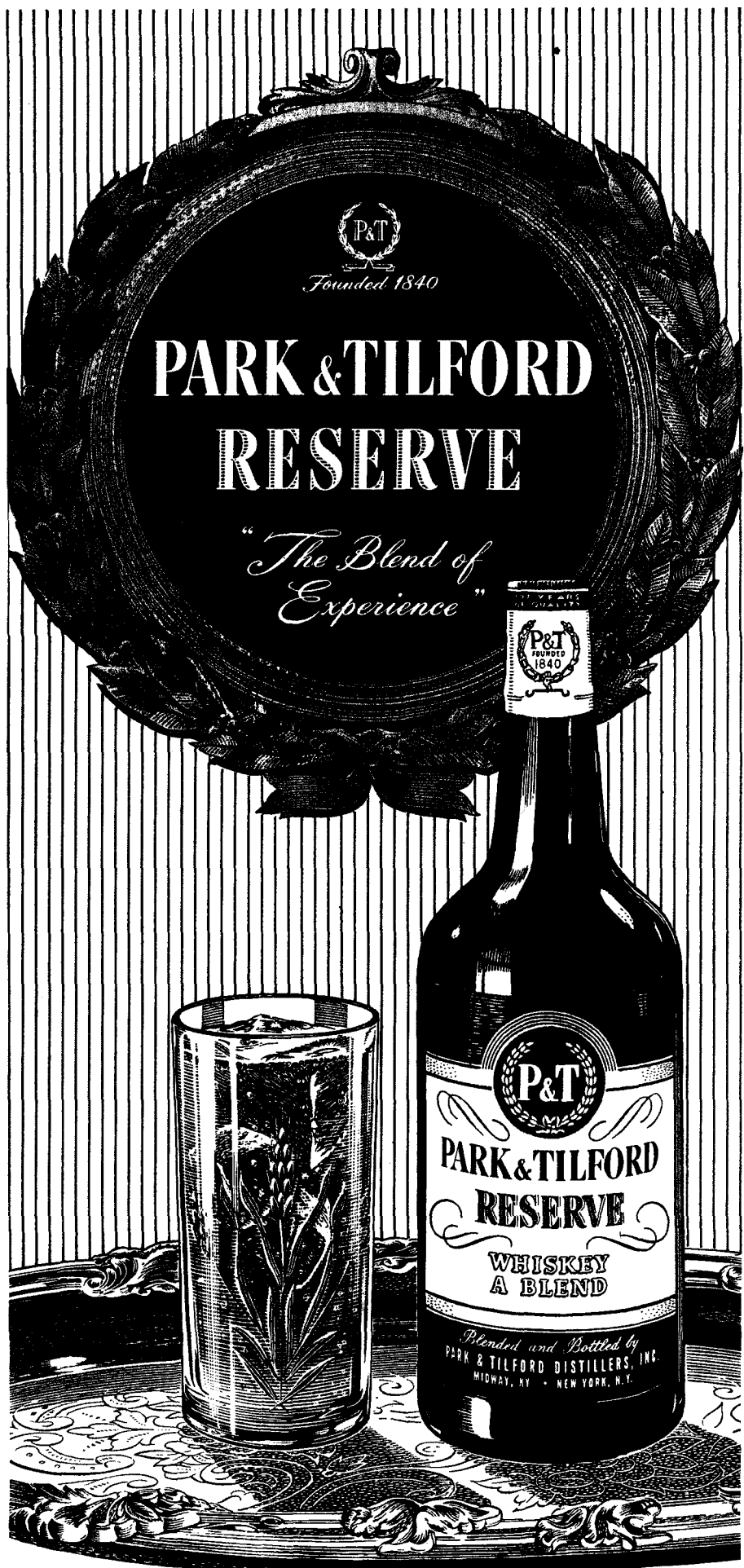
"I know. But you're her best friend."

She stood up, not looking at Mrs. Webster. She felt agitated and confused.

She had too much on her mind, she'd have to get away.

In a minute or two she said, "Well, I guess I have to go now," and went on out into the street.

She didn't have her bicycle, and she walked slowly downtown. Tell somebody! she said to herself. Get it over with. She saw now that it would be like breaking a spell. Why, even Mrs. Web-



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ster! She'd never talked like that before. Her parents, everybody. The whole town was under a queer, discordant spell, as though the church bells had sunk into their minds.

And then downtown right on the main corner she ran into Fate. This was what she'd been waiting for. All the right people. There stood the whole bunch of them: Mr. Brewster; Nancy's father, who was on the Church Council; Dr. Hicks, the minister; and Andy and Mike. They stood there talking, a bunch of grown men.

It was more frightening and terrible than anything she had expected. But it was right. She had to do it, she just had to. She swallowed hard and walked toward them. She looked resolute like some young golden angel coming to do justice. She held her shoulders very straight, and set her moccasined feet down slowly and carefully.

They were all talking intently and at first they did not notice her standing there.

"All I know is," Mike said, "that it went fine at first. Now it's all haywire."

Mr. Brewster looked at Mike, and his gray elderly face was cross and sort of hard.

"Too many late nights, perhaps, Michael," he said.

"Perhaps, sir," Mike said.

DR. HICKS cleared his throat. He was a little rosy man with white hair, a wonderful minister.

"But we must have someone," he said. "Perhaps Andy would try again."

"The Council thinks we might get someone from out of town," Mr. Brewster said. "Some day we'll have all this modernized," he went on crossly. "I'm tired of all this historical business. We need a new belfry—"

"But I fixed the ladder, Dr. Hicks," Mike said. "I pulled it out a little and changed the angle. I put up a hand rail. It's all right now for Andy. Anybody could get up there now."

"Well," said Dr. Hicks, sounding pleased and relieved. "That's just fine. Let's go and see the ladder."

"You'll see it's all right," Mike said. "I have hopes for the bells, too," he went on quickly. "I think we could rig them up so they would be easy to pull."

"Want to keep things in the family, don't you, Mike?" Mr. Brewster asked. There was something in his voice, patronage. The faintest hint.

Mike said: "It's always been Andy's job."

Andy stood there, saying nothing.

Now, now was her moment. She said, very loudly: "I know the answer."

They all turned and looked at her.

"Hello, kid," said Mr. Brewster.

And they all said hello, looking surprised and interrupted.

"Listen," she said. "Listen. I know the answer."

They stood now, looking at her without a word. She raised her eyes and looked directly at Mike, and there was a little smile of triumph and malice on her face. A new look, she had never had before. But Mike was not looking at her. He was looking at Andy. And then suddenly her face dropped, as though someone had dealt her a secret, invisible blow.

She opened her mouth like a child, and said, "Oh."

They all stared at her stunned, stupid-looking face.

"Well, what is it, my child?" Dr. Hicks asked. His voice was gentle and patient.

"What's on your mind?" Mr. Brewster asked.

She did not answer them, she only stared at Mike.

Then she said, "Nothing. Never mind."

Mr. Brewster laughed and clapped Mike on the shoulder. Then he said, "Andy, if the ladder's been fixed, and if Mike can get the bells to swing easier, would you take the job back?"

"If Mike wants me to," Andy said.

They all walked off toward the church. She turned slowly and walked the other way. She got the bike out of the rack in front of the drugstore. She rode out of town as quickly as she could, to Lover's Lane.

On the flat stone by the little pool in

the woods she lay face down and cried. She'd stop crying, and then she'd start again. She lay there a long time. Then she sat up and blew her nose on some leaves.

Because now she did know the answer. Now she knew everything. In that second, when she was going to speak, she had seen Mike looking at Andy. Mike had looked at his brother, smiling, and he had raised his hand, swiftly and secretly, and pressed his brother's shoulder. And the look had been a look of great love.

Mike had done that terrible thing to the bells because he loved Andy. Because it was a way to get Andy back his job.

She sat very still on the rock with her swollen, stinging eyes. She stared down into the water. She had never seen love, had never noticed its look. And now something had struck her own heart. She was in love with Mike—why it was love all this time. She felt about Mike the way he felt about Andy. She wanted to run and take him in her arms. She wanted to stroke his head, and say, I know everything. I understand everything.

And sitting here, now, she smiled a little. What Mike had done had been a sort of kid thing, a romantic, complicated, dangerous thing. Mike was still half kid after all.

He could have gone to the Council. He could have said to them, Look, my brother's unhappy. I've fixed the ladder. He can have the job back.

But no. He'd done it this silly, awful way. And he'd done it all alone, with nobody to talk to, or comfort him. She wanted to go look for him and find him and kiss him. And tell him it was all right. Nor would she ever tell the secret to anybody else.

She got slowly on the bike and rode toward home. There was a new funny feeling inside her heart, as though her heart suddenly weighed more. And yet it was good. She was like other people now. She had a secret thing she couldn't tell. She had a man, and she wanted him to kiss her. She would be like other girls, dressed up, and trying to please somebody.

THAT evening she walked very slowly past the Hamilton place. It was time for Mike to come back for supper. She walked back and forth slowly, several times. She wore her white piqué dress. It was a little bit too small, but it was clean and pressed.

Finally Mike came along, walking very fast, and she waved at him.

"Why, hello," she said, sounding surprised.

"Well, hello," he said. He sounded surprised, too, and sort of pleased.

He stopped, "That's a nice dress," he said.

She came up a little closer to him. She said, "I know what you did. You tied iron files to the clappers. You tied them on every evening and took them away in the morning."

He looked at her, with his face set, and frightened.

"No, no!" she said. She caught his arm. "I know why you did it. You did it for Andy. Didn't you?"

He looked at her, as though he were deciding something. Then he nodded his head. His lips were pressed together. He looked almost as though he could cry.

She came just a little bit closer. "I think you're wonderful," she said. She looked right at him, right into his eyes.

He took her by the arm and pulled her silently into the dark driveway by his house. Then he pulled her to him and kissed her. And after that his head dropped on her shoulder, and she let it stay there. They just stood like that for a minute and finally, in a timid, experimental way, she raised her hand and stroked his hair.

THE END



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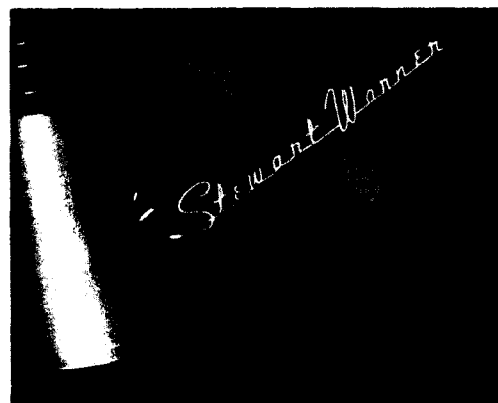
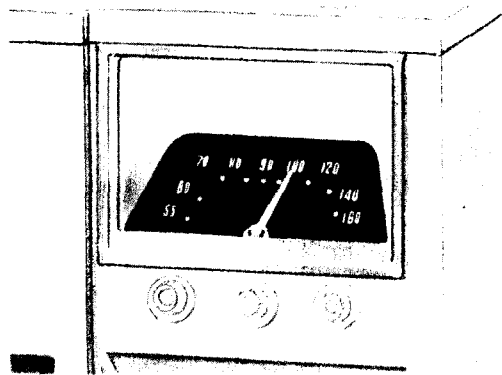
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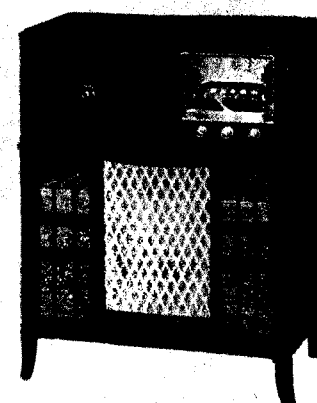
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CHICAGO 14



ILLINOIS

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Continued from page 25

simply to keep the trend gradually upward, hoping that commodity prices would follow. One day, when I must have come in more than usually worried about the state of the world, we were planning an increase of from 19 to 22 cents. Roosevelt took one look at me and suggested a rise of 21 cents.

"It's a lucky number," the President said with a laugh, "because it's three times seven." I noted in my diary at the time: "If anybody ever knew how we really set the gold price through a combination of lucky numbers, etc., I think they would really be frightened." But it was characteristic of the President to break the gloom in difficult moments by a light touch. On reflection, I could see that Roosevelt was, of course, pulling my leg.

As the price of gold in the United States rose above the world price, we began to get into foreign exchange operations. The President was not very anxious at first to consult with the British.

"Every time we have taken the British into our confidence," F.D.R. said, "they have given us a trimming."

Foreign Bankers Get Panicky

But he rather enjoyed the shock his policy gave to the international bankers. Montague Norman of the Bank of England, whom F.D.R. called "old pink whiskers," wailed across the ocean: "This is the most terrible thing that has happened. The whole world will be put into bankruptcy." While George Harrison of the Federal Reserve Bank tried to reassure Norman, the President and I looked at each other, picturing foreign bankers with every one of their hairs standing on end with horror. I began to laugh. F.D.R. roared.

During one of our breakfast conferences in November, the President asked me to stay behind after Jones left. He said he wanted to talk about the Farm Credit Administration.

Then after a moment he said, "I had a very interesting and confidential conversation with Mr. Woodin. I have suggested to him that he take a leave of absence without pay."

I listened without any expectation of what was to come.

"I am going to write him a letter," Roosevelt went on, "in answer to one which he has written to me suggesting that we get somebody to become Acting

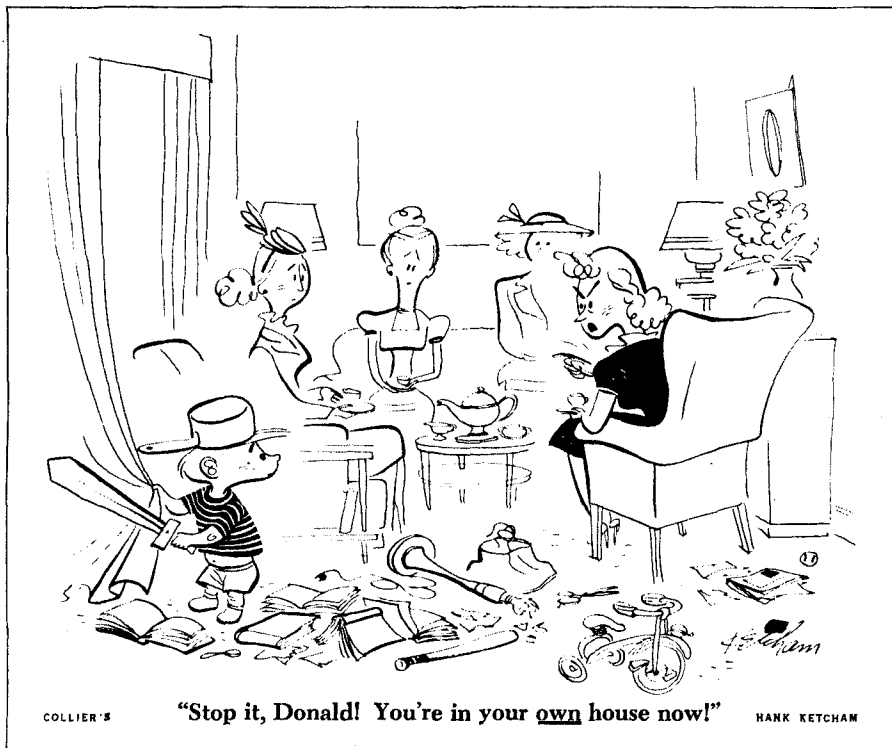
Secretary who knows government and knows finance." He paused. Then he said, "I have decided that that person is Henry Morgenthau, Jr. You made good for me in Albany, and you are one of the two or three people who have made an outstanding success here in Washington, so let's you and I go on to bigger things. . . . We will have lots of fun doing it together."

I managed to get something out about how much I appreciated the opportunity and, as I gradually came to, I walked over and shook his hand. It was my promotion for having got results at Farm Credit. Louis Howe, the President's faithful secretary, said to me, "People have gotten into the Cabinet by past performances (or by) political record, but you are the first man to go into the Roosevelt Cabinet who earned it." The President wanted a Treasury Department which would play its proper role in his campaign on prices; he wanted a Secretary who would be loyal and would try to get things done; so he threw me in to plug the hole.

The battle to keep prices up continued. Grain- and gold-buying made up only part of the attack. Henry Wallace, the Secretary of Agriculture, had been concerned in the meantime with raising prices by reducing agricultural production. Wallace's plan, embodied in the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1933, was to make payments to farmers for plowing under crops or withdrawing land from cultivation. In this way, scarcity would drive prices up and redeem the farmers from the consequences of overproduction.

AAA has a very natural foundation in the experience of Middle Western farmers. Two generations of Wallaces had watched the large corn and hog growers of Iowa battle against a price structure which might at any time crumble beneath their touch. The price level had become an obsession with these men; and their governing desire, which Wallace reflected, was to get prices up and keep them there. Under the leadership of Ed O'Neal and the American Farm Bureau Federation, the substantial farmers of the country were out to assure the farm belt of its proper slice of the national income. Business had got subsidies for years through the protective tariff; now, they said, it was agriculture's turn.

Though I was quite willing to accept



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crop reduction as an emergency measure in 1933, I was absolutely against it as a permanent solution to the agricultural problem. I felt that we could never produce too much so long as there were hungry people at home and abroad; that the answer lay, not in artificially restricting production, but in working out better methods of distribution for everything we could produce. Above all, something instinctive within me revolted at the destruction of existing crops.

My hope always was that the increase in farm prices under the emergency program would make it possible for us to stop plowing under. But Wallace came to look on "agricultural adjustment" as an end in itself. One time while prices were dropping, he told me that he wanted them to go down for another three months. "If prices go up," Wallace once remarked, "it would make it impossible for us to complete our program."

Differences With Henry Wallace

Wallace and I came into conflict on several occasions. During one employment crisis, I was trying to get the President to agree to spend \$10,000,000 for direct relief of the needy. Wallace at the same time was asking for a tax on processors of agricultural commodities that would yield \$100,000,000 to help pay for the farm program. The unemployed eventually got help.

In my diary I said: "Instead of spending \$100,000,000 to grow less wheat, I want to buy wheat and make it into flour for the people who need it."

In October, 1937, we were trying to find a means of financing loans which Wallace wanted to make on cotton and corn. Wallace and I were discussing the problem at lunch with the President. Wallace was most interested in making corn loans, because he said our past concentration on cotton might make "the people in the corn belt say the Southern Democrats are in control."

"That's nothing new, Henry," said the President.

I said that the loans might cost \$300,000,000 beginning with the new fiscal year. Wallace said it would just be a paper loss, so why figure it in the budget for that year?

"Wallace," I said, "you don't run your own home that way, do you?"

Later Wallace said he felt that the government had committed itself on the loans. When I asked why we had not heard about this sooner, he replied:

"The reason I didn't tell anybody about the corn loans is because I thought if I kept quiet about them, the price of corn would drop and we would have to lend less money. I did it in the interest of the Treasury."

The then Secretary of Agriculture had overlooked the fact that we were talking about making loans on a cents-per-bushel basis and that, therefore, the total cost would be determined by the number of bushels on which loans might be made and not by the price of corn.

Wallace and I argued about these loans over several days. He couldn't make up his mind whether they should be 45, 50 or 60 cents a bushel of corn. One day he would be talking about lending on 150,000,000 bushels, another day on 500,000,000.

Among my records is a stenographic report of a discussion of Wallace at a Treasury staff meeting. I told my staff that I thought we were being given the rush act and that the thing had not been "thought through."

"I am not going to be rushed," I said. "Wallace talks this stuff . . . first 60 cents, 50 cents, 45 cents, general tax . . . my God, all these balls in the air!"

Wallace would defend his position by long, complicated and baffling economic disquisitions.

Once I burst out to the President, "Franklin, when Wallace gives these long

economic talks, do you understand what he is talking about?"

F.D.R. shook his head and said, "Absolutely not!" Then he told me about a Cabinet meeting where Wallace read a two-page statement, each sentence ending in a question mark. When he finished, the President said, "That is very nice, Henry. Now suppose you write the answers to all your questions."

Henry Wallace was in many respects a puzzling figure. He was not in these days one of the militant liberals in the Administration. I remember proposing as late as 1938 a program to shake loose vital materials by centralizing government cement purchases and investigating charges of price fixing in the cement industry. It was not a program calculated to win friends and influence people in the business community, and Wallace begged me not to present it to Roosevelt. "This is red meat for the President," he said. "We mustn't give anything like that to the President at this time." He even tried to prejudice the President in advance against the idea.

When I got to the President, he said that he was not going to "let the flag down for anybody."

"The first time I let it down," I replied, "you send me home. . . . I can't work with the people that are going to talk about getting together with big business and all the rest of the stuff."

As the President signed my cement proposal, he exclaimed, "By God! What's the matter with Wallace?"

Wallace also had strange mystical drives. It was he who talked me into putting on the dollar bill a seal showing the Great Pyramid. I liked the idea because the Latin motto "Novus Ordo Seclorum" might well be freely translated as "New Deal." It was not till later I learned that the pyramid—taken from the obverse side of the Great Seal of the United States—had some cabalistic significance for members of a small religious sect.

Yet these very qualities in Wallace were also responsible for his great success as the spokesman for liberalism during the war. He was a man whose glowing idealism sometimes hindered his practical effectiveness and occasionally even permitted him to enter into compromises or alliances which conflicted with his ultimate objectives.

Still I could see Henry Wallace's point of view in 1933; I could sympathize with the farmer haunted by the fear of overproduction.

What we had to do was to invent new devices of distribution—which would take care of everything grown and return the farmer a good living without getting into the realm of subsidy.

A Report on Beet Sugar

We all used to think a good deal about this problem—and sometimes it led to pretty involved and tedious discussions. I remember George Dern, the Secretary of War, reading in Cabinet a long report on the beet sugar industry. After he had gone on for about 15 minutes, I could not stand it any longer and scribbled a note to the President: "May I sing some soft music?" Promptly the note came back; underneath F.D.R. had written, "Yes chamber music, or a potpourri."

In ways like these we would sometimes relieve the tension we all felt so deeply. For the paradox of poverty and plenty had rarely been so grim.

The recession of 1937-38 suddenly confronted us once again with the paradox of poverty and plenty in an acute form. Hopkins enlarged WPA rolls to meet the emergency. The industrial cities of the Middle West were hardest hit; there work relief rolls grew 347 per cent between October, 1937, and May, 1938. In some cities funds had run out entirely.

And yet, in spite of this desperate need, agricultural surpluses still prevailed in many areas. Government purchasing of



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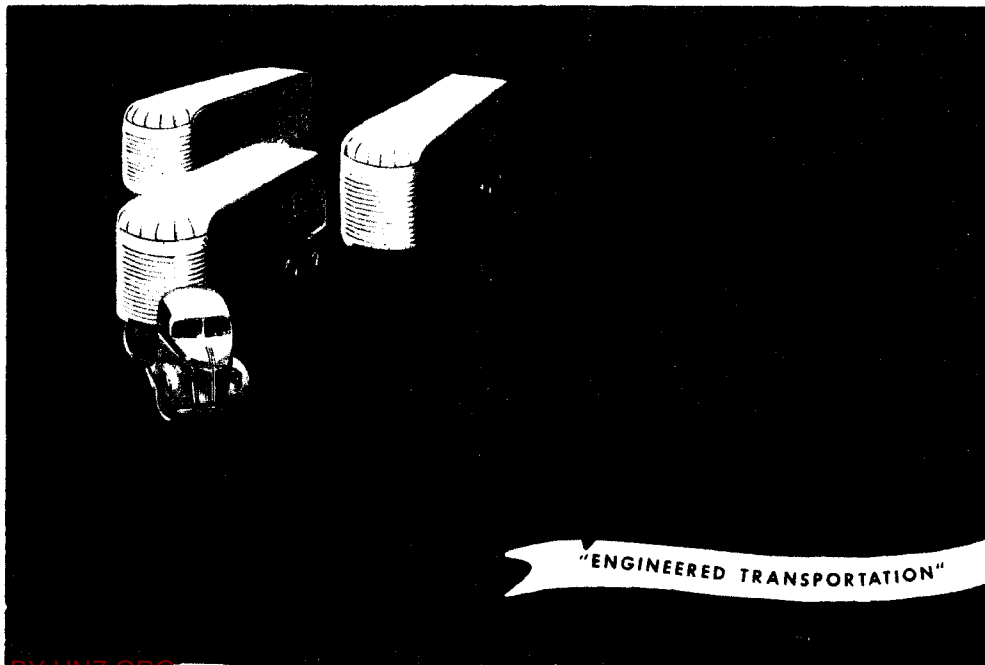
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food, as we knew from the grain-buying experience, had an instant effect on the price level; by driving food prices out of the reach of the already hard-pressed low-income groups, it would only aggravate the situation. So we would have to bridge the gap between the food surplus and the empty stomachs in some other way. My attempt to solve the problem led to the fight over what became known as the Food Stamp Plan.

I went to the President on May 12, 1938, and proposed that \$10,000,000 be allocated immediately for direct (instead of work) relief. I suggested that the Department of Agriculture take steps to expedite the distribution of surplus food to the needy.

While Relievers Went Hungry

I pointed out that the "relievers" were starving in Cleveland and other cities, while the nation was struggling to get rid of the biggest wheat surplus in years. With a bumper crop of 750,000,000 bushels, Wallace had asked the President for processing taxes to yield \$100,000,000 more which would be used to reduce production. All this seemed odd to me, and I decided I would propose an alternative plan.

My first step was to call Tom Parran, the Surgeon General, and ask him what our dietary deficiencies were. The big ones, he said, were in green vegetables, citrus fruits and dairy products. Parran suggested feeding the excess grain to cattle in order to increase the milk supply.

On the basis of this and other advice, the Treasury formulated a plan for "converting" excess grain into milk, eggs, poultry, dairy products and other items needed so desperately in the cities.

To my dismay, Wallace opposed the plan. It was nothing but "domestic dumping," he said; the result would only be a dangerous stimulation of farm productivity and the creation of new surpluses in meat and dairy products. Moreover, it "would immediately run into a jam with the corn belt. Very bad politics!"

This talk was discouraging. The log jam had to be broken. So I decided to do what I did only in the case of great emergency—to call Mrs. Roosevelt.

"Eleanor," I said, "this thing is getting worse, and there's 90,000 families in Chicago that are not getting enough to eat." I cited Wallace's opposition to my plan. "Instead of finding out what these families need, you see, they sit back and say, well, we have too many oranges, or too many beans, or too much cabbage . . . and I thought that if you agree that we can't let these families—"

Eleanor Roosevelt broke in. "They must take care of them," she said. "I'll ask Franklin about it tonight." From then on the President was sympathetic.

I next got in touch with Harry Hopkins. I found him as strongly opposed to my plan as Wallace—though for quite different reasons. Harry was convinced that work relief was the only solution. He would not, he said flatly, "be a part of direct relief." "Handing out groceries by the federal back door," he said, was a degrading practice, a throwback to the days of Queen Elizabeth. Direct relief could not be decently run, no matter who did it. The whole trouble in Ohio, he said, was the reactionary policy of Governor Martin Davey.

What ought to be done in Cleveland, Harry said, was "to hit the governor on the head." Finally he agreed to co-operate in getting a legislative program that would permit direct food distribution, if it were made absolutely clear that the program was a supplement to, not a substitute for, work relief.

The upshot was an emergency agreement that would not interfere with farm policy or with work relief.

On July 1, 1938, less than two months after I brought the problem to the Presi-

dent's attention, Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation reported that \$60,000,000 worth of food would be distributed over the coming fiscal year.

As the detailed plans were worked out, the Department of Agriculture began to drop its original opposition. Wallace assigned one of his best men, Milo Perkins, to see the job through, and Perkins was superb. It was Perkins who suggested the plan of colored tickets for relief families as a refinement of the Treasury proposal of stamps exchangeable for food and redeemable by the government.

In its final form, the Food Stamp Plan made it possible for relief families to purchase orange stamps which were exchangeable at full face value for food. With each dollar of orange stamps, they received free of charge 50 cents' worth of blue stamps good for surplus foods. These foods varied according to season and locality, but they generally included butter, eggs, pork, dried and fresh fruits, corn and vegetables. Orange stamps were good everywhere; blue stamps in stores which carried merchandise marked as surplus by the government.

We thus relieved the farmer's surplus and at the same time achieved a more balanced and nutritious diet for those on relief. And we solved the dilemma of getting food to the hungry without upsetting the whole market equilibrium by creating what was in effect a new kind of money—stamp scrip—good for only one thing, the purchase of food.

The Food Stamp Plan was just one example of native American practicality applied with New Deal boldness to the age-old paradox of poverty and plenty. We will have to apply this same practicality and this same boldness to the problem of a world food surplus.

TOT LUCK

**A baby is the strangest critter
I've ever put my mitts on.
He always has an extra sitter
Besides the one he sits on.**

—Dorothy B. Griswold

World stability depends in large part on economic stability—on the elimination of hunger and want. This job must begin at home. I am confident that large sections of the American people are not getting enough of the right things to eat. But the fight against hunger also has to be carried on abroad, if we wish to live in peace in the world.

We must think in terms of an international food stamp plan, operating under the Food and Agricultural Organization, through which hungry nations can draw upon glutted nations, just as Harry Hopkins' relievers drew upon Henry Wallace's farmers. The resources of the International Bank and the International Monetary Fund should be thrown behind such a venture. And we must aim, not just at relief, but at permanent reconstruction. Our grants must be not distress grants alone, but self-liquidating grants which will help set nations on their feet and enable them to walk by themselves.

It would be far nobler and far wiser for the United States to use its food surplus as an investment in world stability than to burn it, plow it under or let it rot on the vine. Our salvation lies not in planned scarcity, where some men are bribed to destroy the rich bounty of nature while others go hungry, but in an economy of abundance for all.

Next week Mr. Morgenthau gives names, facts and figures on the great snarl-up in handling of the European refugee problem.

Collier's for October 25, 1947

BERNIE AND ME

Continued from page 19

O'Rourke, sir," I muttered. "Reporting as ordered."

I heard a kind of a sob behind me. I turned.

"Ah, Jackie, honey," Liz said. She stood there in the doorway looking at me. The tears were streaming down her face. "What's happened to us, honey?"

I took off the blouse and went to her. Well, I figured, maybe things were going badly. Maybe we'd lost the secret. But I couldn't stand seeing her bawl like that. I led her back to the front room. I kissed some of the tears from her cheeks, and I said, "Forget it, babe. It don't mean a thing. Honest. The job's okay and everything's okay. I'm a jerk."

I sounded about as sincere as a troop officer delivering a sex lecture.

Then I saw that Liz had our bankbook in her hand.

She sat on the sofa. "You can do it, hon," she sobbed.

"What do you mean?" I held my breath.

She stopped sobbing. She dabbed her eyes with a wet handkerchief. "You and Bernie," she said. "You and Bernie and the garage..."

God bless her! I thought.

"—you two—if Bernie's willing. It will take every cent we've got in the bank plus what Bernie can spare—plus G.I. loans to you both. But you can do it."

THAT'S what I'd been praying she'd say. Just that—but I really didn't expect it. I knew what our savings meant to her. She'd worked hard and she'd given up plenty for those savings. She'd done a swell job all the time I was away. Now it was time she had a break. I knew what the assistant manager's job at the shop would mean to her. "You're willing to take a chance?" I asked slowly.

She looked at me. She looked deep inside me. She seemed to be looking for something that wasn't there; something that had once been there, but had gone. "I want you to be happy, hon," she said.

Everything seemed to straighten out for me. I felt like I'd just loaded on a transport after a tough campaign. "You're my gal," I told Liz as I started for the phone.

"What are you going to do?"

"The old man," I said. "I'm going to call the old man. We got plenty to do tomorrow!"

"But what about Bernie, hon? How do you know—"

I figured I was safe in telling her.

"I wired him at noon, honey. Told him I had to see him." I tossed her a crumpled telegram. "Got this at the shop this afternoon." Liz read the wire:

SEE YOU TOMORROW KID SIX PM—
BERNIE

I got on the phone before she could give me that look.

"But the car you're working on—" the old man wailed when I'd roused him.

"Put somebody else on it."

"You can't do this to me!"

"I've done it, brother. Get yourself another boy."

"O'Rourke! Jack, wait a minute! If you change your m—"

I hung up on him. I had a bad minute or so—thinking about how the old man had always shot square with me. I'd really only meant to ask for a day off. I wasn't even sure Bernie would want to take a flier with me. Then, thinking about Bernie, the bad minute passed and I felt better again. Everything was grooved. I knew old Bernie wouldn't let me down. Not Bernie. The bank was oriented on my problem, and—though Liz didn't know it—the bank guy had given me the green light on the G.I. loan for four thousand. Four thousand for me, the same for Bernie, the eleven hundred Liz had saved and we could scrape up the rest. The real-estate guy was waiting for my answer. He'd promised to stall other interested parties for a couple of days. The worm had turned! We'd show them. Bernie and me. A couple of old Philippine campaigners. They didn't come too tough for Bernie and me!

"We can't miss, honey!" I told Liz.

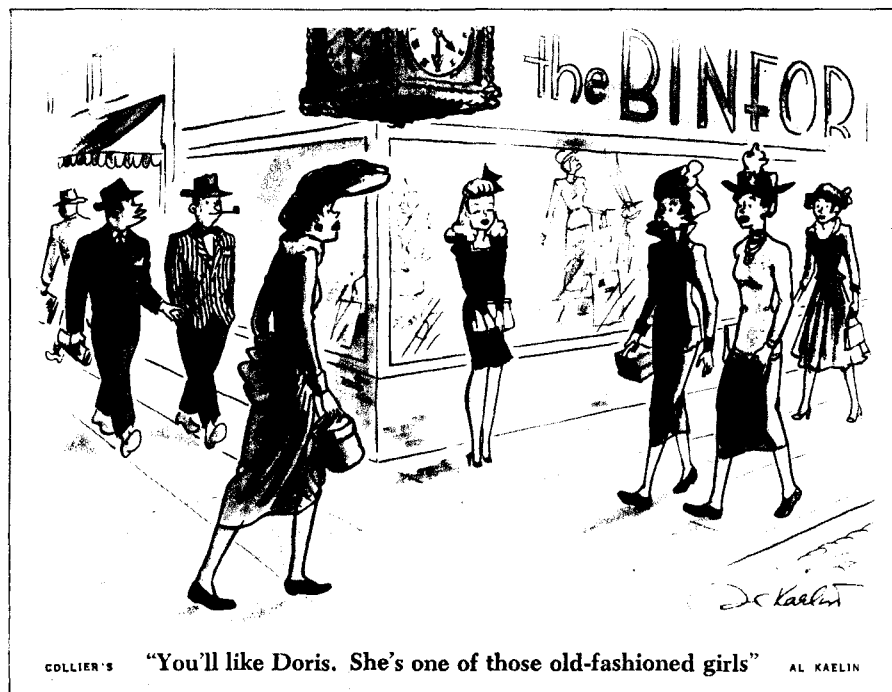
The steak was wonderful that night. . . .

The next afternoon I drove out to the property, lurked around for a while, and made a long list of the changes and improvements Bernie and I would make. On the way home I picked up a couple of cases of beer and two fifths of bourbon. Then Liz and I just sat around and waited for Bernie.

The apartment buzzer rang at six ten. I jumped for the head of the stairs.

The first thing I saw, scrunching up to get through the front door, was a hundred and ninety-some-odd pounds of healthy womanhood. This babe was muscled up like Jumping Joe Savoldi. She was low on forehead and heavy on chin. From where I stood, her dress had seen service as a shower curtain and her hat was a chintz frying pan mounted with a rooster's tail feather.

She started churning up the stairs and



COLLIER'S

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AL KAELEN

Collier's for October 25, 1947



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I felt like a commuter watching the Wee-hawken ferry nose into its slip.

"You O'Rourke?" this wheezed.

"That's me."

"Howdy," she said.

I opened my mouth and nothing came out. Then I saw a kid, a kid about Johnny's age, maybe four—and I realized, with something of a shock, that this must be Bernie's family. I'd heard him several times refer vaguely to his wife and baby boy. Once he'd shown me an old beat-up snapshot of a kid that looked like a road-company Charlie McCarthy sitting on what I took to be an overstuffed chair.

"The wife and kid," he had said gloomily.

"Honest-looking, isn't he? Where's the wife?"

"The kid's sitting on her."

"Oh," I had said.

"We're piling off the LCIs coming into the beach at Ormoc. I step in a pothole. The wife's head and chest got washed away," Bernie had explained.

"Too bad."

"You got to watch them potholes."

Potholes! I'd have torn the top half of that snapshot away myself.

THEN I saw Bernie. "Why, you ornery old goat!" I yelled. "Come on up here and I'll tell you who won the war! Come on in the house and we'll pull the cork out of a bottle!"

"Bernie don't drink nowadays," Muscles said.

"Meet the wife," Bernie said.

I greeted her politely.

She showed me some long teeth.

"Come on in, everybody," I said, for lack of anything else to say. "Liz is waiting for you." Bernie reached the top of the stairs. He gave me a hand, a mullet—cold and dead.

I introduced them all to Liz. If Liz was surprised she didn't show it. That girl was a trouper. She'd said she'd give me my chance, and she was doing it. She made her little speech. "Take off your things." She smiled sweetly at Bernie's wife. "You know, your things," she said, looking at Mrs. Bernie's hat and choking slightly.

Johnny and Herman went in the bedroom and sat on the floor looking murder at each other, deciding who would strike the first blow.

Then I got my first good look at Bernie.

What I saw wasn't good: Bernie had been a big man when I'd known him in the Army. He was still big, but the big had turned mushy around the edges. I closed my eyes and saw him in combat boots and sweat-stained fatigues—with a tin hat worn at a rakish angle, a stubble of wiry beard on his face and with a limp cigarette dangling from the corner of his lips. "Come on, Jack," he seemed to be saying. "Come on, boy—we'll go rustle up a little excitement." I opened my eyes and saw a guy in a business suit and a maroon tie. I saw him and I heard him say, "Yes, honey—I parked the car in a good safe place."

It was quite a shock.

I realized Mrs. Bernie was speaking to me. "Mr. O'Rourke," she said, "did you notice what time we got here, Mr. O'Rourke?"

"Jack," I said. "Not exactly."

"Ten minutes after six. We were ten minutes late. I believe in being very punctual, and I wish to apologize. Before we start a trip I plan every minute and every mile of the way. We would have been here at six o'clock sharp if it hadn't been for Bernie."

"What did Bernie do?" I asked. "Stop to rob a bank?"

"Ha, ha," Muscles said. "We'd just started and we had to turn around and go back. He forgot Herman's potty chair, the jerk!"

"Oh," I groaned. I remembered the time on Leyte Bernie had gone out in the boondocks for a pineapple for breakfast.

He had come back with two scared Japs. And the pineapple. Potty chair!

"Would you like a drink?" Liz asked Mrs. Bernie.

"I never drink," Muscles said, "but I might take a little beer. Bernie might take a little beer, too. No whisky."

"It was awfully nice of you to come," Liz said, as I motioned Bernie to follow me into the kitchen.

"We're on our way to Albany to see Mama," I heard Bernie's wife say. "We decided to drop by here on the way to see Mama."

I opened a bottle of beer, poured the top three inches off it, spiked it with bourbon and handed it to Bernie. I poured myself a quick one. "Here's to all the girls in Manila named Rosita," I said, watching closely for a sign of the old spark.

Bernie stared gloomily at the bottle of beer. "I'll have to take it awful easy, Jack. I promised the wife."

I guess Bernie was waiting for me to tell him why I'd sent him the wire. I started to tell him. I tried to tell him—and I just couldn't do it. Not just then.

I made Liz a highball, poured Muscles a big glass of beer, and Bernie and I went into the front room. Bernie's wife was holding forth:

"... so we all got together and formed this little club. The Merrymakers, we call ourselves. It's loads of fun. We meet once a week for Bingo and a covered dish supper. It's just dandy."

"I think clubs are such a good idea," Liz said.

"You folks belong to any?"

"Well, no—not exactly," Liz said. "You see—"

"Oh. We're also members of the Quaker State Ornithological Society. We observe birds. Each member of our chapter is known to the other members by his bird name. I'm Scarlet Tanager and Bernie is Meadow Lark. We have dandy times on our bird walks, believe you me. Last week it was Bernie's time to speak at our meeting. He gave us a talk on the Life and Habits of the Great Whooping Crane. Did fine, too. Got written up in two Pittsburgh papers."

I choked on my drink. Liz smiled sweetly at me.

I made a feeble attempt to wake everybody out of this horrible nightmare. "Bernie, old man. Remember the time in Tacoma we borrowed the Shriners' uniforms and showed up at their meeting? They looked at your name plate and asked you for your report on the Welfare Fund in Walla Walla? And you started telling them about the geisha houses in Tokyo? Remember the war, Bernie? Remember the Philippines? Remember those two little Dutch girls? Remember, Bernie?"

"Please, Mister O'Rourke!" Bernie's wife thundered. "We don't speak of the war. Bernie is being rehabilitated!"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't know."

From then on all I could do was drink. I had to drink. It was like a wake. Bernie's wake.

BERNIE trailed me on my fifth trip to the kitchen. He cornered me by the sink. "Pour me a quick one, Jack," he said—sounding like a weak echo of the old Bernie. I poured him a stiff one and he threw it down the hatch.

"I know how you feel, boy," he said.

"I feel fine. I feel swell, Bernie."

"You got to see it my way, kid."

"Forget it, Bernie. Let it go."

"A man's got to grow up, boy. A man can't go on fighting a war all his life. Jack. A man comes home, and he's got a wife and kid waiting for him—and—well, he's got them. They're his, and he's got to do the best he can by them. See what I mean, boy?"

I wished he'd stop. I wished he'd go away. I wished he'd stop kicking my memories around. I wished he'd lay off my dreams!



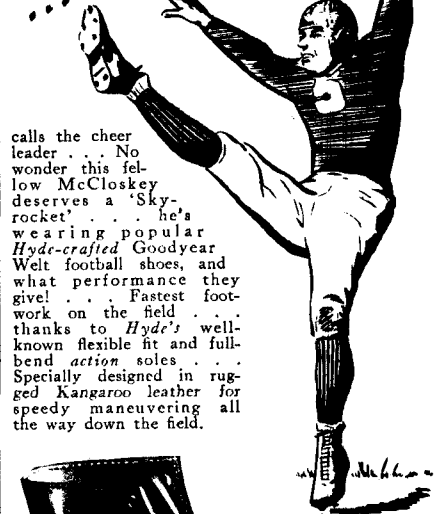
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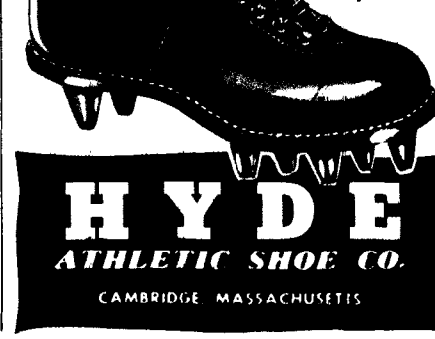
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Collier's for October 25, 1947

"It's rough, Jack. Sometimes it gets mighty rough. It's rough now and it's going to get rougher. A man's got to keep scratching—just going along and doing the best he can. You can't take any chances, Jack."

"Don't you ever think of the Army, Bernie?"

"Ah, Jack—the Army," Bernie said. "I loved the Army—"

All of a sudden Bernie began to make sense to me. Maybe he had something there. Maybe it would have been better if I'd heard him out. That was out of the question, though, because it suddenly sounded like somebody had stuck a hog in our bedroom—what with all the bel-lowing. I turned around just in time to see Herman go through the bedroom door like lightning through a gooseberry bush.

Herman was wearing his potty chair over his head.

"Oh!" Mrs. Bernie howled. "Oh, Herman! Oh, you poor child!" Herman's shrieks billowed from inside the potty chair. His mother was trying to work the gadget over his head. It wouldn't come. Her grip slipped and she fell backward.

"Just a minute," I yelled. "Hand me the screw driver, Liz."

I took Herman and spread him on the floor. I put a foot on his chest and tried my hand at the potty chair. It was a tight fit. I don't know how Johnny ever got it on there. I started fumbling around with the hinge on the potty chair, trying to loosen the bolts.

"Call the doctor!" Bernie's wife shouted.

"Please be calm," Liz said.

"Give me that screw driver," Bernie said. "I always was a better mechanic than you!" Bernie grinned. He grinned at me for the first time that evening.

He had the kid sprung in ten seconds.

Bernie's wife was awfully upset. "We'd better go," she half sobbed. "Mama, in Albany—"

"Yeah, honey," Bernie said. "Yeah—we'd better shove."

"But, supper—" Liz said.

Mrs. Bernie was groping in the closet for her hat.

"Thanks, anyhow," Bernie said.

Mrs. Bernie went through the door. She had Herman in one hand and the potty chair in another. Bernie followed them. Just on the other side of the door Bernie turned to me. He held out his hand. I took it.

"What was that you wanted to see me about, Jack?" he asked.

"Nothing, kid," I said.

Bernie looked at me. He smiled kind of sadly. I could see he understood. "Oh," he said. He started down the stairs. "Be seeing you one of these days, son," he said.

"Yeah."

THEY went through the front door, downstairs. Through the glass I watched Bernie put his arm around his wife's shoulder. They started down the street; a hard-working, ordinary sort of guy who had once been to war, a guy in a business suit—with a heavy wife in a hat like a chintz frying pan with a feather sticking out of it. Just a couple of guys—and their kid—doing the best they could, the way they saw it, I suddenly decided.

I walked slowly into the apartment. I got on the phone and the old man was decent. He just acted like nothing had happened. I told him to prepare the custom-made job for surgery, that I'd operate at nine in the morning.

My wife kissed me—just a little reluctantly.

"It's going to be a cold winter in Poland," I said.

"Poland, hon?"

"The Poles," I said. "Why don't you send the Poles something I won't be needing any more? Something like that G.I. blouse."

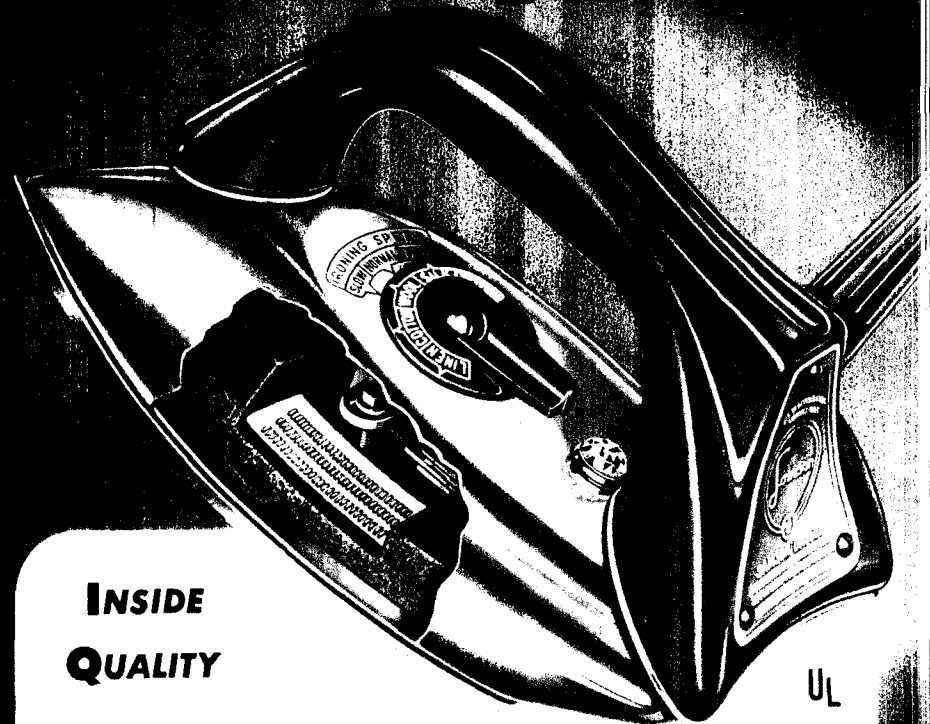
My wife kissed me unreluctantly.

THE END

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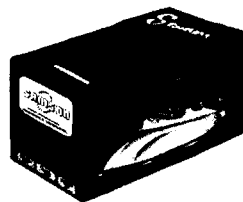
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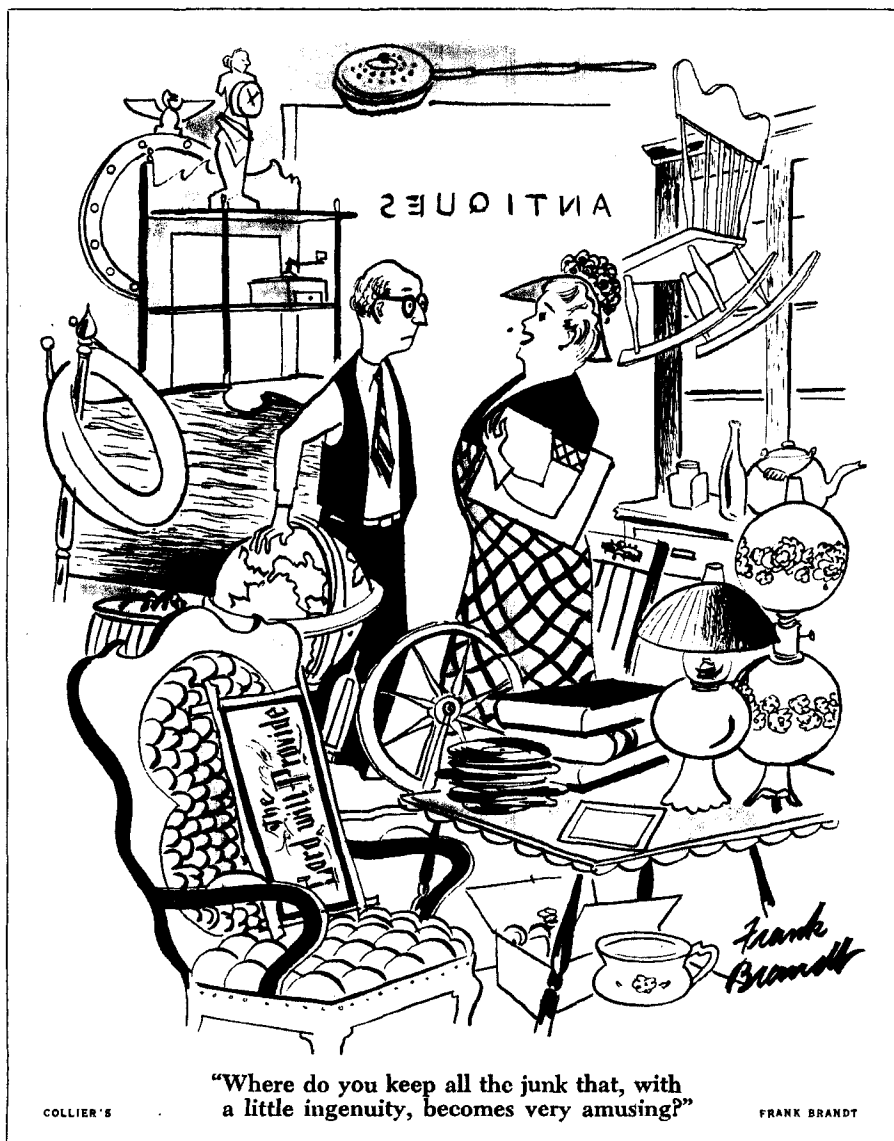
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FRANK BRANDT

YOUR CHILD'S PICTURES CAN TALK

Continued from page 15

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and self-occupied, he became aggressive and resistant to adults and entered freely into play with other boys. Here again a child was expressing an inner emotional change through painting before the shift became apparent in his behavior.

Does it mean anything if a child regularly focuses its paintings toward the top of the page? The Chicago investigators found that the smallest children (physically) and the most ambitious children (psychologically) tended to center their paintings on the upper half of the page.

Curves and circles usually symbolize submissive, feminine feelings in a very young child (even when drawn by boys). Strong vertical, horizontal and diagonal strokes indicate assertive, masculine drives (even when drawn by girls). The most "boyish boys" and the most "boyish girls" emphasized vertical lines.

Jessica, whose mother dressed her like a boy, was by all odds the most "manish" girl in the group. Like her behavior, her paintings were intensely masculine in their symbolism. They consisted exclusively of long vertical strokes that ran from the very top to the very bottom of the page (Painting No. 9). No other girl among the 82 girls observed drew verticals so sharply, so strongly or so exclusively. Five months later, Jessica's paintings underwent a lasting change. The verticals, no longer running the entire height of the page, became weaker

and Jessica smeared them over (Painting No. 10). It was precisely during this period that Jessica began to act in a more girlish fashion and sought playmates among other girls for the first time.

Children who permit their colors to intermingle side by side (Painting No. 11) are generally more at ease in all the rest of their behavior than youngsters who keep their colors separated with painstaking care (Painting No. 12). Although the size of the pages at the disposal of the 149 children never varied—the page size was 17 by 22 inches—some never used more than a fraction of the page. They tended to be equally circumspect in other activities.

On the other hand, those children who continually painted over the edges were the very ones who teachers and observers felt went beyond the limits in all of their activities. Andy, who, more than any other child, continuously painted off the page, recognized "no limits" in his behavior either. He was the only child who ran away both from the nursery and from home.

Mrs. Alschuler and Dr. Hattwick came to the conclusion that children reveal themselves not only in paintings, "but to sensitive eyes and ears, they reveal themselves in practically every aspect of their behavior. Observation of voices, choice of words, posture, and way of walking . . . which we ordinarily pass by with-

out consideration can, if thoughtfully analyzed, contribute to adult understanding of children.

"As we noted recurrent tensions and hostilities; as we observed children who felt isolated and unloved; and as we gathered evidence of their inner life from their paintings, block building and dramatic play, we realized more keenly than ever that if the term 'happy childhood' is used to convey the impression that childhood is an altogether happy, untroubled period, it presents a quite oversimplified and untrue picture.

"Acute problems characterize the lives of young children just as they do the lives of adults. . . . As our insights increase, we shall perhaps become less prone to attach blame either to adults or to children. We shall know that objective analysis rather than blame and guilt is in order and that such analysis will be far more effective in resolving difficulties."

Painting and Personality is a pioneer step in that direction. Much more scientific research remains to be done. Meanwhile parents can help their children by offering them paints, paper and ample opportunities to use them. Next time your Pride-and-Joy brings his painting to you, remember he's painted out a bit of himself. It's important to him, and if you can understand it, you may understand him a little better.

THE END



Jessica, the most "boyish" girl in the study group, drew strong vertical lines that ran the entire height of the page



Five months later, as she began to desire social acceptance, she also began to cover over the basic vertical pattern

Children who let their colors intermingle on the paper are, as a rule, equally at ease in the rest of their behavior

A painstaking separation of colors suggests that a child is being brought up under too rigid discipline by its parents





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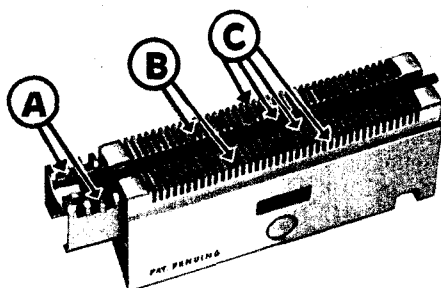
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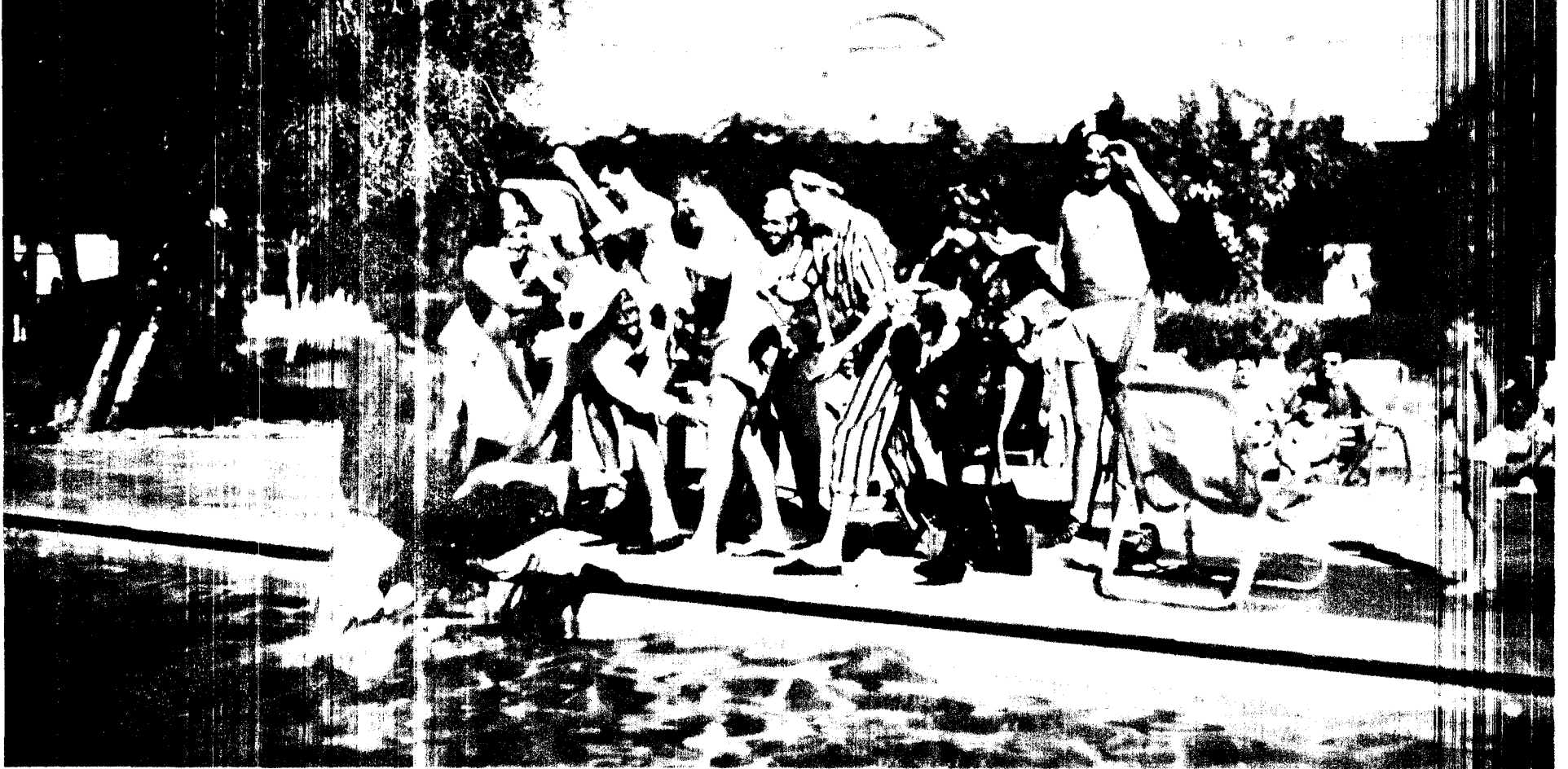
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BY OREN ARNOLD



"King Neptune" ceremonies take place at one of two fine swimming pools enjoyed by students at the American Institute for Foreign Trade. Here the "Queen" is being initiated with a ducking. The school, formerly an Army air-training center, is now turning out business men and women for careers south of the border

Americans are attending Thunderbird School in order to learn all they can about Latin-American business methods. It's a big step forward in international affairs

AT THE American Institute for Foreign Trade, near Phoenix, Arizona, one of the professors tells the story of a young man who was sent to Brazil as agent for an American tire company.

"Soon after he arrived in South America," says the professor, "he was invited to visit the home of a Brazilian tycoon with whom he hoped to do business. The host brought out a spirited horse for him to ride.

"What a beautiful animal!" the American gushed, and meant it. 'I wish I owned him!'

"You earnestly admire the horse?" the host asked. 'You would like to possess him?'

"I'll say I would!"

"Then he is yours."

"What?"

"He is yours, *por nada, amigo.*" The host bowed, deadly serious.

"Next day, thinking that surely he had made a great impression upon the tycoon, the young man tried to talk business. He was politely but firmly brushed aside. And in less than six months he was back in the United

States. He had muffed everything; his mission had been a complete failure.

"The reason was, of course, that he hadn't learned that if you openly admire anything owned by your Latin-American host, he may feel obligated to give it to you. This is a grand gesture which can cement a friendship and make for good business relations, but only if the man who receives the gift understands the social amenities involved and returns the courtesy with finesse."

It is this lack of understanding that the American Institute for Foreign Trade aims to correct. Admittedly a pioneering enterprise, the school nevertheless seems to offer considerable hope for a revolutionary change in our foreign relations. Since its inception last year it has been eagerly watched both by American business and by the United States diplomatic service.

American wives, too, are trained at the school. One of New York's largest banks recognizes that women sometimes unthinkingly ruin their husbands' careers. So when it sends young men to Latin America their wives are trained as thoroughly as are the young men themselves.

A classic example of connubial stubbornness concerns the big-league baseball player who went to Mexico recently for an enormous salary, and within a few years might have earned enough to make him comfortable for life. But his prospects were ruined by his wife. She wasn't flexible.

"She beefed about everything,"

said one of the player's friends. "She complained about the peppery food, laughed at the Mexicans' clothing, refused to learn Spanish and tried to force her customs upon the Mexicans instead of adopting theirs. In consequence, the big boys of Mexican baseball fired her man and shipped him home as quickly as possible."

It is a fact, well known to businessmen and students of foreign relations in the United States, that while Americans are versatile at home, very few have ever learned how to behave abroad. They say and do the wrong things, talk too much, laugh at the wrong time, and in general are too rigidly American, scornful of foreign customs. Thus they trample on the sensibilities of their hosts, arousing resentment and distrust which have cost American business millions of dollars.

In Latin America in particular, business methods which flourish north of the Rio Grande may be utterly useless. Two Americans may buy each other drinks and be ready to talk business inside of ten minutes. In South America it may take ten days. That is one thing the American Institute for Foreign Trade attempts to teach.

Two hundred and thirty young men and women were graduated from the school last June. The majority of them have already been placed in good jobs leading to assignments which will take them to Latin America or other parts of the world for extensive travel or residence.

This year about 300 new pupils began their studies September 29th. In eight and a half months of intensive training, they will receive a course the equivalent of two years in many colleges. They will concentrate on one specific thing—to work as American business people in Latin America.

To this end the students abandon English as their everyday language, speaking only Spanish or Portuguese, although there are no hard and fast rules about this. One group of students, hoping to increase its income, put a box on their wall and required anyone who inadvertently used English to deposit a dime. At last reports they were not making any money.

But beyond language and social customs, pupils also acquire the Latin-American concept of business timing—the sociable, gracious approach as opposed to Yankee go-getter tactics. To gain this knowledge so vital to business and social success in Latin America, each student pays \$850 for tuition and \$600 for board and room.

The school is located at Thunderbird Field, 16 miles from Phoenix, one of the important centers of the Army's wartime air-training program. Originally Thunderbird was built with Hollywood capital, and the Hollywood influence is evident throughout. There are 20 buildings, arranged to form an Indian thunderbird. Four of the buildings used as dormitories for the students and faculty members face a large central court, in which there are two swimming pools.

So far as the Army is concerned, the usefulness of Thunderbird vanished with the end of the war, and the property was declared surplus.

Then a group of Arizona and Eastern financiers was approached by two men, General Barton K. Yount, who had been commanding general of the Army Air Forces Training Command from 1942 to 1946, and Colonel Finley Peter Dunne, Jr., who had served under General Yount. They proposed to establish a new sort of school of foreign relations, and sold their idea to the financiers, who went after Thunderbird and got it.

Publicity Attracts Students

For the property, which was appraised at \$407,000, they paid the War Assets Administration only the cost of transfer, because the Institute, as a nonprofit educational organization, is entitled under the Surplus Property Act to receive such property at 100 per cent discount. The publicity that followed the award—the deal was investigated by a diligent Congressional committee—brought almost 3,000 letters from would-be students, from whom the 300 best qualified were selected.

The school was organized with General Yount as president and a faculty of some twenty members, all of them specialists in Latin-American trade, banking, research, personnel management, accounting, marketing, and social customs. About one third of the faculty are from Latin-American countries.

For example, the school's new expert on international law is a former ambassador to Paraguay, Wesley Frost, who retired from the diplomatic service in 1944. Dr. William L. Schurz, Director of Area Studies, is the author of several books on South America and has been a Latin-American specialist since he left the University of California more than thirty years ago. He spent 15 years south of the Rio Grande for the Department of Commerce and other government bureaus, and when hired for the Thunderbird school, was acting chief of the American Republic Area Division of the State Department. Lectures by these and other members of the faculty deal exhaustively with the laws and business customs of South America, but they also emphasize the everyday details of living.

"You must learn," the students are told, "that the Latin American is an individualist. He is not civic-minded as we are; as a rule the state ranks third in importance to the individual and the family.

"The private citizen in Latin America is careful to observe the amenities of social intercourse. He is at ease in an atmosphere of pomp and verbosity which would make us uncomfortable. Your success down there will depend upon your acceptance of that.

"The Latin American is a master of the *beau geste*, the apt phrase, the urbanity; you may find yourself so far behind him in this as to blush with embarrassment. In short, the emphasis down there is on leisure, not business; on how to live, rather than on how to earn a living."

Before he gets his diploma in diplomacy, however, the Thunderbird graduate will be conditioned to the fact that health is more than normally important. Not all assignments are to the fine, large cities of Latin-American countries. Therefore, the requirements for physical efficiency are high.

The average age of the pupils is 26, the oldest 48. All must measure up.

The requirements for business efficiency are even higher. "The people of other countries expect our business representatives to be real experts in their own lines," Dr. Schurz told a class. For that reason the curriculum lays heavy emphasis on such key aspects of foreign trade and business administration as marketing and market analysis, the techniques of importing and exporting, money and banking and accounting.

These and similar subjects, taught in conjunction with foreign languages and area studies, are designed to turn out not just a Latin-American expert, but a well-rounded individual who can be successful anywhere in the world.

There has been no great effort to surround the students at Thunderbird with Latin-American "atmosphere." True, they speak Spanish and Portuguese at every opportunity. They also present plays in these languages in the school's theater. Latin-American movies are frequently shown, and some of the *décor* in the various buildings is South-of-the-Border stuff. Once a week a dance is held in the big Thunderbird auditorium, where the music and dancing are usually South American or Central American.

Courses in Child Care

In the nursery school for students' children, the undersized chairs and tables are from Mexico. Wives of students are also given tips on how to bring up children in Latin-American countries—information about doctors, schools, domestic help and so on.

"But by and large," Mr. Dunne points out, "the Latin-American atmosphere is an intellectual one. We have one of the best Latin-American libraries in the United States.

"Realism is the keynote in the area studies. Classes learn the good things about the countries they are studying—the cultural achievements, for instance—along with less-familiar things. They learn to appreciate and understand."

In time the new school expects to train careerists for the government diplomatic service, and as quickly as possible to expand its courses to cover Asiatic and then European countries. Meanwhile, the accent is on Latin America.

"It would be a mistake, however, to think that we are trying to make Latin Americans out of our students," General Yount says. "Our students are good citizens of the United States, learning to be better representatives of our country in its dealings with other countries. Those who go into business with the banks and with other companies engaged in foreign trade will be more valuable to their employers because they have a real understanding of the likes and dislikes, the ambitions and hopes of other lands.

"They will be practical, too. The training they receive here in advanced business administration gives them a sound background. They know that a career in foreign trade, however fascinating, is not all glamor. Most of it is hard work, like any other successful career.

"But we feel that what they learn here will also help them to make friends for the United States and may in this way contribute to world peace. Without changing their basic Americanism, we are helping them to become world citizens." ★★★



How to drink maté as the Bolivians do is demonstrated by Professor Hernam Cabrera to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Farr, students at the American Institute

Classes are small, intimate groups like this one taught by Antoinette Angeucci. The students are getting the subtleties of Portuguese pronunciation



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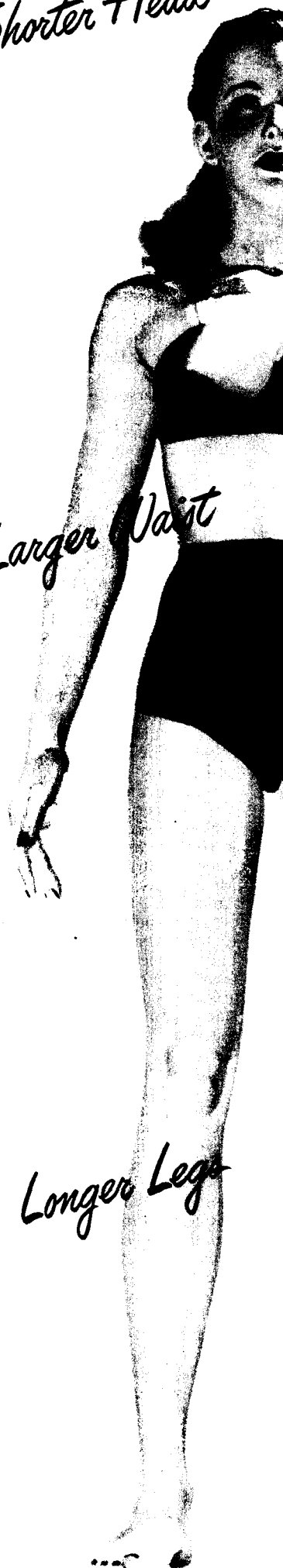
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WHAT SHAPE NEXT?

Shorter Head

Larger Waist

Longer Legs



Here's what the next generation of Americans will look like, as reported by an associate professor in Physical Anthropology and Anatomy at Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia. They're going to be a streamlined generation!

Americans, whose genius for mass production awes and sometimes amuses the rest of the world, have managed to standardize practically everything but themselves. About the only "biggest and-best" we've never gotten around to producing is a really Typical American. We've actually leaned a little backward. If we have any single national characteristic at all it's our perverse ability to differ from one another just as much as we differ from the other peoples of the world.

This singular state of affairs is a good thing, from the anthropologist's point of view. It provides a fascinating background for the final emergence of a distinctive, stable, average American.

The cautious anthropologist, examining the hodgepodge of ancestral and geographical patterns that make up our racial background, is likely to find himself sure of one thing: Mr. Average Typical American, when he finally emerges, will be bigger, taller, handsomer, smarter and more energetic than anyone in sight anywhere today.

Physically, Americans are beginning to change pretty fast, and the probabilities are that we'll change even faster from here on. In the past century or so we concentrated on producing distinct regional types of Americans which have become fairly well established across the land. They will have a great deal to do with the nature of the future American as they become more thoroughly blended with perhaps some leavening from the last great waves of immigrants.

A great many factors have gone into the making of our American regional types—heredity, environment, and principally, geographical isolation and the limits it placed on intermarriage between sections. Thus the mountaineers of the Southeast tend to be big and rangy, with narrow heads and hatchet faces, short noses and dark hair and eyes.

The tall and heavy Southwestern (the Texan, for example) has a broad, rugged, lantern-jawed face and a thick nose, in contrast with the slightly buxom New Englander with his narrow face, high nose and pointed chin. Men from Wisconsin average short, with wide heads, straight foreheads and long thin noses. Westerners are more Nordic than the rest of us. And so on.

These various regional American types will become less distinct with the disappearance of the factors that created them. The result will be the most complete blending of ancestries that the world has ever seen. And of it will come the Typical American. No one will be able to trace clearly the racial patterns, but it's possible to do some logical forecasting as to the physical appearance, at least, on the basis of what we already know about the changes now occurring in our population.

Everyone knows we're growing taller. As a nation, we've been adding an inch or so to our average stature every forty or fifty years. And this has been going on steadily for 150 years with no end in sight. Our college students are growing even faster—an in-

ILLUSTRATED BY

every thirty years, until their average height has reached 5 feet 10 inches. And Army figures show that G.I. Joe was two inches taller than his dough-boy father.

Our increasing height is only one of a great many changes we're undergoing in all our body proportions, in our heads and faces, and in the color of our hair and eyes. Most of our tallness is the result of a lengthening of our legs, thighs and waists. Along with this, our hips are becoming narrower and our shoulders and chests are becoming broader. Our arms are getting longer, our heads and faces are becoming narrower and our hair seems to be getting darker.

The trend toward this rather ideal figure has its drawbacks, however. It could go too far in the direction of a stringbean build, because we've been gaining only a pound every five years, with most of this gain going into our hips and thighs. This may mean that we're in danger of becoming too tall for our weight or our strength.

To Avoid Growing Too Tall

But by that time we may be smart enough to do something about it—psychiatrists have shown that well-balanced, slenderly built people often have more intellectual minds than other types. And our tendency toward growing too tall may eventually be checked by better admixture of the shorter, strongly built, broad-shouldered groups that made up our most recent immigrants in the industrial East, and whose assimilation is not yet completed. In any event, it seems safe to suppose that our future American will be smarter as well as taller.

While we've been talking about both sexes so far, the American woman has been up to much more interesting things. Her waist regions are increasing in girth much faster than men's. Her hips have been growing narrower as to bone structure, but she's putting on enough extra flesh to make for a net increase in hip girth. Her waist has grown bigger since the days of the iron-bound corset, and her girdle nowadays is designed to control her hip and thigh bulges instead of her midsection.

But the chief contribution of women to the American of the future may lie in their thinking, which can have a drastic effect in determining our eventual characteristic appearance.

Historically, people everywhere have held to certain ideals, consciously or unconsciously, that influence them in the selection of mates. In America, an extremely subtle factor has been added to the complex considerations that select certain persons, and reject others, as the parents of the next generation. The real direction of the change in our population is, surprisingly, toward the idealized physical types of people pictured in our movies and advertising. If this trend continues, as it undoubtedly will, the American of the future will be an exceedingly attractive fellow indeed—handsome, athletic, dark-complexioned, with a rather long face, straight nose and a long head from front to back.

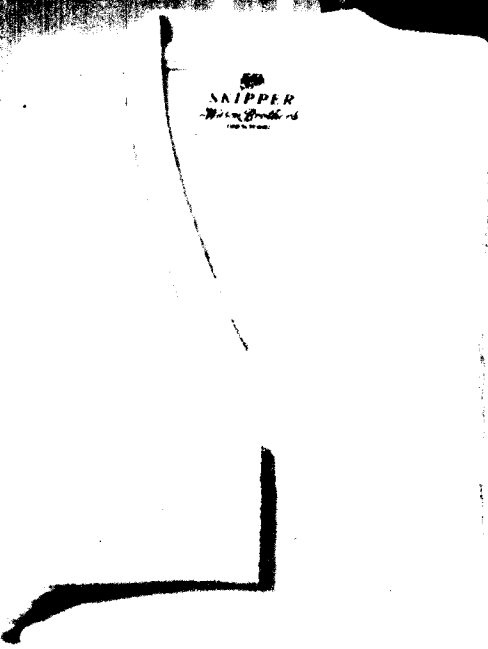
The American woman will never, in all likelihood, manage to achieve the improbable legginess of the picture ideal, nor will she be so slender, fortunately. But she will have a rather short head, a long-oval or heart-shaped face, a narrow, well-chiseled nose and either extremely light or dark hair and eyes, instead of the intermediate shades most women now have. And probably our superior male will find her just as difficult to understand as he does today. ★★★

VENDELL KLING

BY J. LAWRENCE ANGEL








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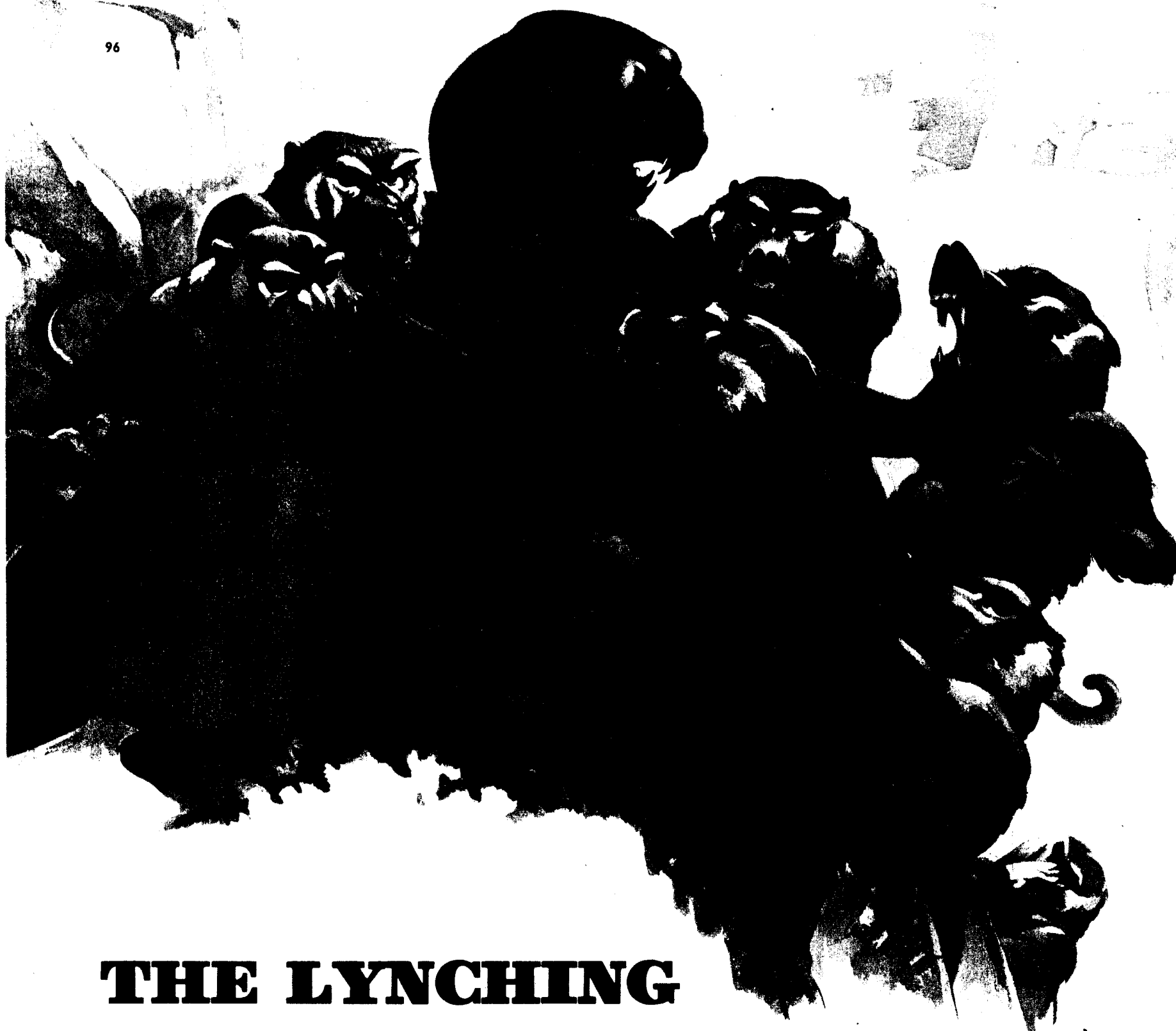
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THE LYNCHING

BY PAUL ANNIXTER

The cliff dwellers could contend with the starving panther—the real menace lay within the tribe

THE Little Rains were over and the season of the Big Rains had come to the veld. Time when the downpours—within a period of five or six weeks—were changing the very face of the land and all the hunting habits of wildfolk were forced out of orbit.

Always the rains meant trouble for all, and tragedy for not a few. For the People of the Krantze, the baboon folk, they were bringing a problem to a head. The People had their city in the inky caves that honeycombed the Krantze—the great rampart of cliffs that faced the river. Here they dwelt in untold numbers. The Hottentots classified them as people — “the-people-who-sit-on-their-heels.” The baboons can actually talk, they will tell you, but will not, for fear of being enslaved by man.

On a day in the fourth week of the rains the cave of T'chakamma, the baboon chief, held a ring of squatting elders who composed the wisdom and authority of the tribe. Dog-headed, with close-set eyes and curved tiger fangs, each of them was close to four-feet high and powerful with the strength of three strong men. T'chakamma himself was mightier than any, a lowering red-brown beast, such a baboon as hunters may glimpse once in years—or never see at all. He was grayed with age, his fangs yellowed. He was the terrible lord paramount over all the baboons of that region.

Both in strength and in prowess T'chakamma was remarkable, but his sagacity—that was a thing apart: the extra edge of craft that makes a leader. He sat, one foot crossed over

the other, and uttered low gibbering speech with many grimaces, fluttering his white eyelids and scratching contemplatively along his ribs with a hook of curved black fingernails. His councilors grunted as they listened, watching every expression of the patriarch's face with absorption and a certain question.

For a week, prevailing winds had driven the rains against the face of the Krantze until the caves and lairs were almost untenable. Restlessness and dissatisfaction were at work, and beneath the surface, dissension was causing a schism in the tribe.

T'chakamma was old, as old as a baboon might be and rule. He was nearing the end of his days, as all knew. Soon another must step into his place, and there was none other powerful enough, save one—a big,

scowling, debauched old villain with a great red ruff, a creature without wisdom and frankly evil. T'chakamma's own son had the exceptional cunning that makes a chief, but he could not hope to prevail against this beast who was the equal in size and strength of T'chakamma himself.

For a year the Red One had been well to the fore in everything—in reconnaissance, in audacity, in belligerence, in courting. More to the point, the lawless element of the tribe and the thoughtless young seconded this one's every move and idea. For some time, because of this, T'chakamma's authority had hung in the balance. There were some who counseled violence, yet T'chakamma waited, for the fate of the People hung upon the outcome. . . .

The rain had ceased; the day was

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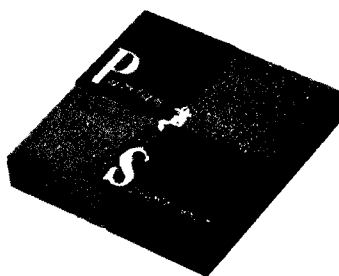


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near its end. T'chakamma went out the mouth of his cave, the others clustered behind him. He sat down on a rock beside his wife, who was already there, now and then holding up his head and closing his eyes with the pleasure of being scratched by her. Many others were taking advantage of the lull in the storm. The ledge below swarmed with bucks and marys, old and young, with many little ones capering among them.

Suddenly through their ranks pressed a hairy giant of a beast whose head gave him the appearance of having had a wild boar and a dog for parents. The throng leapt aside in dread as he came, some of the younger bucks falling quite over backward in their anxiety to give him room. In the fierce orange-red eyes of this one, sunken under clifflike brows, gleamed a crafty intelligence, half human, half demoniac, and a terrible lust for dominance. Sweeping aside two lesser bucks he mounted a rock and sat there, humped, evil—to all appearance the grim leader of the baboon city.

Abruptly then the Red One felt T'chakamma's gaze from above, and turned, his white-ringed eyes fluttering and disappearing beneath their folded lids. T'chakamma's downthrust gaze held such a thundercloud of menace that the other hunkered and coughed defiance. T'chakamma turned, mounted his own lookout and sat brooding like a stone gargoyle over his rain-drenched domain.

Embwa, the black leopard, was likewise having a time of it. He was a huge male leopard Nature had played a prank upon and given a black skin instead of the spotted orange-tan of most of his clan. Because of his color, which was unlike that of any other veld creature, and because of his remarkable hunting and fighting propensities, Embwa had always been of ill repute in the region. Men claim that a black leopard, a black panther, is fiercer and deadlier than others of his clan. He has to be, he stands so apart. People dislike even tame black cats.

THE night had been dark as the bowels of a cave—the sort of night to Embwa's taste. By day, when others of his kind were camouflaged by the tawny veld grass, Embwa was sorely handicapped, but the nights were his. Far and long he had hunted, but not even a klipspringer had fallen to his privy paw. The bottom lands were a quagmire; in the dripping blackness, cut by rushing streams that were formerly powdery dongas, no game was available. Many herds had drawn northward in the van of the floods; those that remained were thrice wary.

Hyenas moaned and wailed him company as he prowled; a pair of jackals laughed in fake derision. These were Embwa's "followers," a moth-eaten, down-at-the-heels crew, who honored his prowess by their unwanted company and dined at times on the offal of his kills.

It was in that blackest hour before the dawn, between downpours, that Embwa's sensitive ears picked up the faint grunt of a sentinel gnu bull. It was echoed immediately by the subdued *qua-ha* of a restless zebra. It apprised Embwa instantly of just where the remnant of the herds had congregated during the recent storm—in an acacia grove that topped the high plateau above the river. Toward this Embwa turned, maneuvering downwind, and for the next ten minutes his progress was a marvel of legerdemain. He could have done business in that grove, for he had no equal in the arts of self-effacement. It was his own rabble retinue that gave him away, with their low-bred gibbers of anticipatory greed.

The sentinel gnu could read sound and scent as a man reads his evening paper. And so when Embwa was still three hundred yards away there came a sudden drumming of hundreds of hoofs upon wet earth as the acacias gave up their secret in a rout upon the plain. The blackness, which was only an indeterminate

gray to Embwa's eyes, revealed some who seemed scarcely to touch the earth in their flight: they were gazelles; others who ran with a rocking-horse gallop with horns twisted at the acute angle that marked the kongoni tribe; still others who pounded along like bison, calling *kwonk, kwonk* in a sort of outrage, and they were wildebeests.

But Embwa's outrage surpassed any of them. For four rainy days he had not eaten and his shriveled underparts gripped the cage of his ribs like a drying hide in the sun. In sheer desperation he whirled then and charged his followers. Aye, he would have fed upon the mangiest of them in that hour, but with low cunning they melted before him, and Embwa was alone, sounding harsh, coughing roar upon roar of fury through the dripping dark.

NOW there was nothing for it but the People of the Krantze, the baboon folk. He seemed to have known that all along. There was always a chance of surprising some unwary one among the People's teeming hundreds, but to get away with the kill was something else again. Once, years before, Embwa had done it by the grace of his fantastic agility, but the fearsome memory of it still troubled his dreams. He hated and feared the baboon folk with a fear that was part loathing, buckled through with awe—awe so deep-rooted in his kind that even tame cats have a blood memory of monkey horror. All this notwithstanding, Embwa made his choice, for his need was overpowering.

So Embwa engineered his strategy, creeping as silently as temptation's own shadow up from the river's brink along the twisty streets of the baboon city, invisible as the stuff of darkness, to crouch at last by a stony outcrop one hundred feet above the river, two hundred feet below the Krantze top.

A baboon's sense of smell is little keener than a man's. None dreamed of Embwa's nearness until shortly after dawn a restless baby emerged upon a ledge near by, and Embwa in one fluid bound rubbed him out. But not before the youngster's broken, almost human cries had roused the Krantze from end to end. In a matter of seconds every baboon in the city was out and adding his voice to the tumult, a skirling, yammering uproar that sounded like a hundred bagpipes.

Bounding with rage as they came, the males—pausing to stoop the backs of their heads to the ground, which is the baboon's most lethal challenge—swarmed over the face of the cliff in dark waves. Embwa fled with his prey, slithering down fissures and along rocky outcrops where none but a cat or an ape might find purchase. He fled downward, hoping to get out of the city. Then he saw that baboons were closing about him from all sides, even from below.

He dropped to a broad rock shelf that had no cave mouths facing upon it. Along this he glided fifty yards, only to find that it pinched off into sheer space. Back he flowed and at the other end it was the same. Then he crouched, glaring and snarling his fiat at the ravening ring of fighting jocks that had by now closed in about him in places to a distance of fifteen feet. Each time they caught the glance of his eye the baboons crouched, coughed, and beat the rocks furiously with the flats of their horny hands. Their coarse greeny crests bristled like roaches as they furred black lips above finger-long fangs, rolled their sunken eyeballs and fluttered their white eyelids fiercely. With big war talk, the People were telling Embwa what they would do to him; but they were in no hurry, knowing that several must die in the doing.

And Embwa? As all should who live outside the law, he knew just where he stood. That mob could submerge him, tear him to shreds in a matter of minutes

with their black cablelike fingers and thick filthy nails. And they probably would, barring some miracle. But in the face of that he crouched on his ledge and made a meal, alternately feeding and snarling defiance, which was a lasting testament to his courage.

The closest of the apes was a cordon of fighting jocks who crowded a narrow ledge directly above Embwa. Presently a grizzled old maw, mother of the stolen child, pressed forward to the van of the fighters. She was dragged from bearing; already her barrel body was swollen with another coming youngster, while still another, a year old, clung to her shoulders. With yammering, broken cries she stretched forth her arms toward her lost little one in almost human gestures of grief. Each time she did this the army of baboons lashed themselves to fury with organ-toned howls and horrible grimaces, leaping and gnashing their big dog teeth. The sunken face of the old maw was torn and twisted with her feeling, but the reaction of the mob around her boiled down quickly into fury, the most common denominator of every rabble throng.

Suddenly through the ranks came the giant Red One. The throng parted and closed behind him as he came. Under the spur of his presence and his hideous posturing and grimacing, the pandemonium tripled. The mob barked and howled till froth laced their jaws and the young bucks put on warlike pantomimes accompanied by boastful coughings and the gnashing of teeth. Suddenly in the midst of the bedlam sounded the real voice of authority, a booming cry so deep that it seemed to come from underground:

Baugh, baugh!

Instantly every one of the yammering pack was silenced, even the giant Red One, and the babies hanging around their mothers' necks. On a ledge above had appeared T'chakamma himself. He was terrible and quiet and very angry, for he liked not what was on. He paused upon a rock to look the situation over exactly like a man, two or three old ones clustered about him.

Embwa was on a ledge some fifty feet above the river that snarled below. He was surrounded. There was no way of retreat except along the streets of the city, guarded by scores of fighters. If he attempted to leap into the stream below he would be dashed to bits on the rocks. He had killed, but he was doomed in any case, by starvation and exposure if by nothing else.

It was fear that swayed the tribe more

than anything else. More even than hate. There was not even food for the People in the leopard's carcass. To kill him violently would do the tribe much harm. The fear-killer strikes without reason, continues to strike long after it is necessary—without cause. He is a prey to demons. This T'chakamma knew, for he was wise as he was old. Therefore he did not pass sentence upon Embwa, but returned to his cave where he conferred again with his privy councilors.

It was no softheartedness that swayed T'chakamma; it was the fear of complete insurrection. This matter of the black leopard and his killing was like a powder magazine in the city's heart, things being as they were.

Without, the mob had not broken up. Soon they were churning with hostility again. There was a steady coughing and barking, gradually mounting in tempo. Embwa did not stir now. He knew well the strange quirks of simian nature. Any sound or undue movement now might precipitate something that could not be stopped.

After a time it rained again. That dampened the fury of the band. The hubbub subsided. Many retreated to their caves, yet enough remained, enough and more to exact mob justice should the killer make a break for it. Among them was the Red One. In the downpour that descended in sheets and bucketfuls all fell as silent as Embwa himself. In between showers they shook themselves and engaged in a mutual de-fleaing process, or turned over stones in search of scorpions, ants and other dainties.

TOWARD midday it cleared. Once more the watching cordon swelled to a horde and hundreds of throats yammered out hate and murder. The great red-ruffed baboon was now well to the fore, initiating every show of rancor. His fangs were bared when all others were out of sight. Each time his eye met Embwa's, he mowed and sank his head between his shoulders. Here was the inevitable violent element found in every mob. Only fear of T'chakamma and his anger held the mob from immediate attack.

Another hour dragged by. Each time the clamor died down for a space, the Red One launched some new show of deviltry. And then about midafternoon another actor entered the tableau. Over the ledge of drama a wide swift shadow kept fleeing and fleeing, cast down from a thousand feet on high where a great vulture cut slow circles against the milky luminance of the half-emerged sun. It



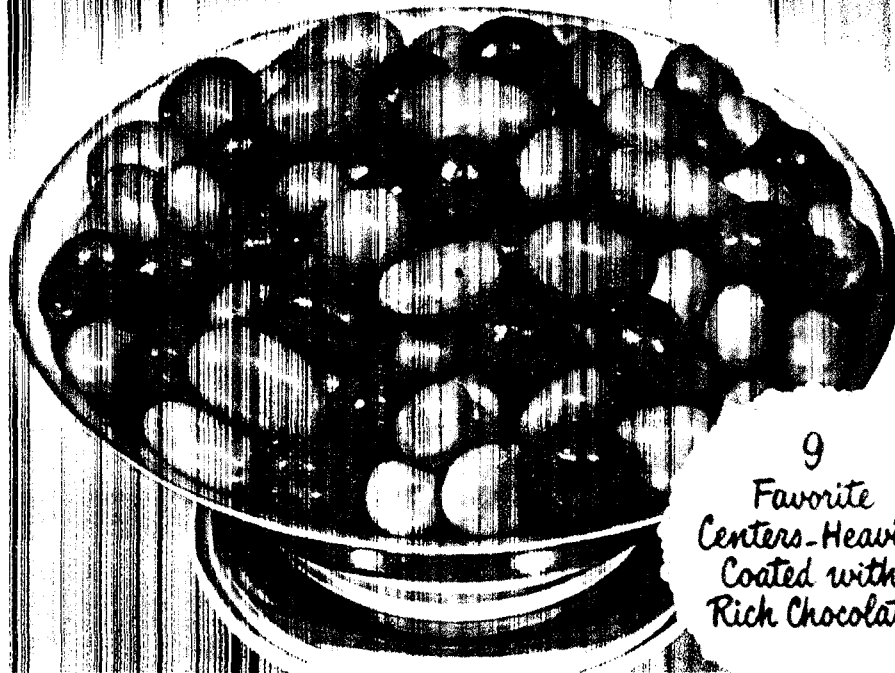
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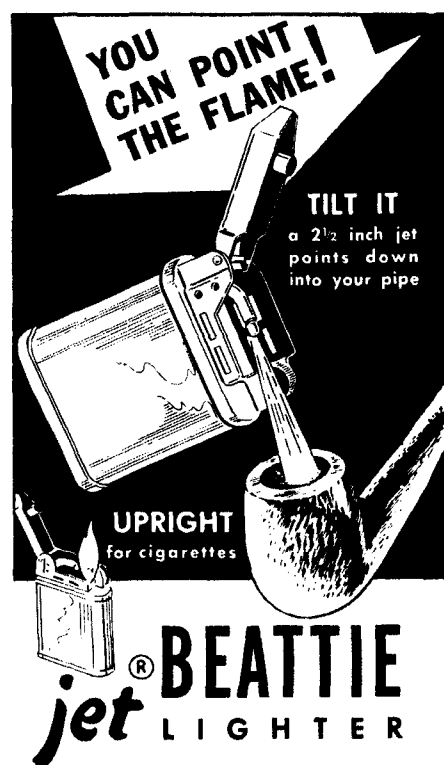
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was like the shadow of premonition itself, for on the veld, old Lamm'gei, as the Dutch had named the vulture, was sexton, and had no equal in the sensing of dark things that were to come to pass. Death soon below; Lamm'gei knew it well. And baboons do not eat meat... Lamm'gei's circles grew gradually lower as he planed without effort on motionless vanes.

Embwa was thinking now of the coming night—the night which was his, which was nerve-racking to all the monkey clan. If he could last until darkness he might drop to one of the lower ledges and by a savage, chain-lightning rush win through to the city's edge.

But others, too, had thought of that. Some devilish plan seemed to have evolved in the brain of the evil-visaged Red One. He had begun now a flank movement around the edges of the band, followed by his clique. Soon he was climbing along a precarious fissure in the face of the cliff, clinging with toes and fingers to cracks and invisible nubbins of rock. More than a dozen fighting jocks had fallen in behind him. Murder in their movements, drama in the air. No doubt at all about the purpose of this flank movement. It would end on Embwa's ledge where the killer would be surrounded.

MORE and more recruits joined the line until twenty-eight grown baboons and many youngsters were at the Red One's back. On the rocks and ledges high above, the females and young looked down agog, the eyes of all riveted upon the climbers.

Craftily the line descended diagonally down the face of the Krantze. They skittered crablike around jutting rocks, clung like spiders to invisible handholds along a way known only to flies. One could almost see death hovering above, waiting to pounce.

The flankers had maneuvered around the leopard's ledge and were working up from below in the form of a drawn bow, the Red One at its center. Their rope-like tails with their bushy battle tufts were erect, waving left and right as they climbed like flags of war. All were silent now, even their reddish close-set eyes never blinked. The vulture dropped yet lower. And Embwa waited, tensed, while a stir and gibber swept the ranks of watchers.

In the midst of that T'chakamma appeared on a high ledge and boomed a fierce command, an almost human cry of reprimand. For answer, the Red One, scowling upward, barked a counter order and twenty-eight fighting jocks answered it as one, surging over the lip of the ledge like a tide. Embwa was blotted from sight. One of the cordon screamed as he spun back over the edge to the rocks below, half his face torn away by the leopard's claws. Another, who had been rending and howling in the midst of the melee, ceased to howl and sat down suddenly, his slashed underparts trailing on the rocks.

Then quickly and mercifully it was over. For a baboon's long fighting teeth are edged on their back sides like knives; his feet are like his hands; he can pull four ways at once. The leopard had been literally ripped and pulled to pieces—lynched without benefit of rope or tree. When at last the fighters opened out, there was little left behind them—little at least that could have been attributed to any beast that ever lived or breathed. The affair, however, was by no means over...

Baugh, baugh!

As the lynching party climbed to the ledge above, T'chakamma came slithering downward to polish off the affair according to his lights. Tribe law had been broken, that wonderful and imposing solidarity of one for all and all for one, ingrained through thousands of years in the baboon kind; the code which called

for unquestioning obedience to one leader in every crisis. The Red One had broken it; only his death or T'chakamma's could blot it out.

Those who chanced to brush against T'chakamma as he passed were flung aside with a fierce sweep of his arm. Terrible in his new and brutal pride of power, the Red One scrambled upward to meet him. For a tense, suspended moment the two beasts stopped stone-still and stared each other measurably between the eyes. Then while all the tribe fell silent and the very vulture paused in his gliding, the conflict that had long hung fire was joined.

It was so swift, so eye-deceiving in its sudden feints, clinches and breakaways that none could say for a time which had the vantage or if there was a vantage. Half the time they fought on all fours, with vicious rips of their long dog fangs and jagged nails, sharp as broken glass; again standing like human wrestlers, they struck and parried, ripping and mowing, with filelike whistles of breath through parched throats.

At times they were still, locked jowl to neck, cordlike muscles standing out as they strove to strangle, to tear each other's very muscles out by the roots. They fell to the ground at last, rolled to the very brink of the ledge, silent save for the blasting of indrawn breaths. It was T'chakamma who had secured the telling hold. He still possessed the greater bulk, the greater strength. But the Red One made up for it in agility—and resilience; he was younger. If he could break away, he knew, he could wear T'chakamma down by chopping and running, avoiding all clinches.

At last the Red One, with scrabbling black fingers, twisted himself free, dancing away before T'chakamma's rush. Along two dizzy ledges the battle led, marked by a trail of blood; at last, to avoid the close-fought fight, the Red One swarmed up the sheer rock face of the Krantze toward the highest spires. With tenacious courage, T'chakamma followed. Once among the rocky pinnacles, he knew, the battle would go to the nimblest. Gathering all his strength, T'chakamma tensed and leaped outward across ten feet of yawning space to land on the Red One's neck and shoulders, caring no more for death than the rocks underfoot, so long as the Red One met it with him.

Sagging desperately, the Red One gripped the outcrops with hand and foot; slowly, painfully, he climbed on. And T'chakamma, brave as any maniac, let him climb for two. For sixty almost perpendicular feet the Red One struggled upward, T'chakamma atop him, his vise-like fingers and his cutting teeth at play. Long before he reached the peak the other was dying, his breath rattling, his throat and underparts laid open; but he held up long enough to carry his chief to safety. In the moment T'chakamma sprang free the other pitched into space and the rocks boomed once, far below.

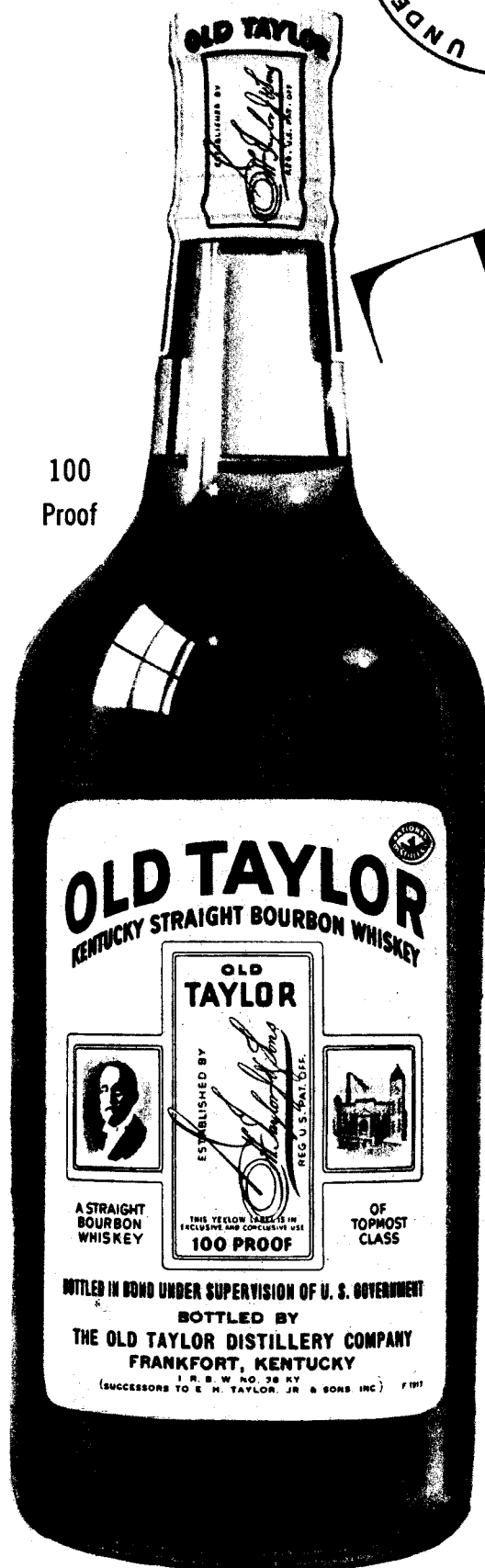
TORN and red and hardly recognizable, T'chakamma descended into the city. His breath wheezed as he moved: his windpipe had been pierced. At his cave mouth he paused beside his wife and swept his fierce scowling gaze across his dominion. A muffled roar of homage came up from his subjects. What he had given them through the years would not be forgotten; what dissension had grown in them had now been obliterated—far below among the rocks the vulture fed upon it.

Something inside T'chakamma had snapped in the past half hour, as in the heart of a great tree, and he was stricken. He climbed presently to another cave, which was not a dwelling place, but a huge cavern running deep into the Krantze, where lay the bones of many ancestors. There, as darkness fell, he stooped his head fiercely to the ground as if in challenge, and died.

THE END

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CONVOY TO CAMBODIA

Continued from page 66

tiny kingdoms of Cambodia and Laos in the west. Cambodia has peace; the rest have a vicious, many-sided war. Indo-China's vast riches in rubber, rice, timber, coal, spices, tin, zinc and silk were developed by the French, and in the good old days before the war the colony not only paid for itself but poured millions annually into the rest of the old French Empire. The French say that if it were not for a handful of fanatical agitators among the 17,000,000 Annamites who dominate Indo-China's 25,000,000 people, everything would soon be fine again, and they could be a self-governing people within the French Union.

Frenchmen, rightists or leftists, also agree that if France loses here, it is the ruin of her hopes for a French Union of 100,000,000 people in Asia, Africa and Europe. France would become a third-rate power of hardly 40,000,000 people because, with the 25,000,000 Indo-Chinese, would go Madagascar, Algeria, Morocco, the rest of the French Empire.

The French Played Monopoly

Frenchmen didn't worry much about conditions in Indo-China until after World War II. The late President Roosevelt thought that it was the worst-governed colony in the Far East, with less literacy and more poverty to the square mile than any other imperial possession—a tight little French gold mine, with keep-out signs ready for most foreign traders, with the natives "happy" on an income of a few cents a day, because if they were not happy they were sure to be clapped into jail.

It may be pointless to dwell upon this now, since the French have promised sweeping democratic reforms and independence for Indo-China within a new French Union—but somewhere in it is the reason for the Annamites' current "fanatical" fight for freedom and for their troublesome distrust of the "reasonable" proposals of France.

Thus there was an air of alert tension in the convoy throughout those first few hours. Hundreds of Annamite peasants, afoot and in bullock carts, streaming toward Saigon, looked as unconcerned as did Madame Garnier—but then, as the soldiers said during our first stop, one never knows when the peasants may turn out to be guerrillas led by Ho Chi-Minh, the wiry little revolutionary with burning eyes and Moscow training who proclaimed the Republic of Viet Nam (Land of the South) two years ago.

Ten miles out of Saigon one of the forward trucks had a flat, and the entire convoy halted. Machine-gun crews stood by their guns, and green-clad infantrymen, tumbling out of their hot trucks to stretch and stroll during the 20-minute halt, kept their rifles and Sten guns ready.

There were several such halts, sometimes in the open country, sometimes in villages where a single platoon might be stationed. The convoy could not risk the danger of splitting up.

A frankly worried passenger in the truck behind us was Sergeant Marie Parisot of the French Wacs, a chubby, vivacious lass who'd spent an uneasy year in Saigon. She was now bound for leave in the peace of Cambodia. So were many of the soldiers scattered through the convoy, she said; most of them had spent a bad 12 to 18 months fighting or being sniped at in Tonkin, Annam, and Cochinchina, and were passing up the possible delights of besieged Saigon for the rarer pleasure of the peaceful countryside and beaches of Cambodia.

She had a right to be worried. Only a few days before, she had been trans-

ferred, along with all other French AFATs (Wacs), from her hotel to a well-guarded barracks. The reason was that some 2,000 Viet Nameese guerrillas had attacked French positions on the outskirts of the Saigon Chinese sector. They managed to drop a couple of shells into the area during a few hours of confused battle.

The attack was not too difficult for the French to repulse, but it gave rise to rumors that the native population of the city was ready to rise in the night and massacre all foreigners. The military did not exactly believe this, but they took precautions anyway.

Sergeant Parisot had served with the American Army in France for a year, and she spoke the G.I. language.

"A hell of a place," she said. "No peace, and none in sight. I left France gladly because it is such a sad place after the war. It is still sad, this long after liberation, but this place is worse."

This disillusioned mood seemed to be common among the soldiers. This, and a kind of what-else resignation to longer months of dangerous indecision on the part of the politicians.

"We must compromise," said one. "It is senseless, this fighting. We can hold the country, but we cannot win it unless France sends 500,000 men, and that is impossible."

I pointed out that the officials in Saigon said they were seeking a compromise, that Emile Bollaert, who had replaced fire-eating Admiral Thierry d'Argenlieu as High Commissioner, was supposed to be a middle-of-the-road civilian seeking a fair settlement by negotiation.

"But the government has said it will not negotiate with Ho Chi-Minh," said Sergeant Parisot. "And if not with Ho, with whom? Anyway, there will be more fighting, no matter what, unless we clear out altogether. I say like your boys, 'Give it back to the Indians.'"

Others were not so peace-minded. Lieutenant Guy Michel, a tall young Parisian who had fought in the Resistance before joining the regular army, thought the army still had a job to do. Indo-China would be ruined without the French. Ninety-two per cent of its people could not even read or write, and the handful who could, and were causing all the trouble, were nothing but Communists.

Kill-or-Cure Policy for Commies

He agreed that De Gaulle had sent a lot of Communists in the army to Indo-China soon after the German war ended, on the theory that if they were killed it was no real loss, and if they lived they'd see the unionist if not the imperialist light (a favorite story of some of the French). And some he knew had been "converted." He himself was nonpolitical.

But after nearly two years in Indo-China he was tired of it, and he wished someone would work out a solution. If the enemy would only stand up and fight, just once, it would be all over; but he would not do more than raid and ambush and run.

"Maybe," he said, "the politicians will soon find the right people to bribe." He hoped so. Over the months he had lost six good friends in his outfit, and that was too much.

I asked him about the atrocities and he shrugged. "If your friend has a girl friend in the village," he said, "and one night he does not return, but next morning the corpse is at the edge of the camp, with parts of the body chopped off and stuffed in the mouth and with the lips sewed together with wire, what do you

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Collier's for October 25, 1947

expect? In the next action his friends will shoot too many people, and if they capture those they think guilty they will not waste gentleness."

But the solution suggested by Lieutenant Michel—a war of extermination against the guerrillas—has not worked very well. Early this year the French army quickly chased the Republic and Ho Chi-Minh into hiding, occupied every city and port (relieving some of its scattered units after bitter 45-day sieges), and still had won no peace. Now, long months later, M. Bollaert, is still seeking the formula that will end the war and save the French Union.

In Saigon, you could see for yourself the black looks of hatred flashed by Annamite eyes toward the lordly Frenchman who, enraged because he thought the native traffic cop too slow in turning the go signal, leaped from his jeep, bawled out the cop, then slapped him smartly twice, before jumping back into his jeep and driving on through the stop sign. Though they did nothing, French spectators themselves disapproved of this: The French-employed cop, after all, was a symbol of French law and order and any such indication that the Frenchman (or the white man) is still a law unto himself is not a good thing these days.

You can talk with Viet Nam sympathizers, literally under the noses and the guns of the French, and get a straightforward line: They want the French to get out. The French can talk about a democratic union if they want to, but behind the talk and the guns and the

leaders, and they would not respect property. There would be chaos.

"I dare not talk as much as I would like—some of the French may not trust me, possibly, but the Viet Minh (a contraction for Viet Nam Doc Lap Dong Minh, the League for the Independence of Viet Nam) hate me and anyone who does not agree completely with them. One is not safe from them even in Saigon.

"Last week a small band came in the night to the house of a friend of mine, another moderate, and took him away. They may come for me some night, despite the curfew, the police, the soldiers."

Which was another reason why convoys are needed, and why, riding in one, you enjoyed the security given by all those machine guns.

The convoy pulled through the danger zone in the early afternoon and came to a halt on the bank of the great Mekong River, 1,900 miles long, wide, sluggish, muddy, Mississippi-like. Later we learned that two convoys had been ambushed and one train blown up that day, but the sight of the Mekong, well inside peaceful Cambodia, was good enough for us at the time.

Ferries to a Promised Land

Two ancient put-put ferries, capable of carrying only two trucks at a time, required hours to deliver the convoy to the sweltering western bank. But there were tea shops in the east-bank village, and tropical shade trees, and everybody tumbled forth to enjoy the peaceful haven. Soldiers left their weapons in the trucks.

In one of the truckloads of vacationists (accompanying several cases of hand grenades, because, although things were peaceful in Cambodia, the army must be prepared to keep that peace) was a Foreign Legion captain—blue-eyed, sandy-haired, and jovial—who shed some light on the Legion's part in the war. He was Denis Chaumet, a regular in the French army, who had fought in North Africa, France, and Germany before his transfer to the Legion and Indo-China.

"The Legion has about 15,000 men here," he said, grinning, "and it is not true that 90 per cent of them are Germans who signed up as an alternative to staying in labor camps in France. The number is only 70 or 75 per cent."

It was also untrue, Captain Chaumet said, waving idly at the swarm of flies and insects hovering over his tea glass, that the Germans had deserted in large numbers and are now fighting for the Viet Name. A few had, of course, and they were fighting for the Annamites—but the main objective of any Legion deserter was to escape to Siam and thence to Australia or America.

"The Annamites," he said, "are inclined to carve up any white man first and inquire into his volunteer sentiments afterward, which makes deserting to them doubly risky. This probably accounts for the fact that we have fewer desertions here than in North Africa—and of these, the percentage of other foreigners is higher than the German."

"The Annamites are also very hard on their deserters. They shoot them. When we overran one of their holdouts in the north, we found 43 freshly executed corpses, 14 German and 29 Japanese, hands tied and all. Surviving villagers said they had been caught trying to escape to Siam."

The captain said there were still about 3,000 Japanese in the Annamite ranks, but that these were not very active. The French had broadcast promises that these would be returned to Japan if they surrendered, and more and more were "escaping" to the French lines.

We finally crossed the broad river, and raced north toward Phnom-Penh, the convoy splitting now that all danger was far behind. Most of the convoy arrived

I AIN'T GONNA MOW NO MO'

October's demise

I hail with a yawn;
Happy, indeed,
To bed down the lawn.

—Margaret Fishback

sudden emergence of a counterrepublic like Cochin China, the Annamites think they see a return to their old colonial status.

Yet not all Indo-Chinese are so extreme. There is, for instance, M. Henri Ho Van Cam, a stout, broad-faced Annamite moderate, who says that being a moderate in Indo-China is a very dangerous thing. He worked for Ho Chi-Minh's Republican government for some months, in a minor administrative post, then quit because he thought it had gone either all Communist or at least totalitarian. He now thinks the French proposals for an Indo-Chinese federation, self-governing within the French Union, could, with some modifications, be made to work.

Mistrusts Viet Nam Republic

A native of Cochin China, Ho Van Cam is all for the idea of a confederation, but not for his country to be included in the Viet Nam Republic; he wants far more local autonomy for Cochin China than he thinks the Republic would give it. Ho Chi-Minh, he says, is a great man, but is now under the thumbs of the more extreme of some of his Moscow-trained ministers.

"All of us," he said earnestly, removing his horn-rimmed glasses and mopping his brow, "all of us want our independence, but I think we can get it in the French Union and without all this fighting. It would be a bad thing for our country if the French left at once, because for one thing the Viet Minh bands would not obey well even their own

Collier's for October 25, 1947

"Every man I train gets at least a quart of milk a day"

SAYS

Byrl Taylor
Athletic Trainer
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"Playing football isn't play," says Trainer Taylor, "it's hard work, and any man who wants to stand up under it must eat right."

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Because the importance of milk as a basic food is so well recognized, it is surrounded by safeguards of every kind to insure that it reaches you with all its natural purity and wholesomeness.

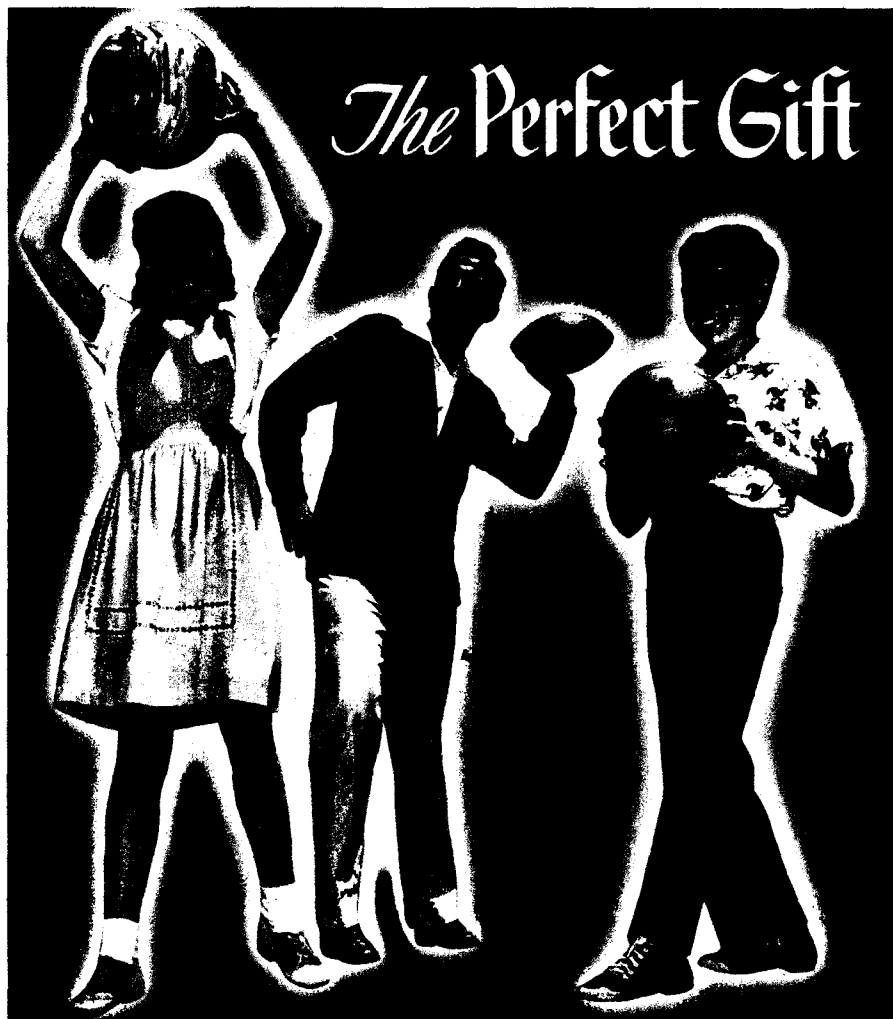
One of the extra sanitary precautions used by modern dairies is sealed protection of the pouring surface of the milk bottle—provided by the Sealright Hood.

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MILK BOTTLE HOODS

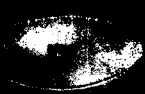
SEALRIGHT CO., INC., FULTON, N. Y. — KANSAS CITY, KANSAS — SEALRIGHT PACIFIC, LTD., LOS ANGELES
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within twelve hours, but our Peugeot, thanks to a failing water pump that necessitated stops for rice-paddy water every two miles for a long stretch, required fifteen.

"Routine," said Garnier, smiling fondly at his weary wife. "All travel is trouble in this country. But think how fortunate we are to be assigned to peaceful Cambodia instead of Cochin, or Annam, or Tonkin!"

Fortunate indeed, all the French would say, because here, at the end of a long road, is the pot o' gold for any imperialist, Socialist or capitalist. A tidy little country of nearly 5,000,000, rich and peaceful, with its own king (a Frenchman is ex officio chairman of the council that elects him), government (a friendly French adviser behind each minister's elbow), and army (two battalions, 1,200 men, French officers)... and a people who seem to be quite happy about the French (who say, with a mixture of envy and satisfaction, that the Cambodians and the Laotians both are too fond of making love, too intelligent, and too lazy, ever to take to guerrilla war).

Splendors of the Capital City

A tidy little country, and a tidy little capital, this ancient city of Pnom-Penh, with its 100,000 people, its palaces (ornately Cambodian and colorful, but built by the French in the last century), its busts of recent kings (sculptured in Paris), its Silver Pavilion with the floor made of 4,700 six-inch squares of silver, its nine-foot 200-pound Golden Buddha, its hundreds of yellow-robed parasol-carrying mendicant priests or *bonzes*, its graceful Buddhist burial mound-and-monument of the Princess Penh, the national heroine who brought the remnants of the Khmers or Cambodians here from the splendid ruins of Angkor Wat centuries ago. And its French quarter, with the houses lost in a forest of shade trees

and bougainvillea along the wide streets and gardens. Just like before the war.

"And that," said an "unconverted" French Socialist to me, "is just the trouble—too many French colonials think we can achieve the same thing in all Indo-China. Just like before the war."

"For the Cambodians I would not say this setup is wrong. They are a backward people, and lethargic, and they like us because we have preserved them from their ancient and modern enemies, the Siamese and the Annamites. They have a long way to go before this façade of independence may be too small a thing for them, and with our help their country is well run."

"But with the Annamites it is different. They are an intelligent, lusty, hard-driving race, and their nationalist drive toward independence, spurred by men trained in French schools and French ideas, is not to be denied."

"We have muffed things in Indo-China. We have temporized and vacillated and fought and vacillated and fought again, instead of driving toward a sensible compromise of real self-government in the French Union. The Annamites don't have a perfect record either, but one would not expect as much of them as of us. We never schooled very many of them, and we used to jail their leaders for even thinking of independence."

"Now we must still try to reach a peaceful compromise. They need us and we need them. But it may be too late. After the warring of the last two years, I am not sure the white man can stay profitably in Indo-China on any terms."

Meantime the rice bowl of Asia, which used to export more than a million tons of rice a year to its hungry neighbors, is suffering from a military drought. The politicians seem unable to produce the rain of peace, and the world, the French, and the Annamites suffer.

THE END



COLLIER'S

RALPH NEWMAN—GEORGE KARGER—SEE PAGE 8

Collier's for October 25, 1947



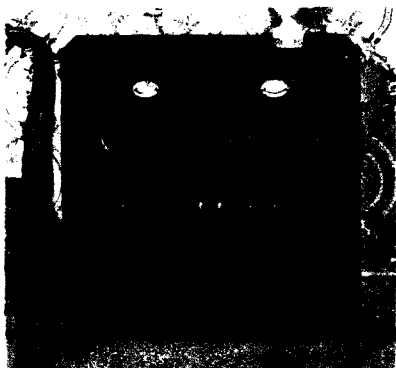
THE FARNSWORTH MODERN CONSOLE • Exquisite cabinetry and brilliant engineering distinguish this newest addition to the proud Farnsworth line. Superb AM and FM (Frequency Modulation) reception. Automatic record-changer. Full, vibrantly alive tone. Genuine South American prima vera or walnut finish.

IT COSTS NO MORE
TO ENJOY

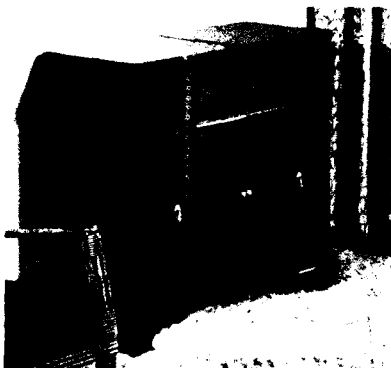
Farnsworth Fidelity



CHIPPENDALE CHAIRSIDE MODEL • A superbly styled, compact phonograph-radio. Automatic record-changer handles, quickly and quietly, 12 ten-inch or 10 twelve-inch recordings. All controls at your finger-tips. Cabinet, in rich mahogany finish, provides ample record storage space.



MODEL GK-087 • Styled in classic Sheraton, this elegant console provides superb AM and FM radio reception, or hours of uninterrupted music from recordings as you sit in your living room and relax. 12-inch Alnico-5 speaker. Finished in lustrous, dark mahogany.



MODEL GK-143 • Authentic Chippendale cabinet of truly regal beauty. Brilliant AM, FM and short-wave radio reception. Automatic record-changer incorporates sensational new Tone Clarifier. Treble and bass controls. Push-button tuning. Beautifully grained mahogany finish.

It will pay you well, before you select your next radio or phonograph-radio, to see and hear the new Farnsworths. These instruments bring you quality at modest cost, proving that excellence of performance need not be expensive. This is especially true of phonograph-radios fitted with the new Farnsworth record-changer, which incorporates the sensational Tone Clarifier. A truly revolutionary development, this record-changer with the Tone Clarifier eliminates noise and scratch from old (even cracked) records, and, in addition, reproduces standard new records and the latest high-frequency recordings with incredible tonal brilliance! Created by outstanding engineers, the new Farnsworths come in beautifully styled modern and period cabinets—in models for every member of the family (prices: \$24.95 to \$425). See these fine instruments today at your Farnsworth dealer's. He has been chosen for his ability to give you expert service.

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THE BRAIN OF THE



Leo Hirschfield, publisher of Athletic Publications, Inc., who estimates the odds and advises the bookies

THE 1947 football season is about to begin and you, as, say, an old Ohio State grad, are jubilant over the chances of the team. You know the coach, you've watched the boys in practice, you feel that this is the year of years. And, because you are an enthusiast like the rest of us, you want to back your opinions with the old do-re-mi.

You place a bet on the opening game. And, when you read in the papers that a Middle Western betting firm predicts Ohio State will win by one touchdown, you smile. One touchdown? Nuts! You've seen them, brother, you know!

Pardon, you think you do. For Ohio State, in this hypothetical case, wins by one touchdown. Who, you wonder, could have known so much about the situation even before the season began?

A little man who wasn't there holds tightly within his hands the reins that govern the odds on most of

the major betting sports in the country—with the exception of horse racing.

The name of this miracle man is Leo Hirschfield and he operates from Minneapolis. Whether you plunk down 50 cents on a baseball pool, or a dollar to pick winners from a football card, or soar to the higher stratosphere of gambling, this little man who wasn't there has had something to do with the way you bet.

Hirschfield is the publisher of Athletic Publications, Inc. His business is strictly legal—that of some of his clients isn't. For his athletic gazettes go to the nation's leading bookmakers who, of course, operate one of the most intricate businesses in the world. It's big business, too, with half a million bookies of varying degrees of importance handling seven billion dollars annually.

Bookmaking, like all major industries, has its by-products. Some of the by-products are within the

The bookie may not know a punt from a pass, but he's smarter than an All-America quarterback when it comes to betting. Thanks to Leo Hirschfield and his staff, who never see a football game

**BY PAUL GARDNER
AND ALLAN GOULD**

law—like dispensing information. And that's where Hirschfield comes in—a man developed in the spiritual lineage of the late Moe Annenberg. Annenberg was, of course, the foremost man in his field in his day. He controlled the main wire services for horse racing. After his death while on parole, it was demonstrated just how tough and dangerous certain types of publishing can be.

Annenberg's profitable wire services were taken over by his lieutenant, James Ragen. When muscle men attempted to horn in on Ragen's service, that worthy hired six ex-cops to guard him. But, alas, lamentable things will happen in Chicago.

Ragen was driving along State Street. Lovely June night, too. He was alone in his car and two of his bodyguards were in the one behind him. Ragen stopped for a red light—his last.

A truck filled with orange crates and covered with a tarpaulin halted next to him. The tarpaulin lifted—guns blazed. Ragen, seriously wounded, was rushed to a hospital. He held on stubbornly before he died two months later, aided, some say, by a slight case of poison administered by impatient competitors.

However, death is not the only portion for those with a penchant for disseminating sports information. Many get rich and powerful, too. Hirschfield hopes for such an eventuality although, as if by common consent, he avoids horse racing and concentrates on such colossi as college football, college basketball and major-league baseball.

Hirschfield, a frustrated amateur lyric writer, is dapper, dynamic, fifty-two. He is of average height, wears glasses, has a slightly bashed nose. He started life as a poor boy in Minneapolis, fought in World War I, tried a lighting-fixture business in New York, and made many interesting friends during his career—especially, his remarkable confidant, the noted bookie, Bill Hecht.

Hirschfield was not averse to making a wager himself but he was going nowhere rapidly until his great idea hit him. Why not a tiptop service for bookies in the virgin fields of football and basketball, as well as major-league baseball? And with his push and ingenuity, maybe he could branch out in many directions as a publisher.

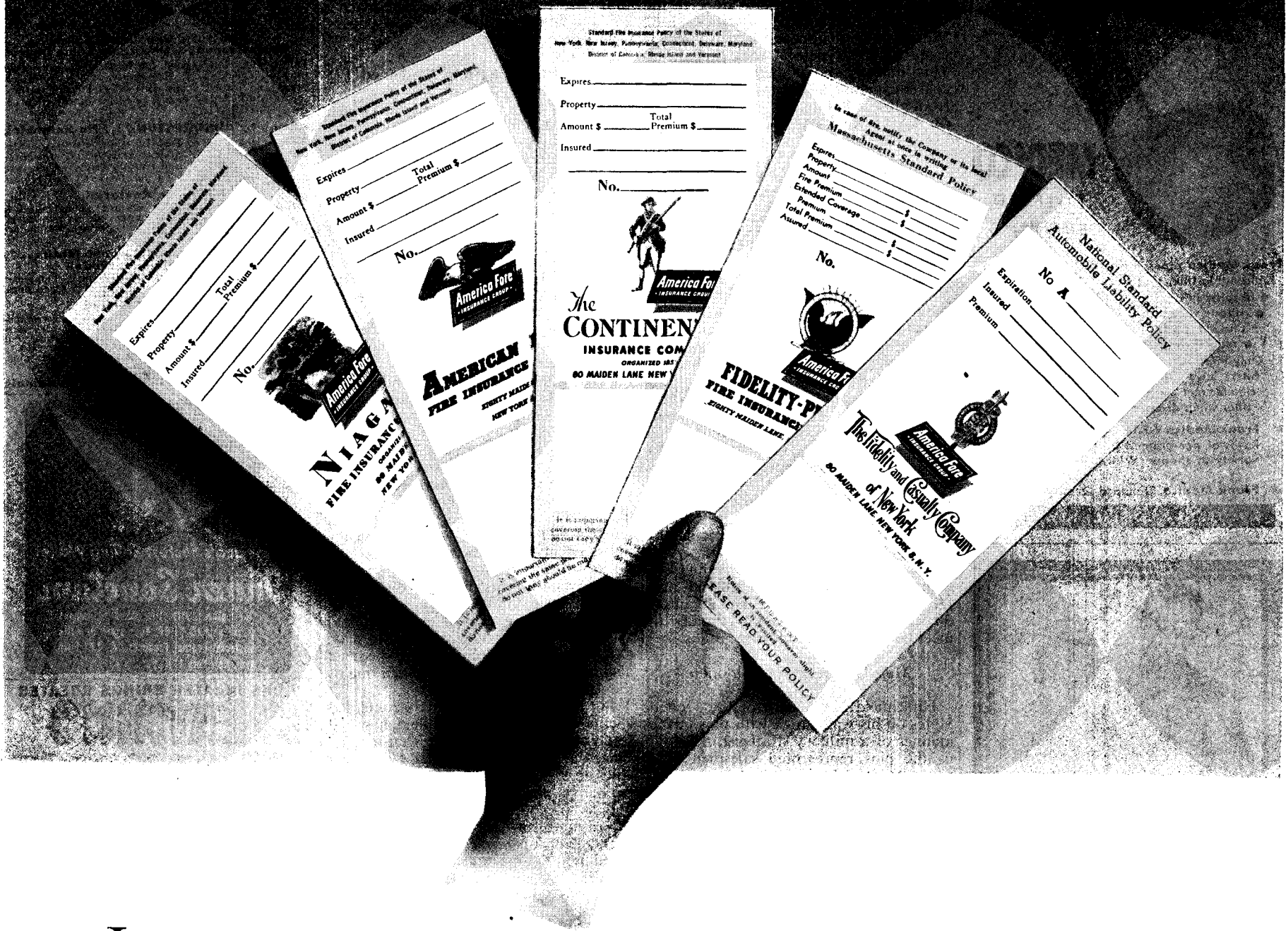
Well, today Leo Hirschfield has many friends of a certain kind and he influences a lot of people. Married and childless, this versatile chap distributes a magazine for children—Play Mate—and he also has an interest in religious publications. But his athletic books are his masterpieces.

Hirschfield ventures some predictions in those books. One Saturday last year he predicted that six college football games would result in upsets. Durned if they didn't. He estimates, at a price, how closely contests should wind up. And the man can really estimate. Bookies admire his calculations so much that they each pay him fifteen dollars a week to wire them the latest odds, and twenty dollars a week to phone them. That's prophecy at a profit, all right.

But Hirschfield could not function if he did not have as close a friend as Bill Hecht, who long has made Minneapolis his headquarters. He and Bill are almost like Damon and Pythias. The 57-year-old Hecht, a bachelor, is a renowned bookmaker with side interests in drugstores, a liquor store, a roller-skating show, a traveling ice show, a plant

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

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Directed by a conservative management, and operating through

more than 50,000 agents and brokers throughout the United States and Canada, the America Fore companies write practically every kind of insurance except life.

For sound protection in strong companies, insure through an America Fore agent—or ask your broker to place your insurance in a company of the America Fore Insurance Group.

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Frank Medico pipes have the replaceable filter that

- absorbs juices
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Only these patented filters have the 66 baffles that whirl smoke cleaner and cooler into your mouth. Replace filter when discolored.

Frank Medico V.F.Q. (Very Fine Quality) Bowls of rich-grained beauty. Wide variety of shapes. With 10 filters. . . . \$2

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S. M. FRANK & CO., INC., NEW YORK 22



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manufacturing refrigerating units—and a few other ventures.

When Annenberg was up on income-tax evasion charges, Hecht also was questioned.

"I guess they figured me Number Two," he reflects. But he was exonerated. Amiable, esteemed for his honesty, Hecht is modest, too.

"I don't know why you should want to interview me," he told us. "I'm only a five-and-ten-cent guy—like Woolworth."

Here's how Hecht enters the picture with Hirschfield. Hecht and his Minneapolis associates keep Hirschfield informed on the odds offered by bookies on sports events all over the country. Then Hirschfield relays this dope to the subscribers of Athletic Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, it appears, is perfectly located for this type of "stock exchange." This midway point between the two coasts can be reached readily by phone from all sections and it is ideally situated for fast-mailing purposes.

Hirschfield takes no bets—just gives out information.

"What's wrong with that?" he asks. "Everybody bets and we just let them know the right odds."

Other smart people, including you and me, try to gauge the strength of rival teams. But none succeeds like Hirschfield. His prescience has been so phenomenal at times that there is a current rumor that a Hirschfield operative is retained on every major college campus in the United States. These undergraduates, blithely working their way through college at the prevailing rates, are alleged to forward the latest information on the status of football and basketball players. If there is dissension on the team, if the local Doc Blanchard displays athlete's foot or housemaid's knee, if his girl has scowled at him, all the up-to-date information is reputedly passed on to Hirschfield.

Aroused by all this talk, we decided to investigate the Hirschfield outfit—Athletic Publications, Inc., formerly the Gorcham Press. Although Hirschfield and Hecht displayed a marked lack of interest in publicity, they agreed finally to meet us one evening in Minneapolis.

Map Is Strictly for Salesmen

Hirschfield has a map of the United States on his wall, stuck with pins in the manner of a military strategist. He told us the pins represented salesmen who were selling advertising for his magazines. He seemed slightly hurt when we suggested that the pins might also represent bookmaker subscribers. A ticker in his office runs constantly, flashing the latest sports results.

From what we observed of Hirschfield he does not, necessarily, hire scouts to sleep under every college coach's bed. He does possess the best coverage and filing system that we have ever seen, with exhaustive files on every college football and college basketball team. Every college campus newspaper, as well as daily newspaper in that town, is subscribed to. On our second visit—during regular working hours—we saw stout, noncollegiate-looking gentlemen reading the daily Princetonian as nonchalantly as undergraduates at old Nassau. Nothing is too good for the modern bookie.

Hirschfield keeps the box scores of all games for years and years. Then, again, his editors—or should we say, handicappers?—are all blessed with prodigious memories. Rotund Pete, one of the staff, is the fellow who does most of the early figuring before some semblance of seasonal form has been established. He knew all about Henry Iba long before the latter coached championship Oklahoma A & M basketball teams.

"Iba comes up with Maryville Teachers to play Kansas one time, see," says Pete, "and all of those other fellows don't know how good he is. But I know—I

got all the clippings. And I know that in basketball a coach is more important than in any other sport."

The things that go on in the Hirschfield office are weirder than you will see in any editorial organization in the land. The phones are always ringing. Harry, a young mathematical wizard who plans to study engineering at the University of Minnesota, answers a phone.

"Where you from—Cleveland?" he says. "Okay, okay. The price on Cleveland is \$1.60-\$1.70." (That's a sort of abracadabra for baseball odds.)

A fat fellow who looks like Sidney Greenstreet answers another phone. A man with a slouch hat drifts in and out and gives quotes on games. The place is piled high with out-of-town newspapers. The ticker runs on.

Forecasting System Explained

We asked Hirschfield how he and his merry men could foretell so often, almost to the point, how embattled, desperate-fighting teams would finish.

"Look," he said, "we have about ten handicappers, all of whom know their stuff. Most of them have been around gambling a long time. They get all the papers, they keep up to date. They each write their selections down separately. Wherever there are differences of opinion, they talk it over." After that, apparently, everything is settled by collective bargaining.

We inquired about all those scouts on every campus.

"We don't mind that reputation," laughed Hirschfield. "Let them think what they like. They believe we're like Pathé—see all, know all, tell all. It helps my publishing business."

We had questioned college authorities throughout the country, men like Frank Leahy of Notre Dame, Dana X. Bible of Texas, Bill Alexander of Georgia Tech and Bernie Bierman of Minnesota. They know of no case where a student had given information to a bookie. Joe Labrum, when he was publicity director at the University of Pennsylvania, used to get long-distance calls from Hirschfield asking if certain stars were going to play. Other publicity men have been asked, yet also have been loudly silent when one of the Hirschfield staff called.

But a few of the publisher's contented clients told us that Hirschfield has had some wonderful beats for his customers. Once, a visiting basketball team was stuck in a blizzard and only the subs, or the "girls," as the bookies say of the second team, got through. Hirschfield received the information promptly and his clients were protected. Another time, when ten Southern California football players were stricken with flu, word was flashed to Minneapolis in time to adjust the odds.

Maybe Hirschfield does it with mirrors. Maybe when he needs special information, he hires a few hard-working collegians to serve as correspondents. Nobody knows for sure and Hirschfield denies it. But there is no question that the bookies pay for and get something special.

There is also no question that Hirschfield's publications receive consideration from more than 8,000 top-notch bookies. His Weekly Basketball Record, published on Sunday mornings and a model of accuracy, is, he claims, subscribed to by the New York Times, Time Magazine and the Associated Press and United Press. His publications go free to all colleges and, oddly enough, to many penitentiaries.

Hirschfield is a psychologist who urges members of his quixotic staff not to watch any football games.

"If you get to like certain players, it prejudices your judgment in picking winners," he says.

By not missing a trick—and employing a few new ones of his own—Hirsch-

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If you are capable . . . cooperative . . . willing to work to enjoy success, we'll establish you in YOUR OWN business. The nation-wide chain of Duraclean dealerships is now expanding.

The business is easy to learn . . . and quickly established. You use the proven methods of successful dealers. Your service is recommended nationally by America's foremost furniture and department stores.

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Duraclean ends need for harsh machine scrubbing and soaking. It does away with harmful solvents and strong soaps. Instead of floating surface soil into upholstery or rug pile, this improved process REMOVES it.

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Aerated foam is created by the patented electric Foamovator. Dirt, grease and many unsightly spots vanish. Fabrics and floor coverings are cleaned with a new consideration for their life and beauty.

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The fiber lubrication of wool and other animal fabrics is restored. Resiliency returns to the pile. It rises again. Its life is prolonged. Brilliant colors revive. Results are often almost unbelievable.

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You give your customers a 4-year warranty. This year-round service is rendered without removing furnishings.

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Establishes your own business. We furnish electric machines, folders, store-cards, introduction slips, sales portfolio, demonstrators and enough materials to return your TOTAL investment. If you are dependable, we want to hear from you. Free 16 page booklet explains everything. Write today while dealerships are available.

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GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your drugist today. Keep it handy. Follow directions. C. S. Dent & Co., Cincinnati.

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Collier's for October 25, 1947

field is of incalculable importance to his bookie subscribers. His friend, Hecht, who is so highly regarded in the profession, has an "office" that is a distinct entity from that of Hirschfield. An "office" like Bill Hecht's usually consists of about ten bookmakers who use it as headquarters.

While the average citizen wagers only a few dollars there is a cumulative amount running into many thousands. There are also many bettors who ship in big money on a game. Let us assume that Bookie Jones of Newark has \$25,000 bet with him on Harvard over Yale. He feels that he can handle only \$10,000 safely. He phones Hecht in Minneapolis, or Joe in Dallas, and asks each just how much of the bet they will take. Hecht can use \$8,000 and Joe, \$7,000. When Hecht, in an emergency, wants to get rid of a bet that is too heavy on one side he will call back Jones or other pals.

These bookmakers are all astute businessmen, with lightning calculator minds that make the new Harvard machine seem slow. What they do is balance their bets, so as to insure a profit whatever happens.

This means that if you bet Army you

With the advent of the point system came the two-point spread, also favorable to the bookie. He quotes the Purdue basketball team a 12-14 point favorite over Indiana. Bettors supporting Purdue must have their team win by 14 points or more. Bettors wagering on Indiana will collect if their team does not lose by more than 12 points. In good, old-fashioned college betting a fan would be sore if his team lost by any score. But under these conditions his feelings are somewhat mollified if the club loses under the prescribed amount.

All right, suppose the Purdue team wins by 13 points—or exactly in the middle? The bookie collects all—that's his spread.

Betting on college games has soared with the point system. One of the reasons for the cancellation of the Army-Notre Dame football series with the game this November is the excessive public gambling on the 1946 combat at the Yankee Stadium. It is estimated that from ten to fifty millions was bet on the game as compared to four millions for a record handle at the Belmont race track.

The rash of scandals is just as obnoxious to the leading bookmakers as it is to authorities and the public. The bookies' spread, or "vigorous" as they call it, is so healthy that they hate to see anybody spoil the party. They blame the Brooklyn College basketball scandal and New York Giants' football affair, when Frank Filchock and Merle Hapes were approached, on petty-larceny guys.

Avoids Heavy-Betting Games

"Look," Hirschfield told us, "we only give out a line in which we feel that everybody is trying and that there is no possibility of finagling. We won't give out a line on pro football at all. Somebody said that we knew the Brooklyn College scandal was in the making months before it happened. I wouldn't say that at all. But as far as we are concerned we don't like any college basketball games played in Madison Square Garden or in the Buffalo arena. Not that we distrust them. There's simply too much money bet on those games for us to take a chance. So we won't give out any odds on those games."

Hirschfield's X-ray eye is not satisfied with all the upsets in Madison Square Garden boxing, in pro hockey and pro basketball and so he and his associates refuse to hand out a line on those sports. Other bookies may—but not Hecht to Hirschfield to chance. As a result, the Hirschfield subscribers seem to be a more solvent group. Hecht says that he omits the line on these sports, under these conditions, merely to protect the betting public.

"Since we started our service," Hirschfield states, "a guy who bets a dollar gets a dollar's worth. Folks all over the country learn the correct prevailing odds soon enough—from their bookie or the newspapers."

Whatever the sources, Hirschfield knows a lot.

Athletic Publications, Inc., are looked upon with distaste by many important individuals. Bert Bell, president of the National Football League, testified before a House committee this year that the Hirschfield information, in his opinion, was too true to be good. Kenneth L. "Tug" Wilson, Commissioner of the Big Nine, said that the Western Conference schools had been asked not to send any schedules to Hirschfield. But we saw them all in his office.

Hirschfield can't understand what all the sniping is about. He sees all the legal betting going on in horse racing and he sees how handicappers print their racing information in all the papers.

"Don't you get it?" he appealed to us. "That's all we try to do—a public service."

THE END

LITTLE LULU



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Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

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"I don't mind you lost, William... Besides, I like you better with your nose on the left side again!"

lay the bookie \$6 to \$5 on an even money bet. Conversely, if you like Navy, you must also lay \$6 to \$5 on an even money bet. Whichever wins, the bookie will stand to make a dollar—or a 20 per cent profit.

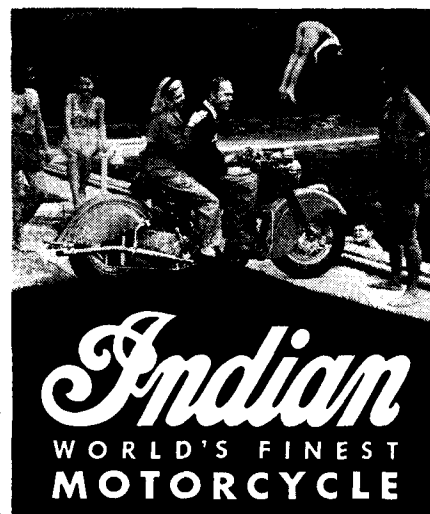
For bookies the volume of business is everything. When action slowed down several years ago it was Hecht who pulled the bookies out of a hole and who made essential a research expert like Hirschfield.

At this crucial stage for bookies, money odds were the vogue. Baylor would be quoted as a 1 to 4 favorite over Southern Methodist. You bet four dollars to win one dollar if you wanted Baylor. But time proved that these 4 to 1 shots had a habit of coming through too often. Bookies were hit where it hurt—in the pocketbook. Faced with the problem of possibly returning to manual toil, the bookies mulled over their depression.

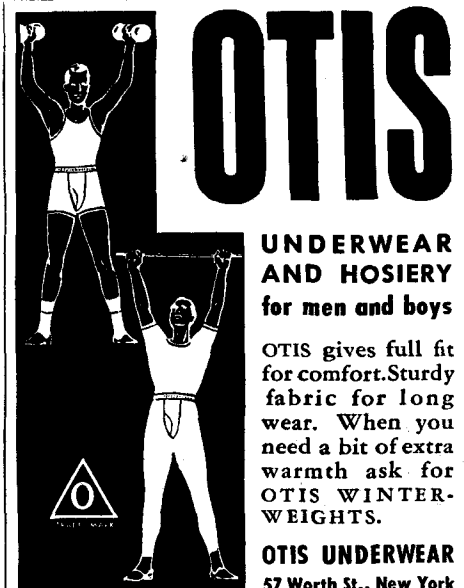
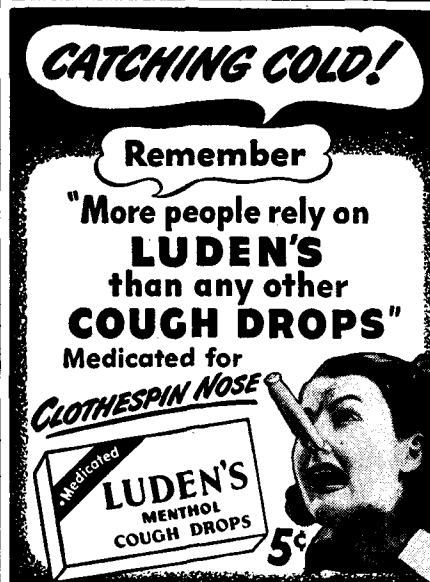
Hecht evolved the solution—the point system of betting.

The point system becomes intriguing because it gives both sides an excellent chance. Kansas figures four touchdowns stronger than Missouri. Suppose Kansas is made a 27-point favorite. Kansas followers will wager that their team will beat Missouri by 27 points or more. But the underdog bettors have a margin of 27 points. Of course, they become interested.

Collier's for October 25, 1947



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NOW HANG TOGETHER, OR—

FROM the point of view of the United States, we'd say that the most important of all postwar events to date was the drawing up of the Western Hemisphere defense treaty at the recent Rio conference.

Nineteen of the 22 nations on our side of the world joined in this compact. Adherence of the other three—Canada, Ecuador, Nicaragua—is hoped for before long. Of course, the treaty doesn't become binding on us until a two-thirds Senate majority ratifies it; but among bets we'd most like to sidestep would be the bet that the Senate won't ratify.

The agreement is a "one for all, all for one" affair, embodying the principle that an attack on any Western Hemisphere nation will be regarded as an attack on every other such nation, and that all will take appropriate steps to kick the attacker back to where he started from if not farther.

Nothing in the Rio treaty conflicts with the United Nations Charter, which expressly approves

formation of regional tie-ups like this one. The area covered extends from pole to pole, and far out to sea on all edges of North, Central and South America, except where Alaska and Siberia just miss touching each other.

Well, now that the great majority of the Western world's nations have come to the point of putting this treaty together, let's all resolve that it is not going to be just another scrap of paper; that it is going to stay alive, operative and dynamic for a long time to come. And let's renew that resolution about once a year.

This treaty constitutes a recognition by the Western Hemisphere nations of the fact that if we don't all hang together we may be hanged separately. It comes none too early in the day for hemisphere security and avoidance of another great war.

The sooner Canada, Ecuador and Nicaragua—and especially Canada—can see their way clear to adding their signatures to the treaty, the better off we'll all be.

3,000 PLANES A YEAR

THE best military opinion is that our air forces—Army, Navy, Marine, Coast Guard—should have at least 3,000 new planes of all types per year.

That would enable the air forces to stay as up to date as any other nation's air forces. Fully as important, it would keep the aircraft industry alive and reasonably prosperous, so that it could carry on persistent research and could hope to expand to wartime production in a hurry if an emergency should materialize.

Under the latest Congressional appropriations, the Army Air Forces are to get only 800 new planes next year, and the Navy only 630. That adds up to less than half the minimum estimated need of 3,000.

This is a most dangerous state of affairs—as General "Tooey" Spaatz, AAF commander, has been saying of late with as much frankness as the prudent general officer permits himself at a time when the brassiness of some of the top brass is under fire.

We'll string along with General Spaatz on this subject. Air power and plenty of it proved essential to victory in World War II. It promises to be even more important in the next war, if there is one; and we have no assurance as yet that there won't be a next war.

It is earnestly—we almost said desperately—to be hoped that U.S. public opinion will impel Congress to keep us powerful and progressive in the air, whatever else Congress may do about paring government expenditures. Lacking ample air power, this nation could be sunk as a nation; and sunk in blood and tragedy.

MAYBE THIS IS FOR YOU

ARE you young, male, ambitious, attracted to the U.S. Navy, fairly confident you're officer material, but unable for one reason or another to get into the Annapolis Naval Academy? If so, it may be that the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps is for you.

Annapolis is no longer big enough to supply the Navy with all the officers it needs, or nearly all. The famous V-12 college-Navy training program made a superb showing in the recent war.

From those two facts, the permanent N.R.O.T.C. program, or Holloway plan, has emerged. It is an improved and enlarged V-12, in that it hooks up naval officer training with a four-year college course which may lead to a bachelor's or higher degree—except that premed, pre dental and pre-theological studies are not included.

Fifty-two colleges are participating. Congress has authorized a total enrollment of 14,000 students. Tuition, fee and textbook costs are paid by the government. In addition, N.R.O.T.C. students draw retainer pay at a rate of \$600 a year. The Navy will do its best to send you to whatever college you prefer, though this cannot be guaranteed in every case. Age qualifications at time of enrollment: 17-21.

In return for all this, the student agrees to accept a Navy or Marine Corps commission, if offered, after his four years in college; or, if this is terminated, to hold for six years thereafter a commission in the Organized Naval or Marine Corps reserve. He also agrees to remain unmarried until commissioned.

We think all concerned should benefit greatly from this plan—the Navy especially, because it will be in far closer touch than ever before with the nation's colleges and universities and their big research facilities and inquiring-minded faculties.

As for any young man who thinks he could qualify, we think it will profit him to look carefully into the N.R.O.T.C.—which he can do by asking for information at any U.S. Navy recruiting office, or by writing to Chief of Naval Personnel, Navy Department, Washington 25, D. C.



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"I learned there are big differences in quality. The brand that suits me best is Camel. Camels are mild—they taste good—they're great!"
Millions went through that same experience. And, with smoker after smoker who tried and compared, Camels are the "choice of experience."
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